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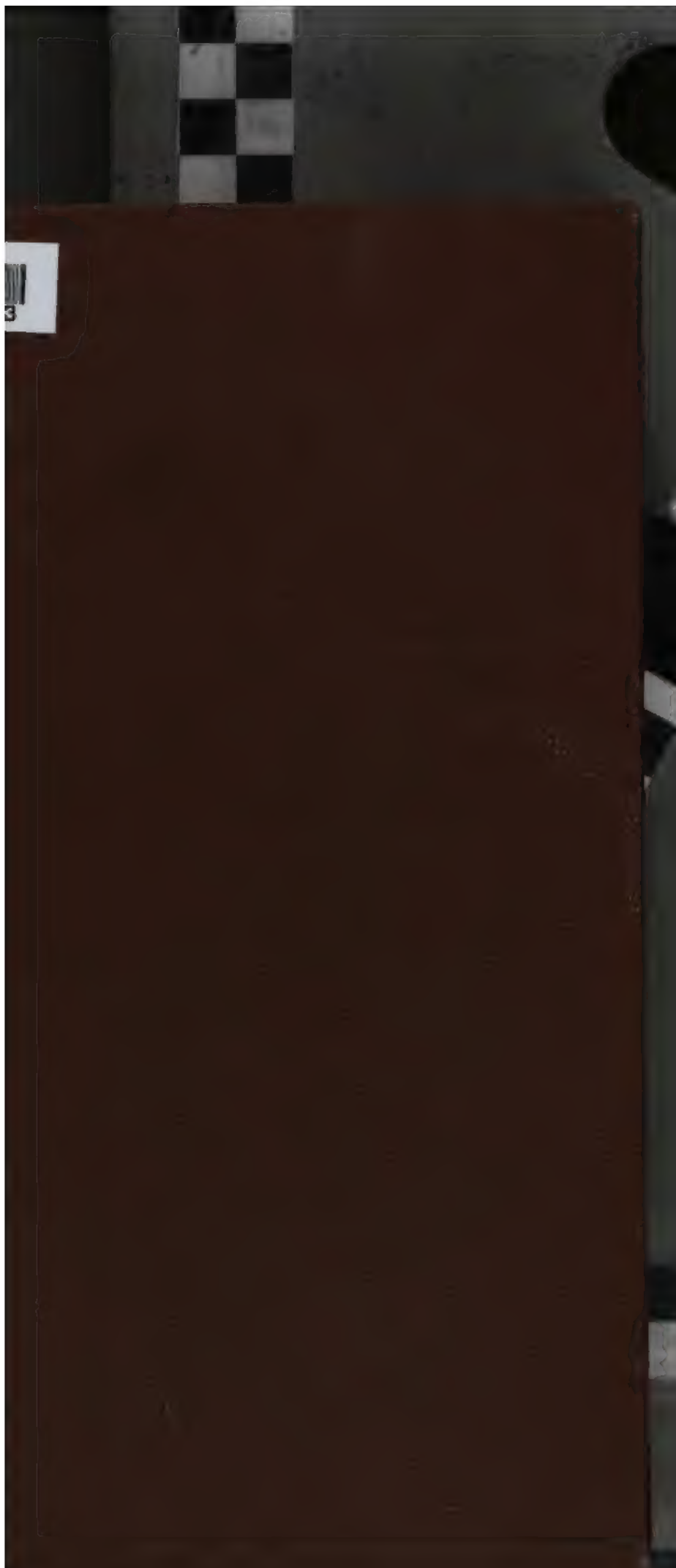
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Or

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OUR MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE

149263.

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OUR MONTHLY.

A

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

JULY—1872.

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS IN PALESTINE.

BY FRANCIS COPCUTT

FROM the Hill of Zion, from the hallowed places whence comes what we have of religion, from the hills which have borne the Highest and Holiest, and have looked down upon the glory and the carnage, as nations were born, or grew old, or in grim wrestle slew each other,—from all these I had returned, as twilight deepened into night, to find my letters with the New York post-mark upon them, and a package of Horace Greeley's *Tribunes*.

How curious were the feelings which came with the reading. In America no paradise without protection to native industry; here the lilies which "toil not, neither do they spin," and humanity almost as effortless as they. In this land, the ages gone to a deep sleep; in that, life



VIA DOLOROSA: A STREET IN JERUSALEM.

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turning with an energy almost fierce. Here the anathema upon eaters of swine's flesh; there the promising prospects of the "hog-crop" in Cincinnati. Here the women commanded to keep silence; there the cry for woman's rights and woman's oratory. Here the memory of the ideal and spiritual; there the physical and practical, with the body for a shrine. Here Gethsemane, there music in the Central Park.

Curious meeting of dissonants, thoughts arranging themselves in such strange contrasts as I read! It was as if some one had "spoken out in meeting," as if an advertisement had been placed upon a coffin as it descended into the earth, or a stump speech made at the side of an open grave.

One does not feel inclined to speak lightly here, far from it; but these contrasts help to illustrate the feelings which crowd upon one, as these ends of the earth, these ends of the ages, come jarringly together.

But to my letters.

My letters, alas! Sickness, fortune, death—it is of little consequence to the reader; the letters were in the imperative. I must start for Western Europe by the next steamer, which was to leave Jaffa, far away on the Mediterranean, in two short days, and I had not yet had a swim in the Dead Sea, nor an informal baptism in the Jordan. Leave Palestine without that? The play with Hamlet left out, or at least Ophelia. I felt nonplussed and provoked at the circumstances I could not control, annoyed that I had so leisurely looked about and wasted precious time, with, as I supposed, the chief part of a month before me in which to finish Palestine.

Two days?—I reflected. Two days is the usual time taken to come from the steamer up to this city of David, and my Dead Sea goal is a two days' journey in another direction! The thing looks a little severe, perhaps fool-hardy. *Can* I play Hercules for a fraction of time? I called the dragoman.

"Achmet!" said I, holding up my letters, "I must say good-by, and leave by the next steamer."

"Sorry for that, sir. However, you have seen everything about Jerusalem, and have two days left, which is time enough for reaching the coast."

"And I must have a swim in the Dead Sea, a bath in the Jordan."

"Impossible!"

"Why?"

"Why? my dear sir, it takes two days to reach the coast, and what you propose is two or three days of weary toil in another direction. The double journey would involve the necessity of being on horseback between thirty and forty hours out of the next forty-eight. Why, a wild Arab of the desert would hardly undertake it."

"And yet, Achmet, I shall."

Come six thousand miles to Palestine, and not cast my lot where the pillar of salt stood? Not see the spot where the Paris and New York of old times underwent their shower-bath of fire? Not swim in the acrid brine, nor bathe in the sacred river?

"No words, Achmet; lose no time; prepare everything and report. I shall go!"

General Beaubeachaux, our genial and gentlemanly Consul, who left one limb in the South when our country was saved from ruin, secured for me some mounted guards, and our host packed up the chicken, sardines, wine, etc., necessary for our trot against time. A few hours rest, and about daybreak we were wending our way through the cobble-stone lanes of the curious old city towards St. Stephen's Gate, whence we issued as the first rays of the sun were lighting up the little mosque and dusty trees on the Mount of Olives.

First went our dragoons, picturesque in turbans and burnoose, with brass-mounted flint-locks slung over their shoulders; then the dragoman, and myself, I listening to his romance about the localities, most of it false of course and foolish enough; still on that dreary way it was amusing; and last came our little Arab boy, with a donkey loaded with our larder and bedding, for some part of the night, when we halted, we were to spend in the open air. Descending the little



ST. STEPHEN'S GATE.

footway or bridle path, we entered the valley of Siloam, Gehenna on our right, with but little in its appearance to tell why it should be a synonym for hades, and on our left the valley of Jehoshaphat, with its myriad of dry bones, waiting to be clothed again at the judgment. A little cabbage patch was the only green thing in the blank desolation, save a few olive trees on the hills. How seldom do books of travel, or guide books, call attention to the fact that there is no rain in Syria from May to October, and of course in autumn all is dried, scorched and burned up. The surroundings of the Holy City are desolate at all times, but in the autumn, desolation sits brooding like a spectre.

Leaving the valley, we passed between the Mount of Olives and the Mount of Offence, and were fairly on our way. The route to the Dead Sea is usually to the north, by way of Jericho and the Jordan, or to the south through St. Saba. Ours, which led directly towards our goal, was neither of them, but by an unfrequented Arab path between the two, a pathway not put down upon the maps, and much more difficult than the usual routes. It passed through the wilder parts of the dreary "wilderness" where our Saviour was led by the Evil One and tempted. All roads in Syria are but bridle or foot paths. No locomotion can be had there but by horse, mule, or foot

power; the road we were on differing from others only in being narrower, ruder and more dangerous. The route lay along the mountain side, and was in places so narrow that two horses could not pass each other; and directly at our side was a rough, unsightly ravine, some fifty to a hundred feet deep, covered with dust and crumbling limestone. This ravine was not, perhaps, very stupendous or exciting to the imagination, yet profound enough to bring the heavens and earth together, if one fell, for it would be a fall into another world.

We went on through the weary hours, leaving the sacred mountains far behind us, and entering more and more into the wild precincts of that noted wilderness. The sun shone in our faces, its hot, glittering beams half blinding us, and as it rose towards the zenith, poured down its rays still more scorchingly upon our devoted heads. The hills, mountains, fissures, ravines, and chasms were more and more weird and grotesque as we went on and passed over or around them. In places we had to move very cautiously, often dismounting and leading our hesitating animals where even wild goats would be cautious, and the declivity was too steep to ride down without courting injury or death.

Not a leaf, not a blade of grass was visible as far as the eye could reach. Not a vestige of vegetation in the parched and burnt and boundless desolation. All was one uniform no-color, made up of the hues of dust, burned clay, dry sand, and dirty ochre. We have nothing like it, nothing to compare with it. Reptiles, marsh, jungle, forest, with us make up a "wilderness"—a wilderness through its exuberance of *life*; but here were fractured rock, dried clay, burned earth and dust thrown about in chaotic confusion, a wilderness through its exuberance of *death*. It seemed strange, with its dusty, friable surface, that the winter rains of a thousand years had not washed it down to one meaningless level. Crevices, cliffs, precipices were at every turn, their chao-

tic outlines becoming more wild as we advanced, until it seemed as if the desert had been tossed up by a hundred volcanoes—as if lightning and lava had fought with nature, and she had died in the conflict—as if the master fiend, enraged that he could not tempt the Holy One to bow in “the exceeding high mountain” of this very wilderness, had in his wrath made a pandemonium of the spot, and now the fire had gone out, as he pursued his smaller game, mankind.

were congealed into a sparkling monument, sacred to the memory of that sin for evermore. Looking back—alas! if all who do that were turned to salt, made white, not in innocence, but in sin, what a gigantic world-cemetery it would be, crowded with monuments, each corpse its own grave and its own tombstone!

On the beach of the strange sea at last. I heartily disrobed while the others were unpacking our provisions, and dashed into the brine. A stiff hot breeze was



THE DEAD SEA AT THE SOUTH END OF JORDAN.

Onward and down we went by the twisted, narrow pathway, until, on reaching a steep conical hill, covered with pebbles and dusty chips of limestone, we lost our way and all traces of a road. We wandered for some time with difficulty, in danger of rolling down the hillside, then struck the trail again, and went on and down towards the strange watering place. Finally, on reaching the brow of a rugged hill, we came in sight of the huge grave of Sodom and Gomorrah, with the mountains of Moab for a headstone.

We hastened down the hillside, and over the rough sand plain, and of course the spot was pointed out to us where Madam Lot was turned into a pillar of salt. Poor lady! Let us leave her a little sympathy as we pass on. She cast a longing, lingering, last farewell look towards her home, her belongings, her Lares and Penates, and the next moment tears, eyes, heart and heaving bosom, all

blowing from the other side, but the waves were very small, so dense and heavy is the water. I found on wading in that I floated when the water reached my arm-pits, and swam with ease, but had to do so more perpendicularly than usual, to keep my feet from being thrown up, and as I had been warned by our Consul, did not put my head under; so escaping pain in eyes and ears, and a possible headache. After the strange bath, coveted for so many years, I washed with a bottle of fresh water, brought with us for the purpose, and felt no bad effects; on the contrary, my swim over the ruins of the wicked cities was quite refreshing.

The first taste of the water is pleasant enough, but more than the very slightest touch of the tongue to it leaves an acrid, nauseous taste. This is not surprising when we consider that it holds in solution over one-quarter of its bulk of chloride of magnesium, sodium, etc. Think

of it, a mass of salt and chemicals as large as Mt. Washington afloat there!

We of course secured a bottle of the water, as a souvenir, and then, it being after three o'clock, did justice to our viands, as our long weary ride had given us enormous appetites.

Mounting again and quite refreshed, we started for the "Holy Water," which was blessed by the Great High Priest himself, in his baptism, and which stands, as it were, at the entrance to this great World-Temple. Towards this water the eyes of millions are turned, and every year thousands of pilgrims bathe, and by crossing themselves in it, think that they will thus atone for all their sinning.

Some inkling of vegetation lined our way, and the plain was almost a perfect level. The earth was firm for the horses' footing, and we made better time than was possible in the wilderness. As the sun was sinking near the horizon, we came in sight of the Jordan, still a pool of Bethesda to so many, and hastened down to the ford where our Saviour is thought to have been baptized, and where the multitude of pilgrims still bathe at Easter to secure the right of way, or a free pass up Jacob's ladder to the stars and the sphere melodies.

Disrobing once more, I went into the sacred river, and there before me lay "the other side of Jordan," and alas, as most men do with the opposite shore of the spiritual Jordan, I looked at the noted locality shyly, and did not care to travel thither. In this case I did not make the attempt, as the current and eddies in the middle of the stream are treacherous. Some who are careless or too venturesome are drowned here every year.

At the beginning of this immense ride, which I had perhaps not over-wisely undertaken, I had been cautious enough to bring a little bottle of pomade with me, to use in case of abrasion of the skin. As I was sitting on a log and dressing, I rubbed it on the sides of my knees, when I noticed that one of the guards, who was drinking Jordan water not far off, was watching me. Approaching softly and gently, he began holding a

very one-sided conversation in Arabic. I looked up, trying to divine his meaning. He pointed to the pomade as he spoke, and I held it up. Gently and formally he put in his finger, and crossed himself. Poor fellow, he evidently thought I was a pilgrim, anointing myself with holy ointment! As far as that could help him to the "Celestial City," I was not unwilling to do him a kindness. The Paris perfumer little thought of the high destiny awaiting his innocent pomade.

We turned our faces from the baptismal font of Jesus,—away from the huge liquid grave which was once a plain, "and bloomed even as the garden of the Lord,"—away from that sheet of acrid water, a winding sheet around the doomed dead cities,—away from the strange, weird, watery solitude, where hades for a moment burst upon the earth, and claimed its own before their time. Yes, my errand was done, the penalty only remained,—for little more than one-quarter of my two days' task was accomplished, and the sun of the first was setting.

The donkey boy, dragoons, and dragoman began racing and doing mad pranks as we went on our way, while I kept back to save my strength for labors which they would not have to encounter.

The sun went down, twilight faded into darkness, but it was far in the night, and the stars were glancing their welcome as we entered Jericho. The same stars, the same meaningful glances, as when Joshua or Elijah, or the Holy One rested there; but the place and the people, alas, how changed! We were returning by the longer or more northern route, as a night ride over the one we had come would not be feasible.

A square, rough stone tower stood as a citadel over the miserable little village, and there ten soldiers and a sheik kept watch and ward for travellers or for wandering bandit Bedouins. When we arrived, however, they were smoking and drinking coffee in the open air, and we joined them. In the sheik's Arabic, filtered through the dragoman's doubtful English, we chatted of Eastern life while



JERICHO.

our provisions and bedding were unpacking. Then came supper, with actual hunger for a condiment. For a bed a blanket was spread upon the sand, with a stone for a pillow, and like Jacob I lay down to sleep.

All was still and hushed as we rested under the canopy of stars, but the day's ride of thirteen hours had more than fatigued me. It had overstrained the nervous system, and I lay gazing at the star-dance in the heavens hour after hour, the blanket-covered stone pillow having little effect in lulling one to repose. I was, therefore, rather startled than awakened when the dragoman approached, an hour after midnight, and cried, "To horse! to horse!" How I longed for a sleeping car in which to finish the tour of Syria! but I resigned myself to the inevitable, and mounted, and did not "set up that stone for a pillar," nor "pour oil upon it," but cared not with what ignominy the next traveller would salute it.

Again we started, leaving our citadel companions scattered about in the sand, apparently asleep and unconscious of our movements, and certainly looking not very

formidable in case of an attack. It was not very dark; in that clear eastern atmosphere the stars give double the light they do with us. We passed through the miserable village. As we left the place, our way led under the arches of an old wall of massive stone masonry. The dragoman noticed my look as I turned to examine the work, and said: "That, sir, is the wall that—that—Joshua—rams'—horns—blew down—and—" evidently not well up in his Bible history. Observing the smile on my face, he exclaimed, "Ah, but *it has been repaired since!*" "Probably," said I to my voracious companion, laughing outright, and so we left the scene of that strange miracle.

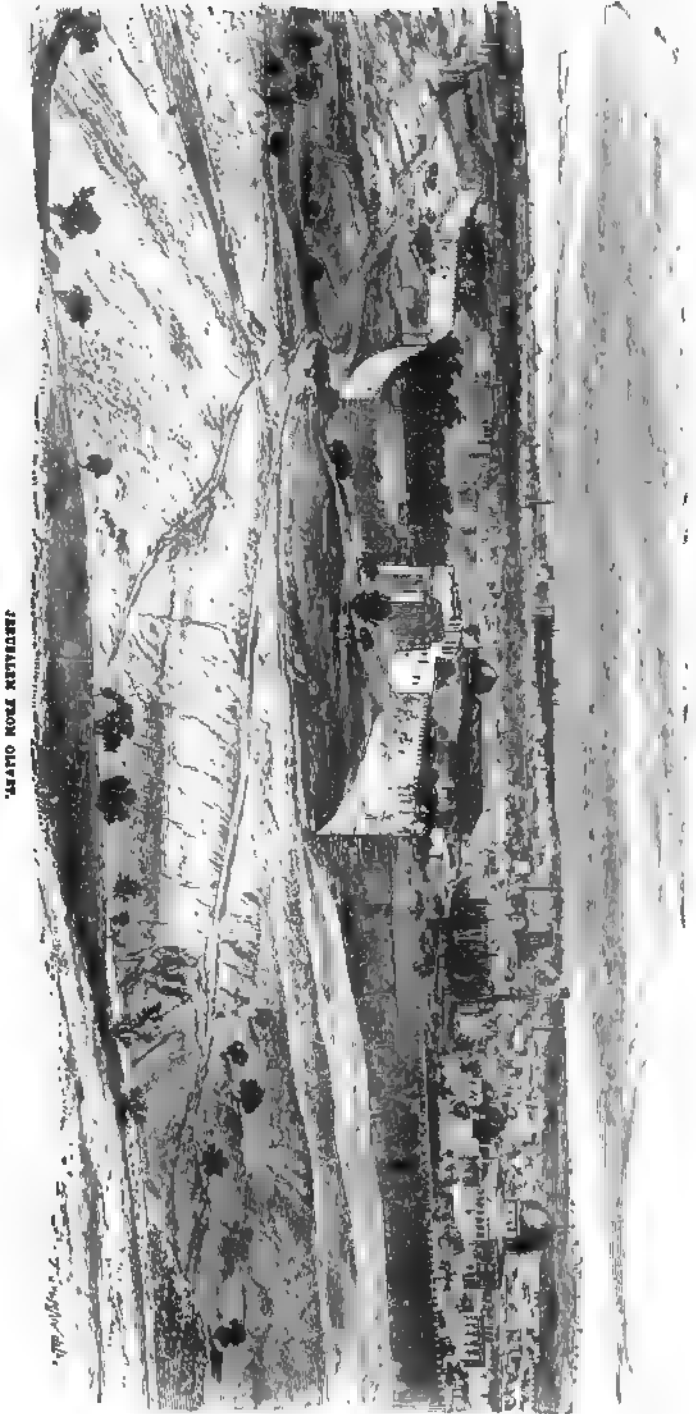
Two, three, four, five,—the night hours passed on as we trotted solemnly enough back into the wilderness. This part of the desert was not so wild as that through which our route of the morning led, yet it was still dangerous enough in the darkness for ordinary nerves, and looked more weirdly picturesque in the starlight than it had in the glaring sunlight.

On the way we met some wandering Bedouins, who were saucy enough until

the brass-mounted flintlocks were presented, when they suddenly became humble and obsequious.

Wearily, slowly, and cautiously we toiled on and up, towards the far away Mount of Olives, and the night shadows vanished as the day broke on jaded steeds and jaded riders. The sun rose to make the refreshing night air hot again, and it was high in the heavens as we rounded the base of Olivet, and came in view of the sorry mass of buildings which stands over the site of old Jerusalem, — that city which has so often drunk the cup of bitterness to the very dregs.

We dismissed our soldier-guard with thanks and bucksheesh — crossed the valley of Jehoshaphat, entered St. Ste-



JERUSALEM FROM OLIVET.

phen's gate, and, though with but little elasticity or strength remaining, I began preparing for the other half of my doubtful undertaking. The Jordan and Dead Sea water were duly "canned," and olive-wood trifles, beads and gold ornaments, were secured as souvenirs, and I was ready.

An officer of the Turkish government was about to ride the rest of that day and all night with dispatches for the very steamer I was trying to reach, and as both consul and dragoman said I was fortunate in having the opportunity of accompanying him, I did not demur. I should, however, have obtained another dragoman, (the one who went to the Dead Sea of course declined to go,) who could speak English or French, and be under my own control, a blunder which eventually I had cause to regret. The little Arab boy also, who had been with us to the Jordan, was to go for the purpose of bringing back my horse,—the father of the poor fellow having apparently neither care nor thought for his nerves nor his vertebræ. The boy, in his youthful recklessness, was willing enough; and after eating a hearty meal, a fresh horse and mule were prepared, my carpet bags were slung on each side of the latter, and the boy was mounted above them. I bade the consul and host good-by, and joined the officer, who was radiant in turban and burnoose, at the Jaffa gate, under the shadow of the Tower of David, and started on the last long heat of my doubtful race.

I was probably more fatigued than I was aware, as the excitement of collecting souvenirs and getting away made me forget for a time that I had been nineteen hours on horseback, with but little rest, and no sleep at all. The day was not so hot as the previous one. The sun was sinking in the west, towards my far away home, and I bade farewell to the desolate city with neither affection nor regret.

Over the level, dusty road, under the walls of the Greek and Armenian convents, we went on our way, and I felt confident of success. The desolation was painful to behold, not a particle of ver-

dure, not a vestige of freshness, not a grass blade—all burned up in the long, hot, rainless Syrian summer.

My unconsciousness of fatigue was unfortunately of but short duration. I soon found out that the movement of our horses was as different as if the gait of one had been made by a carpenter, and that of the other by Apollo. The officer's horse had a delightful movement, half amble, half pace; mine was easy enough on a walk, a fast trot, or a run, but the jog-trot which would enable me to keep by my companion was—well, like a ride in a city railroad car off the track, or an excursion on a corduroy road in a cordwood wagon.

All this, however, was soon forgotten, as I became absorbed in the curious scenes which broke upon our view. It was rumored at Jerusalem that Napoleon and Eugenie were to return the Sultan's visit to the Exposition, and that at the same time they would visit the Holy Sepulchre. So Abdul Assiz, in anticipation of their coming, was having a carriage road built from Jerusalem down to the plain. A carriage road in Syria, and built by its own inhabitants too! Long centuries have passed without even the attempt at such a thing. If it be done, shades of departed camels must move in their graves at the desecration of their ways, and their meek-eyed posterity look with astonishment at the "deformed transformed" pathway which in its normal state was hardly fit for the highway of a mountain goat. But the Emperor will never see that road; fate's iron hand is upon him, and his queen too has gone to the East, and come again without murmuring her orisons at Calvary, or even seeing the land which is mourning under the desolation of its curse.

To build this road, and with a sublime indifference to the question whether his subjects were machines or human beings, the Sultan had commanded that each inhabitant should pay into the treasury a certain number of piastres, or work for five days on the highway; and at the time we were passing, the men of Bethlehem were "in the breach." We soon began to descend by the rugged bridle

JERUSALEM FROM OLIVES, WITH A VIEW OF ST. STEPHEN'S.



path, full of boulders and cobble stones, and came upon the first party of Bethlehemites at their labor. To the eye accustomed to the Hibernian gang, building a roadway in America, this party was curiously interesting, picturesque and unique. The many-colored turbans, interspersed with the Mecca green, the betasselled fez, the long full beards, the sashes and flowing trowsers, Arabs, Jews, Bedouins, youth, manhood, age, all blended in one picturesque view. The men were mostly stern and indifferent, doing their liege lord's will, not very heartily, and from their point of view, probably, doing as necessary a piece of work as we should think the carpeting of Broadway would be.

We struck the first finished section of the new road, extending about a hundred yards, and some forty feet wide, walled up on the side of the ravine, and covered with fresh earth. It was of the "joy forever" order of sensations, to get on that touch of civilization, and we trotted gayly over the soft level. I wonder what it will be under the watery tempests of a Palestine winter! At the end it was confusion worse confounded, for the old bridle path had been broken up into a chaos. My official had to call out several times to the Arab workmen for guidance, and cross and recross several times before he could descend, and then it seemed strange that a horse could keep his footing or his balance at such an angle; indeed in some places our horses stumbled and slid down rather than walked. Onward and downward again we went, over the slippery granite and loose boulders, until we came upon a mass of the turbaned laborers, all away from their work, and quarrelling, playing or disputing, I could not guess which, as we hastened by, and on to the next group of the Sultan's human machines, and the next bit of finished road.

All this was interesting and exciting, but time hurried by as well as we. The sun sank; twilight followed in his wake, and I felt then the sun of my endurance was also sinking into a twilight that boded a starless night of exhaustion. The previous work, and the present gait

were telling upon me fearfully; and without feeling like absolutely breaking down at the moment, I knew that it would be impossible to continue our pace all the long night. But what should I do? My burnoosed friend would not be checked; he must go on with his documents, and if I did stop him I could not explain. Indeed, I must go on too, if I would catch the steamer; and to give it up then and there, and turn back amongst all the vassals of the Sultan, "black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray," was not to be thought of, and even if I did reach the gates of Jerusalem again, they would be closed. Another trouble came with the darkness. I had to keep up with this fellow or lose sight of him, and this involved the danger of being lost on one hand, or a dislocation from the horse's angular trot on the other. However, my sufferings were again for a time lost sight of in the strange scenes which presented themselves.

As the twilight approached and the day ended, the unique laborers ceased work, and were scattered about, gathering sticks, straw, stubble, brushwood, anything that would burn, and as the shadows fell, dotted about like stars or comets on the distant hills, shone out the little fires, where Bedouins, Arabs or Jews were baking their bits of dough, or heating their coffee, while near by as we rode on, the fires blazed up, and the Arab song came from behind the bushes, in tones so weird, so overstrained, high-keyed and monotonous, that it was curiously in keeping with the strange scene. It was music which perhaps made the scene more classic and antique, but which at home would have put a third rate church choir into hysterics, with its nasal, twanging monotony. The scene itself was exciting, almost bewildering in its strangeness. At the roadside, as we journeyed along, the fires blazed and the smoke curled up towards the stars, from pipes as well as from the hearth-stones of sand; and dotted about in the mountains above and below, and right and left, half hidden in the gloom, the fires shone out, and now and then the stars shone too, where the sparks

and the ascending smoke gave them an interval.

How it reminded me of Martin's picture of Hades, where the Evil One is holding council with his ministers, with its chandelier of stars, and even the rounded mountain, like a globe rising in the distance,—nothing wanting but the archfiend himself, and his throne upon its summit. In like manner these hills were dotted, bivouacked and lighted, as Titus went on his destroying way; or when the cedars of Lebanon were wearily dragged through the gorges, to their resting place in the Temple.

And so the twilight deepened into night. Arabs sat, and sang, and smoked, and looked unearthly in the fire-light, or lay down to sleep in the sand, in the same turban, sack and trousers in which they had worked. No rain-clouds were there to make them seek for shelter, no chilly air to make them shrink, and upon them the stars looked down with their peace and good will to men.

Every few minutes, as we went on our winding way, my official would call out to the workers, or they to him, when he stood, puzzled by the tortuous road they had half obliterated. It being night, of course I had to keep very near my guide, or lose sight of him entirely, but as I felt the fatigue and pain approaching the last point of endurance, I would often draw in the lines, for the luxury of having the horse, walk a little; but the burnoose with its black and dirty white stripes, would soon disappear, and I had to hurry on again to keep it in sight, and this too down declivities which would be dangerous in the broadest daylight. This continued until we had reached and passed the last Arab encampment, if they may be said to have encamped who had for a tent the entire firmament festooned with stars.

As we went on in the darkness, the boy was riding with the official, and they were chattering their Arabic together. I was thinking with keen regret of my loss in never having been taught Arabic, and again, for the fiftieth time, I drew in the lines. What a relief it was to have the adamant beneath me on a walk!

The burnoose disappeared at once; soon the clattering of the hoofs too was lost in the distance, but will and vitality had come to words, and would not obey each other. I tried to start the horse, but the jar was too much for me. The case was growing desperate; to be lost in that huge nest of verdureless mountains was to court death itself. I finally started again, down, down, down, holding my knees tightly to the horse's side, leaning back in the saddle, and recklessly urging him on, almost indifferent whether he fell or not, and leaving him to find the way by his own instinct.

Suddenly we came square up to a huge rock, and there was no pathway. For a moment I glanced about seeking the track, but I found none. I called, but there was no answer, called again and louder, but still there was no sound. I put my hands to my mouth, and shouted until the mountains of Jordan echoed back the cry, but their echoes were the only response, and silence as well as darkness was upon the face of the deep. I was alone and lost, without guide and without compass, in that maze of granite, which in the sombre night seemed to be piled up to the stars. These were the mountains which echoed the shouts as Goliath fell, and between them was Ajalon. There was one consolation; I could sit still, and for a time I recklessly enjoyed the luxury.

With returning vitality, I once more began to look about for the trail, when I was somewhat surprised to hear a tinkling and pattering sound up the mountain. It came nearer; I drew back into the shadow of the rock, and awaited with some curiosity, some indifference, the advent of man or beast, spirit or goblin. Three figures on horseback soon appeared in the semi-darkness. They came down the mountain and passed on. What they were, robbers, assassins, or sutlers from the Sultan's army of laborers, I could not know, and did not wait to guess, but rode after them. I had lost the points of the compass, and could not tell even in what direction the strangers were going. Hastening forward, I soon came in sight of them again, and as soon



OLIVET FROM JER: S. LEB.

as I was within speaking distance, hailed them, calling out, "Jaffa? Jaffa?" pointing with my arm in the direction that they were going. The answer, somewhat to my surprise, came in Italian; but, satisfied with the "yes" as to the direction, I drew back, keeping them just within sight, or rather within hearing, and went on, determined to follow them and take the consequences. Fortunately they went slowly—just the gait of my own Bucephalus—and we slowly moved along and down the rough pathway, which would be "trying enough to American horses, to say nothing of American nerves."

The hours passed on as my three strange guides led the way, I too much fatigued to care what manner of men they were, or to think of danger; and so we went on, until the base of the mountain came dimly into view, and the huge plain lay before me which "flowed with milk and honey" in the olden time, now without verdure or grass blades, stretching out to the sea, and from the desert to Lebanon. Far away on the plain a twinkling little light shone, at times hardly visible, but increasing in size as we descended and approached the plain. Finally, leaving our rough and dangerous pathway, which had seemed endless—a pathway of boulders washed out by torrents and chiselled by hoofs—we found ourselves on the level prairie. I let the lines fall, and tried to support with my hands and arms part of the dead weight upon the saddle.

As we approached the light on the plain, objects became more visible. There was a sort of khan, or shed made of boughs, where wanderers gathered together for protection, or robbers for rest and drink. There lay a camel with a load on its patient back, there a horse or a few goats, while a murmur of voices came from the turbaned company under the shed of boughs. My three strange guides dismounted and went in; I was too far off to individualize them, but kept my eye upon their beasts, so that I might start again when they did. Then dismounting, and in some pain, I stood by the horse, leaning a weary head upon the saddle, dreading the reappearance of

my impromptu guides and the necessity of mounting again, though a good deal of indifference to all things was beginning to creep over me. In this attitude, clinging to the luxury of rest, I remained for some time, when what was my surprise to see my official of the burnoose and my donkey boy come out from under the boughs, and begin holding another interesting conversation with me in Arabic. It was adding insult to injury, and I shrugged my shoulders at the harangue, and longed for a dragoman. My friends had evidently gone on to secure their coffee and wait for me at the khan.

Again we mounted, I with pain and difficulty enough, and again we started over the seemingly boundless plain.

The jog trot of the brute I rode had now become frightful to my overworked limbs and body, and before we had gone a hundred yards, I drew in the lines, unable to continue the pace. The donkey boy rushed up, making exclamations and grimaces, and pointing to the receding officer. Again he uttered his Arabic cries and pointed ahead, probably discoursing of the horrors of being lost in the night; but his words lent no light to my mind, and I said mentally, "Alas! that unknown tongue! take any shape but that, and I will speak to thee." Then, with a motion and manner he could not misunderstand, I ordered him behind me. Silently and solemnly he followed in my wake, and there before me was the dissolving view of the official and his horse, literally my *bete noir*. I never saw him again, and probably never shall until that last and final gathering which, as some dream, will take place in the Holy Land.

Well, the bucksheesh set apart for his pocket remained in my own, and our footprints are on different routes; but O the intense sigh of relief to get rid of that "old man of the mountain," that incubus, that burden which was sinking me into the slough of despond! Steamers! I would have missed fifty of them sooner than have continued that trot. A feeling of relief, of profound peace, came to my heart and limbs—a feeling almost of joy, certainly of perfect indifference to the danger of the act. Indeed, it was almost

as ludicrous as dangerous, alone with a little Arab boy in the middle of the night, in the midst of the plains of Syria, and an easy prey to even a robber boy at that moment. The situation, however, suddenly became a little more interesting and exciting, for on looking around, after proceeding calmly for half an hour, I found that the little Arab had bowed his head upon the mane of the mule, curled his legs up behind him on its haunches, and was fast asleep, while I suddenly became aware that I did not know if we were going towards the pole or Bagdad, Jerusalem or the sea.

I punched the boy with the point of an olive-wood cane; it was useless. Dismounting, I led the horse and pinched the bare leg of the boy, until he sat up and opened his weary eyes, looking somewhat surprised at being disturbed. I mounted again, and was soon lost in reverie about the resting place of the Ark of the Covenant, and about the route on which we were, for there Richard and Titus had passed, as well as our Saviour and his disciples, in their journeyings to Joppa. On looking around I found the little fellow asleep again. The punching would not arouse, so I had to dismount and pinch him into wakefulness. He sat up and looked at the trackless way, and then at me, with such a yankee "all right" expression on his face, that I could but laugh, mount, and go on. The fatigue also which had been relieved by the change of gait began to tell upon me again, but the situation was unique and interesting, and I was soon off into the realms of reverie again.

Suddenly my attention was drawn by a loud heavy thud. The boy in his sleep had rolled off and fallen to the ground. He picked himself up unharmed. We arranged the baggage and went on, but he was soon asleep again, and to make things worse I found that my horse would not lead. I drew him in, and let the donkey with his load of somnolence go on before, I following without attempting to awaken the lad. On we went into the night, into the night shadows—through Syria with a donkey for a guide, and, as Novalis says, "Alone

on the wide bosom of the all." The plain spread out boundless, with darkness for its horizon, and boundless lay the sparkling firmament, with no horizon but infinity. It seemed to be an age since I had left Jerusalem; home seemed further away than the stars, and they in that clear atmosphere were so far off that they appeared to have no fellowship in the scene. My fatigue too in its intensity, but now without pain, was coming back again. The last hour—of strength to sit upright—was approaching. My nerves were unstrung and relaxed, and I felt as if I were a waif of creation, alone in a tenantless world. Everything had gone from me—cities, peoples, individuals; life's loves and hates, hopes and fears, had become unsubstantial, non-existent, or seemed as far away as if I were a mere planet in my orbit, circling and circling but never to reach them.

Alone, yet undisturbed by fear, indifferent to the situation, and with no feeling of loneliness,—but the waste of desolation, the unstrung nerves, the intense fatigue, and perhaps the moral atmosphere of the plain, which had borne earth's mighty ones, Heaven's Holy One, all pressed upon my soul, until I became like a little one strayed from its home. Tears came to my eyes, at first gently, then in an unrestrained flood, as they would to those of a child who had lost its mother, and for a time I was but little more than that. The childish burst passed off, but not the fatigue. To that began to be added a spinal pain, and I found it difficult to sit upright. Every few minutes my eyes would involuntarily close, and as I was falling, I recovered myself with a start. It seemed as if I could feel the fatigue pass through my limbs and arms, and steal off their vitality. We rode still on, and weariness grew deeper and deeper; on, and it made itself felt in each separate muscle and bone; on, and I felt that the end was approaching. It came at last, an irresistible flood of unutterable weariness. I checked the animals, which willingly stopped at the word, and slipped or fell from the saddle to the earth, full length, between the legs of the brutes, and as far

as I can remember, the next moment was in a deep dreamless sleep, as indifferent to time, steamships, and the impelling necessity, as a bride to the doll of her childhood.

There I lay with gold at the mercy of any wandering vagabond, with the desolate plain of Sharon stretching out to the dim horizon, with loneliness like a garment shrouding me, and the mysterious stars in the canopy of ether looking on. If a little boy with a pop-gun had awakened me with the demand, "your money or your life," I should have mentally said, without making the effort to open my eyes, "take it if you will, but don't make me lift my arm to give it." However, no one came, and my eyes finally opened as suddenly as they had closed, and I started up from my vast prairie bed, fully awake and somewhat refreshed. The animals stood as if formed of stone, perfectly motionless. They too had probably been sleeping, while young Somnus lay on the back of his mule, "with his martial cloak around him," unconscious of all save his dreams. I sprang up and mounted, fearful that daylight might come too soon, while my friend, dragoon, companion and guide, in other words, the little mule, went on before into the starlit void, and I meekly followed his leading. The elasticity gained by my sand-bed nap, however, was of short duration, the fatigue being too deeply seated to be so soon ended. It was now nerve and will against exhausted muscle. To this was added a pain in the spine, but no more sleepiness. And this was the plain our Saviour trod, over which the Philistines wandered, across which Titus led his warriors, and where Saladin beat the Christian hosts, but my need and the Jaffa goal were the veil that kept all these things from thought.

Awakened from a reverie by a sharper spinal twinge, I looked up. The stars had wandered from their course. They had been my compass, and now either they or I were "off the track." Having more faith in their habits than in my own movements, I rode up and punched the little Arab again with my stick, but it was useless. I had to dismount and

pinch him into wakefulness. Starting up, he opened his eyes and looked about him utterly bewildered and lost. He looked from side to side, but made no sign; his bright little face was utterly blank. The situation was ludicrously bewildering. The night was wearing rapidly away, and the idea of being ignorant as to whether we were going towards Bagdad or the Caspian, Jaffa or the Pole, of losing the race just as it seemed within my grasp, was mortifying. In this dilemma, the earth before us where to choose, a curious incident occurred. A voice came from the darkness, where no person or thing could be seen. I was too much fatigued to be startled. The voice, however, seemed to be human, neither from heaven nor of hades; but it came in good plain Arabic apparently, for the boy answered it, and it came again in the darkness. Was it the one chance of a million? If so, that chance was ours. A vagabond drifting over the plain, a shepherd sleeping on the earth, a peasant under a thatch,—what you will, I shall never know whence came that voice, so useful yet so startling. The boy turned his mule in another direction, and we went on our way. If the voice had not come at our extreme need, we might have brought up at the Black Sea, or like the German with the cork leg, even now been walking anatomies on the Steppes of Russia.

Well, we went on wearily in the new direction. In a few minutes the boy had curled himself up and was asleep again, and I followed on after my mule-guide. The way seemed strange and unfamiliar, still I had reached the "centre of indifference," and rode on without further troubling myself.

At last the day broke, and that long, weary night was over. Jaffa was visible on the horizon, in the clear atmosphere, though still some thirteen miles away. However, the wilds were passed, and a track was visible. Here came a Turk on a donkey, there an Arab on a camel; again some goats seeking a meal in the dry stubble, then a line of camels, the head of one tied by a rope to the tail of the next. In about an hour after day-

light the boy awoke and became very frisky after his long repose, cantering and galloping his mule about until he was out of sight.

Passing through Ramleh, it took two more weary hours to reach the cactus hedges and orange groves outside of Jaffa. I passed through them and stopped at the little stone steps of the "English hotel." Fortunately no one was near. I slid slowly and painfully from the horse to the ground, cramped like Caliban, and it was only gradually and with a painful effort that I could stand upright, after being some thirty-two hours on horseback in two days, with one hour's sleep, and most of the time under a tropical sun. A half hour on a divan, a bath, a breakfast, a row on the turbulent waves of the rocky little port, and I was safely on the deck of the steamer.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way." Westward the stream of civilization flows, and we look our last farewell to its fountain head. The steam monster below us moves to the signal, the wheels turn slowly around, and we pass on through the waste of waters into the void. From a dead civilization we go towards its latest birth, from the oldest of nations towards the newest, and the shrine of the world that we leave behind sinks below the horizon.

Though few persons leave Palestine without a feeling of disappointment, most of us at times long to wander there. People of all Christian countries experience this desire, even if they have merely the sentiment of religion, and that but for an hour on a Sabbath morning.

We desire, naturally enough, to see a locality which has been idealized to us in pulpit oratory and otherwise from our youth up; to climb its sacred hills, where heaven and earth have met together more tangibly than elsewhere on the broad globe. We feel that we could not visit the tomb of the Holy One, stand where He stood, look upon the hills His divine eye rested on, walk, as it were, in His very footprints, without feeling some sort of new, unusual, and profound interest.

We may not expect much there. We

know that the land is desolate whence come our holiest memories. At most, if one may so express it, we have gone to see the corpse of our spiritual mother; we know that the divine light shines no more through her eyes—that it has gone home, or spread itself over the lands and amongst the nations; but we do expect to find it comely in death, to gaze upon it, as it were, with tears in our hearts, with a quickened pulse, and feel more reverent in its presence, as we gaze upon features once illumined with heaven's own light. We do expect to have "our souls stirred within us" as we stand by the once living form, and with quickened heart-beats feel that we are nearer the divinity which has gone, more aspiring or more hopeful to be like it. And what do we see? Nothing but her skeleton, and badly articulated at that, the frontal sinus hinged to the foot bones, the molars in the vertebrae, and here and there the bone of a dog or a fox. Here a Moslem mosque, there a convent of dervishes. Dragomans lying until their stupid assurance becomes ludicrous, and monks and bishops quarrelling over the "holy places," even while they pay their worship to the "place where the cross stood" and the slab where He lay, falling down before the stocks and stones, until one shrinks from it all with disgust, and the poem we had come to feel is turned to sadly plain prose in the experience.

The Jews were not permitted to make artistic monuments, or statues, or pictures, and so they left no physical mementos, and their city has been so often swept over by the besom of destruction that hardly a vestige or a foundation stone is accessible. The memorials that in Greece and Italy are so illustrative, and all-pervading and full of historic interest, are here wanting. Morally it is still worse. We look at St. Isaac's, St. Sophia, the Alhambra, with a wholly human interest; they are the work of our fellows of to-day or of the long yesterday; they are of the earth, beautiful, grand, picturesque—what you will—showing that the one man of ten thousand, with more force, insight, and intellect than the rest of us,

has been there to excite our special wonder; but the interest is all and wholly human. We gaze at Cotopaxi, Yosemite, Magura; but they are only varieties of the nature we are cradled in—nature's jewels with a continent for setting—and we look at them for their beauty, wander over them for health, or mine them for their treasure.

But the moment we think of Palestine, or look towards Palestine, a divine halo, so to speak, comes over it, and the human interest ceases at once to be the paramount one. Sometimes wisely, sometimes foolishly enough, this place has been idealized to us, from our youth up, with all that sentiment with which illustration, eloquence, poetry and pulpit oratory could adorn it; and behind that is the Bible, with its eloquent simplicity, through which we look as through an acromatic lens, a white light, into the very soul of those who lived there. But when we come face to face with the country, and encounter its babble of bigotry and deception, and find nothing authentic but the hills, and they hardly so in their verdureless nakedness, and realize that it is a country cursed by God and man, and wasted by its governors, one feels a natural disappointment; and when one sees the idolatry before the "holy places," he is only too glad to think or know that they are hidden with old Jerusalem, down, down, away from the light of day.

With a wise and appropriate word from an eloquent writer we will close.

"For two thousand years Jerusalem has been a bone of contention so constant, so ferocious, so inhuman, that its burial underground seems like a decree of the Providence of history, that it should be put forever out of sight. The cause of quarrel between nations and religions was wholly removed, every vestige of the Saviour's temporary home was destroyed, every footprint of his was effaced. There was no Calvary to mourn over, no tomb to quarrel over. It was as if God had said, 'Go away and come here no more; cease your pilgrimages and your vigils, your jealousies and your hates, your frenzies and your hypocrisies. He is not here; He is risen; He has gone before you into another world. Why seek ye the living among the dead? * * In your own streets is the Calvary where he is daily crucified; in your own houses the sepulchre where he is buried. Your own pleasure gardens are the Gethsemanes he weeps in; your own public assemblies the places where he meets the bigot, the infidel, the scoffer. Recover his image at home if you can; make real and vivid his presence among yourselves, and in place of the miserable pile of rubbish in Judca you will have the Heavenly Jerusalem come down from the clouds.'"

A SPIRIT IN PRISON; OR, THE PASTOR'S SON.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER IX.

CONVERSATIONS.

THERE were bitter memories at work in Laurent's heart, but they divided his attention with anxiety for his companion, who seemed to see nothing of the beauty about him. Father Francis' head was bowed, and a look of deep, hopeless melancholy had settled over his face.

"Dear Father," said Laurent, at last, "see how plain you can see Monte Viso this morning. Father Paul says when the snow peaks catch the light in that way, they are like the battlements of pearl and gold in the celestial city."

"Ah, Laurent," said the Father, speaking as in a dream, "and equally out of reach."

Laurent looked up surprised.

"I do not mean for you, my son," said

the monk, gently. "God grant that you may attain that heavenly city; but, as for me—" he paused, and then continued, in a calmer tone—"Which way lies Prali, my son?"

"Over the mountains there, to the north, Reverend Father. The way is by the Col Julien."

The priest looked long and wistfully in the direction pointed out by his companion.

"You would not like to go there, Laurent?" he said, at last.

"No, Reverend Father; it is all so changed there now," said Laurent, sadly. "And it would be far too hard a journey for you."

"And you would not care to go away from me?" questioned the other, with singular earnestness.

"No, Reverend Father," replied Laurent; "not so long as I can stay with you."

"It will be but a little while, my son, but a little while," said the Provincial, laying his white, trembling hand on Laurent's shoulder. "I am like one who, passing through the desert, stops for an hour to drink at a living spring, and then goes on, though he knows he shall die on the barren sands before him."

"But, dear Father, why should not such a one stay where he can keep himself alive and be at peace?" said Laurent, interpreting the parable in a very literal fashion. "You are so much better than you were," he added. "You do not think you are so ill?" he asked, with a sudden pang at the thought that his friend might indeed be taken from him.

"Let us sit down and rest for awhile," said Father Francis, disregarding the question. "See, is there no place, off the road, where we can be quiet for a time?"

They were near the mouth of a ravine, down which a torrent, now diminished in force, had torn its way earlier in the season. A little way up the hill-side a group of pine trees, rising over some great blocks of stone, seemed to promise shade and a seat, and were entirely out of sight from the main road.

"If you feel able to walk there, dear Father," said Laurent, "it is a good place

to rest. I will fasten the mule down here, and she will be quite safe."

As Laurent spoke, his heart beat, and within himself he resolved that now he would entreat the Provincial to tell him what had become of his father and of his friends. An undefinable feeling had hitherto withheld him from asking the question for whose answer he still longed.

He had thought that Father Francis might be forbidden to speak by the merciless rule to which he was a slave, and that to be obliged to refuse would only pain one so kind. But, besides this was an indefinite sense of reluctance to approach the subject, at which Father Francis had never so much as hinted, though he must have known his protégé's doubt and anxiety.

Laurent led his companion up the green slope, found him a place sheltered at once from sun and wind, and sat down on the grass at his feet, for Laurent, who had in his time defied Father Gerome and even the Superior, was humble enough before the Provincial.

The priest bowed his head on his hand and sat silent, apparently overcome with sad thought.

Laurent fancied that his companion was thinking of poor Catharine's story, and almost wished that it had not been told.

"Are you very tired, Reverend Father?" he said, at last. "Have we come too far?"

"No, my son," said Father Francis. "Ah, how sweet and quiet and peaceful every thing seems; but yet man's sin and misery have turned this lovely land into what I might call a hell upon earth;—only that the sufferers were innocent," he added, under his breath.

"Do you think so, Reverend Father?" said Laurent, quite bewildered.

"I don't know what I do think, Laurent," said the Father, with a sort of sad impatience. "What I say, is only the wanderings of a sick man's fancy. I govern myself before others. It is but a poor compliment, is it not my boy, to let my ill temper loose on the only one I can trust?"

"You ill tempered, Reverend Father?"

said Laurent, drawing closer to him. "I wonder when it was? But, dear Father, if I may speak—if you make yourself so miserable for every wrong you hear of in this place, you will never have any comfort of your life; though indeed it was most cruel to send poor David away from his old grandmother, just for saying the confession of sins. But if you had known, it would not have been done."

"You think not?" said Father Francis.

"Surely not," said Laurent, earnestly. "And they tried to make me believe that you were a persecutor, and sanctioned all the wickedness," said the boy, indignantly; "and that was what made me think it strange at first that you should be so good to me, but I know better now," said Laurent, who little guessed that every word he said was like a sting.

"And do you think I have been good to you?" asked the priest, letting his hand rest on Laurent's head.

"Have you not, dear Father?" said Laurent, with emotion. "And I hardly know why, either."

"Why should I not?" said Father Francis, who seemed to find a pleasure in making the boy talk.

"Because, Reverend Father, you are a great man in the world, and the Church—if there was any difference between the two—and then you are a noble gentleman, and I being a Vaudois, am rather less than nobody."

"You need never blush for your race, my son," said the Provincial, with a certain tone of pride, singular enough.

"I do not," said Laurent with brightening eyes; "but I can only be proud of it to myself and to God, for we are despised by all the world."

"So was one other, my son, and yet he was a Prince of the house of David."

"But, Father—" said Laurent, amazed; and then he stopped.

"Well, my son?"

"You can't think we were in the right, of course?"

"No," said the poor priest, who was torn by contending feelings, of which his companion knew nothing. "You were of course wrong as schismatics."

"But we were not, Reverend Father,"

said Laurent, respectfully; "we always have kept the faith. We never did worship images."

"My son, the Church does not worship images; she only uses them for a sign to help the soul upward toward the reality."

"But, Father," said Laurent, "why then do they leave out the command about images? And, besides, it says, 'Thou shalt not bow down to them;' and why is one image held more sacred than another? And why do they talk about this or that one working miracles? And I know they whipped me and shut me up in the dark, because I would not kneel to the image in the chapel, and if they mean it only for a sign, I think it was very unreasonable," said Laurent, rationally enough. "And in the forms for consecrating the image of the Virgin, it says, 'Sanctify, O God, this figure of the blessed Virgin,* that it may bring salutary help to thy faithful ones,' and then goes on to tell what they shall be preserved from; and so in consecrating the wood of the cross."

"Little Huguenot," said the priest, half fondly, half regretfully; "I see you have it all at your fingers' ends. But if the ignorant had no images or pictures, how would they know the story of our Lord? And if there is some abuse in this matter—and I do not deny it—is it not better that they should worship the symbol than nothing at all?"

"If I may speak—Reverend Father?" said Laurent.

"Surely, my son."

"I would say that our Lord preached to the common people, and they heard gladly those words that make our New Testament to-day. He did not use any images. And why should the common people be kept ignorant, Father? Why cannot the Church teach them to read the words that all the common people heard in his time? If she is true, and preaches his doctrine as he preached it, why should they be so afraid of it?"

"Because ignorant people misinterpret it and run into error."

* Santifica, Deus, hanc formulam, etc.

"But are they not more likely, Reverend Father, to run into error without it? and if that were so, why were the apostles commanded to preach the gospel to every creature?"

"What an obstinate little heretic it is!" said the minister, very much in the same tone that one says "O, what a bad baby!" for, curious as it seemed, the saintly and dignified ecclesiastic, so severe toward himself, so determined in the exercise of his rule, seemed to take an entirely human pleasure in spoiling the boy whom he had, as it were, adopted. "You are taught from your cradles."

"Yes, Reverend Father, we need to be," said Laurent, with quiet pride. "My father used to say we must all be ready to render a reason for our faith. O, signor," said Laurent, suddenly coming out with the question he had longed to ask, "Where is my dear father, if he is living? You are so kind, so good, you will tell me, I am sure. The worst I could know would not be so hard to bear."

The minister was silent, and sat looking out over the landscape with eyes that seemed to see nothing.

"O, Father Francis," continued Laurent, kneeling beside him and kissing his hand, "think if it were your own father, if you had been a prisoner for years as I have—if you had seen what I have seen, and heard what I have heard, and all the time no one would tell you whether your best earthly friend was dead or alive—and we loved each other so—surely, surely, you will tell me the truth!"

"Laurent," said Father Francis, at last, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, and looking into his face, "can you bear what I have to tell you?"

"I can bear any thing better than ignorance," said Laurent, turning pale as his heart sank within him.

"My son," said the priest, very gently, "your father is dead."

It was no more than Laurent had often told himself he must sometime hear, but yet unconsciously he had kept alive some faint ray of hope that his father had perhaps escaped and might yet be living in Switzerland. He tried for a moment to

compose himself, and then burst into an agony of grief.

The monk, scarcely less agitated, drew the boy toward himself, and Laurent hid his face on his friend's shoulder.

"My father! my father!" he sobbed in bitterness of spirit. "O that I had died too!"

"Would to God I could comfort you," said Father Francis, who felt that the struggle he was called on to undergo was almost more than flesh and blood could bear.

"You have, Reverend Father," said Laurent, at last. "But for you and Father Paul, I should have died—which would have been little matter. But you have taught me that in your Church are some who are our Lord's own followers. But for you I should have lost my faith in any good, either in heaven or earth—but there, I wear you out, dear Father, and tire you, for you take every one's grief like your own. Did my father die in prison?"

"At Lucerna," said the monk, who had indeed borne almost all that he could endure.

Laurent did not notice that Father Francis did not say the pastor had died in prison.

"And he was constant?"

"To the last," said the Franciscan, with strange pride in his tone. "He died professing, with his last breath, his ancient faith. He did not belie his blood and race. Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more nor see his native country."

The priest spoke these words with inexpressible sadness.

"Ah, the exiles; they have perhaps the hardest part after all," said Laurent. "Reverend Father, is my Uncle Henri living? My father left me to his care."

"He is living, and in Switzerland, I think," said the monk; "but there is a price upon his head. This much I know, that his wife and children are with him. But, Laurent, as you value your life, never let any one suspect that you are related to him—I think no one in the convent knows. It may be possible that

I can send you to him some time, but not just yet, and I would fain keep you with me a little while, or are you weary of my sad companionship?"

"Never," said Laurent, who had never loved Father Francis so well as at that moment. "Do you, indeed, care so much for me, Father?"

"You are very dear to me, my son. Listen, Laurent," said the Provincial, putting his arm about the boy's shoulder. "I had a dear friend once, and you are very like him, and have his name. We were parted—O! so cruelly—when I was but a lad, but I have never forgotten him; and for his sake I have learned to love you better than a monk should love any earthly creature."

"Why should not a monk love his friends as well as another man, dear Father?" said Laurent.

"Because," said the Father, bitterly, "they take us from all sweet, natural ties—they shut us out from hope in this world, that we may obtain the next by crushing out the nature God has given us—part us even from our mother's kiss, and give us instead either a life like a whited sepulchre of hypocrisy, or more open vice, or one constant, agonizing struggle, that wears out soul and body before their time. Ah, Laurent, when you hear your friends laugh at or condemn some wretched priest whose life is a scandal, do not judge him too harshly. His temptations are greater than you can know. Nay, my son, you need not look at me with such wonder. I am not speaking of myself. My sins have been ambition and spiritual pride, mistaken for humility. God knows whether I am not more guilty than some upon whom I have sat in judgment for more open sins. Laurent, I have put my life in your hands. I have spoken wildly. Some time, perhaps, you will understand me better, but I can trust you."

"Surely," said Laurent, partly diverted from his sorrow by sympathy and wonder at this outburst of feeling, which poor Father Francis had endured and suppressed for years; "but, dear Father, if you feel and think like this, why do you stay in the order?"

"Ah, my boy," said the monk, with a smile like a pale streak of sunshine on a winter cloud, "I have taken my vows. Forget what I have said, if you can. We have all some burden to bear; and now, my dear, say over for me this confession of sins, that I may see what it is myself, and whether there is anything in it that need send a man to prison. Perhaps we can forget our own sorrows a little in those of another."

"I suppose it was because they didn't send for the Curé to hear confession and perform the last rites," said Laurent; "but she said he was away, but I can say the confession," and Laurent repeated the ancient form, which has existed in the Valleys time out of mind, and in which any Christian might join.

"Truly," said Father Francis, "if the poor fellow did nothing worse than that, it may be possible to help him. At all events, I will try; but, Laurent, it is much easier to use one's power for evil than for good. My son, I tried to save your father—indeed, I did—but it was too late, too late. Can you forgive me?"

"For what, Reverend Father? Because you could not do what was impossible? But, at all events, I know now he is 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'"

"Would that we had both entered that rest," said the monk, leaning on his companion for support.

"You are worn out, Father," said Laurent, affectionately. "I think if they meant you to rest, they should not have sent you to a place where you were likely to see so many sad sights, for you are so good and kind, Reverend Father, that you take it all into your own heart. When we came away, Brother Ambrogio gave me something in a little basket, and said you were to eat if you got too tired."

"No, Laurent, it is not our rule, you know."

"But, dear Father, you are not to live according to rule, only the doctor's; and if you go home looking so tired out, they will say I took you too far, and I shall be scolded; and you ate hardly a bit this morning."

"I do not need it, dear boy," said the Provincial; "but do you take it, for you are but a lad, and you are not a Franciscan either, and I fear never will be."

"But, Reverend Father," said Laurent, with affectionate persistence, "you know you are apt to faint away if you go without eating too long; and I am sure St. Francis even would not want you to kill yourself"—as if he were not fifty times more of a saint than ever St. Francis was, thought Laurent, whose familiarity with the founder of the great order had not bred respect for that distinguished man. "And here are these nice little cakes they sent for your especial use from the convent at Pignerol; I suppose the nuns made them; and when the good ladies took so much pains, Reverend Father, is it gracious not to taste their work?"

The Father allowed himself to be persuaded. Laurent even coaxed him into drinking some wine and water, and somewhat refreshed and strengthened, he set out on the homeward way.

When Laurent went back to his cell, after parting from his friend for the night, though he wept for his father, he did not feel entirely desolate. With all his heart he prayed for his friend and protector, and joined his name with that of his Uncle Henri, whom he had never forgotten in his morning and evening petitions. The pastor of La Tour, the friend of the Protestant champion, William of Orange, who was even then planning to defy the Pope and the King of France, by a return to the Valleys, would, indeed, have wondered had he known that the son of his martyred sister joined his name in the evening prayer with that of the powerful Franciscan Minister.

CHAPTER X.

THE SILVER-HEADED STAFF.

The next day Father Francis sent for the Curé, in order to find out the true state of the case in reference to David Chabriol, whom he wished to save if possible. But to take a so-called "relapsed heretic" out of the clutches of the

law was a thing hard to be done, and Father Francis never dreamed of representing the case exactly as it stood, and asking for the young man's pardon on any grounds of reason or humanity.

He wished to know the cause of the Curé's absence at the death-bed, and to make out, if possible, that David Chabriol, in reciting the ancient Vaudois form beside his dying brother, instead of going for the Curé, had in fact been acting as a good Catholic, and that the whole affair had been a mistake.

Father Francis was not so Utopian as to dream of justice, either for the victim of bigotry or the victimiser. He simply hoped to restore the old woman's last dependence, and save the young man from the tender mercies of the King of France, for whom Father Francis, in common with many other Piedmontese, was beginning to entertain a lively aversion.

Any one who has looked into Roman Catholic history, or been at all behind the scenes in "the Church," knows that there is great jealousy existing between the secular and the monastic priesthood, and the Curé and Father Gerome had been on anything but good terms. The Curé was disposed to hate Father Francis; but when he discovered that the Provincial wished to undo what Gerome had done, he was quite ready to certify that David Chabriol since his conversion had been the best of Catholics, and that it was only by a series of remarkable accidents that he had not gone for the Curé, who besides was not at home; that he had done no more than the Church allows in the absence of a priest, and that the "confession" was in substance the same as that in the mass-book, only that David, in the perturbation of his mind, and his inexperience in the faith, might have made some little mistake. Father Francis succeeded in making a very plausible statement of the case, which went to Turin. By good fortune, poor David had not yet been sent off to Marseilles, and he was returned to his grandmother's arms, as good a Catholic as could be expected under the circumstances.

The gratitude of these poor people, their heartfelt blessings and thanks, seemed to give Father Francis some little comfort, but it brought upon him a host of applications, which he was powerless to answer, and which distressed him more than his one success had pleased him.

His health, if it did not still further decline, seemed not much to improve. His days were feverish, his nights were sleepless, yet he kept himself up, received those who came to visit him with his habitual dignity and courtesy, won golden opinions from noble, priest, and peasant, and even conciliated such of the secular priesthood as came in his way, and who had at first been very jealous of the popular monk's possible influence in their affairs.

It was only when alone with Laurent or Father Paul that he drooped, and showed the effects of the inward conflict and suffering which he was enduring. He made his old teacher his confessor in the convent; but though concealment or reservation in confession is a very great sin in Roman Catholic eyes, Father Paul knew well enough that his penitent had a burden on his mind which did not enter into his confidences, and he stood in too much awe of his former pupil to remonstrate with him on the subject.

Never since auricular confession was first invented had any one a gentler spiritual director than Father Paul. The Minister's former confessor, who had died some weeks before Father Francis came to Villar, had been an ascetic bigot of the bitterest type, and he had cultivated his friend's genius for self-torment and self-abnegation, or stultification, to the utmost. The object of Father Paul's ministrations was to keep his penitent as comfortable as might be, and if the Provincial had confessed having joined in a plot to poison the Pope, Father Paul would have told him to say two *paters* and an *ave* by way of penance, given him absolution, and bade him go and sin no more.

Laurent began to feel that there was a sort of mystery about his protector, and that for some reason, which did not so

clearly appear, the Provincial was actually afraid of showing before any one the affection which he entertained for his protégé.

Father Francis did not enjoy the quiet which should have been his as an invalid. Father Gerome's successor, Augustine, was not a man who could do much on his own responsibility, and instead of taking his own way, as Gerome had done, he would ask the Superior's opinion. Now, Father Bernard hated to make up his own mind about anything, and he regularly, in his turn, shifted the burden of decision and discipline to Father Francis, who was in no condition of mind or body to sustain the weight.

A friend, whose remarks I here beg pardon for stealing, says that an inflexible will is no sort of match for an inflexible *won't*. I doubt whether there are many people, especially those who are conscientious or earnest, who can resist the passive, persistent pressure of a determined "shirk." Sooner or later, they find themselves performing the lazy one's duty, in addition to their own. Father Bernard's placid indolence was quite sublime, and Father Francis gradually found himself acting as virtual Superior of the institution, to a much greater extent than either he or the brotherhood desired. To worship a saint is one thing, to be guided by his ideas is another.

As Brother Augustine, acting on the Minister's decisions, tightened up in some degree the reins of discipline, the monks, some of them at least, began to feel that the honor of Father Francis' residence was more than compensated by its disadvantages.

One unfortunate consequence of Father Bernard's indolence was that the invalid could not be secure from interruption, unless, indeed, he betook himself to his inner sanctuary in the oratory, where no one dared to interrupt his devotions. Laurent, whose one object in life was to save Father Francis from annoyance, persuaded the Minister to let him pile up a heap of cushions on the floor, where, half sitting, half reclining, the priest would often pass three or four

hours with Laurent, as his only companion. Not seldom these were hours of pain and weakness, during which he could do nothing but endure in silence. The monks naturally supposed that at such times he sought to sustain himself by devotion and contemplation of the holy emblems on the altar, and the works of art aforesaid. But the real truth was that the sufferer seemed to find his only comfort in the mere paltry consolations of human love. No one could have guessed, however, without considerable spying and eavesdropping, the intimate relations that subsisted between the Franciscan and his attendant. If Laurent loved Father Francis the more, his influence, and even his example, did not tend to increase his affection for the Church of Rome or the monastic rule. On the contrary, he was constantly vexed and humiliated to see a man naturally so noble as his protector the slave of such a heartless, false, unnatural system.

During this time Father Francis, as the phrase goes, worked for Laurent's conversion; but he did it in a strange, fitful way, which would, indeed, have surprised those who thought him worthy to succeed to the title of that Franciscan who was known as the "hammer of heretics."* He would begin the subject of the difference between the two Churches, apparently with the determination to go to the root of the matter; but if Laurent answered, whether in agreement or in doubt, he would insensibly, as it seemed, wander away from the matter in hand into conversation about the books the boy was reading with Father Paul, or dwell with something like pleasure on those points of religious belief which they held in common.

Father Francis had penetration enough to see that there was little prospect of making a convert of his young friend. Past experience of his own, of which Laurent knew nothing, enabled him to understand the boy's character and state of mind. Laurent's own bitter memories had been too recent, his experience of

monastic tyranny too long, for Father Francis' gentle kindness to counteract their effects. Then he had from his earliest years been thoroughly imbued with the spirit and letter of the Bible. His tastes and his feelings were too deeply penetrated with its strength, sublimity, and pathos, to be much affected by the mere prettiness and sentimentality upon which Rome depends so much for her influence.

Then his reading with Father Paul had led him to notice the strong analogy subsisting between Romanism and the old idolatry; and moreover, and here lay the essential difficulty, Laurent had been taught not to depend upon any Church, but upon God and his Son, his Heavenly Father, and the one Mediator between God and man.

Laurent would have died for his friend, he would have done any one thing that would have brought his beloved Father Francis a moment's ease or comfort, but he could not surrender his faith. There are some people who hold their convictions on all subjects so loosely, that every wind of doctrine that blows scatters their principles all abroad, but such was not the case with the son of the Pastor Leidet, and Henri Arnaud's nephew. The boy had his seed in him, and Father Francis, an excellent judge of character, saw at an early stage that there was little hope of effecting his pupil's conversion, and grew more anxious than ever for his safety.

"This is a sad life for you, my son; is it not?" he said one day, when they were alone together. "It is hard that the years of your youth should pass away here, with no more cheerful companion than myself."

The Minister had been suffering cruelly almost all day. He had dragged himself down to the midday service, but he had not been able to attend vespers, and was lying back, half supported, in Laurent's arms. The extremity of pain had passed by, but he was faint and weak, and in that state when one is afraid to move lest the least motion should bring renewed torture.

"I don't feel very young," said Lau-

* St. Antony of Padua.

rent, with a sigh. "I have been through so much; and I am sure, Reverend Father, so long as I can have your companionship I need no other.

"How you spoil me, Laurent," said the invalid; "but, ah, God help us, it is sweet to be loved!"

"It is rather you who spoil me, Father. You treat me more like a younger brother than like a servant."

"And who said you were a servant?" said Father Francis, a little indignant as it seemed. "You know I do not think of you in that light; but, indeed, if you choose to think so, as a younger brother. Would it, indeed, please you, Laurent, if you were?"

"I don't think I could care more for you, dear Father, if it were so, and I can hardly imagine myself a *de Pianeza*," said Laurent, smiling; "but I cannot help wondering sometimes how a noble gentleman like you can treat a Vaudois as you do me."

"My son," said Father Francis, with some pride, "there are no distinctions of rank in the Church. There have been popes and cardinals whose fathers were peasants."

Laurent knew that this was in some degree true; but he had not been brought into such close relations with the Church without discovering that there, as in the world, a good deal went by favor and family influence. He did not care to argue the point with his protector, and he made no answer, only to put back the few soft curling locks, fast turning gray, which the tonsure had left around Father Francis' noble forehead.

"You are wondering what has made me an old man before my time," said the priest, who often seemed to divine, as it were by instinct, his companion's thoughts. "It all came in three days. Two years ago my hair was as dark as yours."

"Was it sickness, dear Father?"

"Aye, my dear, almost unto death," said the priest, sadly.

"I do wish I knew what would do you any good," said Laurent. "It is time for your medicine—by the way, I

wish I could see that this stuff was helping you a little more—it is detestable enough, I am sure, if that were all. Brother Augustine says that if he could only get time he would go on a pilgrimage to our lady of Einsiedeln, for you—and he thinks it would help you."

"It is a most extraordinary thing," said Father Francis, with unusual irritation, "that often as I have said I wished no one to talk to you on religious subjects, they will persist in doing it. But they know how ill and weak and miserable I am, and they think they can set me at defiance. They may find themselves mistaken."

"But, Father," said Laurent, surprised, "the good man only mentioned it—that day you were so ill—and if he believed in it, where was the harm? I am sure I would go on a pilgrimage to Diana of the Ephesians, if I thought it would be of any use to you. O, Father," said the boy, distressed, as he suddenly remembered that the comparison suggested was not exactly one which should have been made to a devout Catholic—"I beg pardon, I did not mean that."

"I do not always understand you, Laurent," said Father Francis, not seeming much shocked at his friend's careless speech. "But, God forgive me my impatience and ingratitude for our good brother's kind thought. I do not know what is the matter with me; I have no more self-control than a child."

"Dear Father, you are not well; and as for your self-control, it seems to me wonderful—but how do you mean you do not understand me?"

"You hold to your own faith so, and yet you will read or recite for me whatever I wish; and I noticed yesterday how, when Brother Felix was going into the garden for flowers to dress the Virgin's altar, you bade him wait where he was and you would bring them."

"But, Father, Brother Felix is an old man, and crippled with rheumatism, and it was ever so hard work for him to get down the long steps, and I did it to save him pain and trouble. I hope one can oblige an old gentleman of eighty without committing idolatry. And as for

you, Reverend Father," said Laurent, smiling, "you have never asked me to read or say anything for you but such things as we could both take pleasure in. My uncle himself might recite the psalms for you, or that hymn of Peter Damiani, or St. Francis' canticle; and I am sure he would, if he knew you as well as I."

The monk smiled at the idea of his seeking spiritual consolation from Henri Arnaud.

"I am afraid, my son, that if I were to fall into that gentleman's hands, I might have some chance of what is called the crown of martyrdom. And, indeed, I could not much blame him," added the minister, under his breath.

"No, indeed, Reverend Father; especially if he knew how good you had been to me. He can be as gentle and kind as a woman; and I am sure you would find that you thought alike about a great many things. You yourself are not more kind and charitable in visiting the sick and the afflicted, nor more self-denying and self-forgetful where others are concerned. I am sure," continued Laurent, with a sigh, "both he and my father, and many of the other pastors, did quite as much as some of the saints in that way, but they did it just as a matter of course, and no one ever thought of worshipping them. To be sure, they did not go out of their way to be miserable."

"You would not believe in that—not in self-denial and mortification of our evil desires? Think what you say, my son."

"Dear Father, you know if I talk, I must say what I think."

"You do indeed seem to have a most inveterate habit of telling the truth," remarked Father Francis, rather dryly; "but it is not likely to spread far enough to do much harm. What were you going to say?"

"Dear Father, you will think I am a heathen if I say what I had in my thoughts—and you are tired."

"Never mind. What was it?"

"I was only thinking that all these stories of self-torture I read of in the lives of the saints, seem to me so perfectly unchristian."

"My poor child," said Father Francis, half smiling. "what a world of legends and stories they must have put into your hands." And then the monk thought within himself that his absent brother, Gerome, was an "idiot."

"Yes, Father, it was all I had to read, and one must do something; and beside, I had a life of St. Francis, and two or three other such books from my uncle."

"From your uncle?" said Father Francis, surprised. "How did that happen?"

Laurent did not like to repeat his uncle's remark that the lives of the saints, always supposing the reader to be a rational being, were the best possible supporters of Protestant doctrine.

"O, he wished me to see the other side, what it really was; and I can't help it, they did disgust me and make me so angry, and sorry for the poor souls altogether. My uncle said that ever since Christianity came into the world, people have always found it easier to try to work out their own way to heaven by one hard road and another, than just to trust Christ, and go in at the door—which door he is—and that it is easier to keep thinking about one's own soul all the time, and devising new methods of suffering, than it is to go quietly along, doing the duties God gives us to do, and following Christ's example, and being unselfish and good and courageous, from day to day. He said Anne Monastier, who supported her poor lame brother and his two little motherless children by her own hard labor, and yet contrived to help her sick neighbors, and was always cheerful and gentle and patient, was nearer to God than St. Theresa, torturing and starving herself, in heaven one day and in hell the next, thinking how she felt and counting her ecstasies and agonies. And in her life, and in that of St. Francis, they undergo such anguish and misery—that story of St. Francis' five wounds—O, Father, it seems to me like the cannibals. The idea that our blessed Lord would come and drive nails into the living flesh of one that was seeking him in sincerity; and that he would go walking about on them, and enduring all that anguish, for no earthly good! Why, it

makes out our Saviour to be like one of the American Indians I have heard of, that torture their prisoners. I am sure no one ever lived in God's presence, or felt more entirely his union in Christ than my own dear father; but it was a comfort to him, and not a misery. Such afflictions as God sends us we can bear with patience, and draw nearer to Him even in suffering; but to go out of our way to seek miseries 'for the good of our souls,' and to throw oneself in the way of death when there is no need of it, 'to obtain the crown of martyrdom,' seems self-seeking to me instead of self-denial. Christ says, 'come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I don't believe poor St. John of the Cross, when he had gone down to the last depths of self-torture and abasement, had any harder life than my dear uncle; and I fancy he might have found it more difficult to keep his temper and be always kind and unselfish, if he had all the parish to think of, and the children to teach and provide for, as my uncle and aunt had, than he did, even in all he inflicted on himself. My uncle says that the simplicity of Christ is just the hardest thing for humanity to understand, and that they are always putting up ladders to climb up some other way."

"O, my son, what shall I do with you?" said the priest, more anxious, as it seemed, for this incorrigible Protestant's bodily safety than for the salvation of his soul. "But would you not reverence the saints?"

"Some of them I would, as we do our own martyrs, but as men and women like ourselves, who were faithful to their Master; but I would not make idols of them, nor magical charms out of their relics and garments. Why it was only yesterday"—and here Laurent, who had been sober enough hitherto, looked a little inclined to laugh.

"What is it, my son?"

"Nothing much, Father, only brother Boniface asked me if I couldn't snip off a little bit of your girdle or your habit, when you didn't know, and give it to him, for you were such a holy man he was sure it would cure his toothache."

"Ah me!" said the poor saint, wearily. "Can they not wait till I am dead? Was there ever such folly?"

Laurent thought that there had been a great deal of such folly, but he did not say so.*

"And what did you tell him?" asked Father Francis.

"I told him he had better ask you himself;" and then he asked me if you were not a saint; and I told him I thought so, of course, for I do."

"Ah, my dear child, you know nothing of me," said the father, sadly; and then he added, with a little quivering smile, "Did you ever see or hear of a saint that was cross?"

"Ever so many," said Laurent, promptly. "There was Brother Thomas. He would fast and pray, and scratch himself with thorns, and then come out of his cell and scold the novices like anything, and quarrel with dear Father Paul; and how he did use me when I was shut up! But that is not your pattern of saintship! O, how like an angel you seemed when you came to me that day, and laid your dear hand on my head."

"My child, if I had only come to you before, and in all his weakness and suffering the poor little fellow's first thought was that I should not find fault with Father Paul," said the minister, holding Laurent's hand in his own.

"I am sure I shall always be thankful to your Superior, who sent you out of the city," said Laurent, who was inclined to respect the Minister-general for the resolute good sense with which he had managed Father Francis.

Had that distinguished official, however, guessed the true relation between Laurent and his protector, had he known that the barbet was Henri Arnaud's nephew, and still an obstinate heretic, he would have put him out of the way with

* The scapular is celebrated in a certain Irish ballad, for this reason:

"Now he who wears the scapular shall have
a rich reward,
For if he has the toothache, he'll never have
it *hard*."

as little remorse as a gardener crushes a black beetle.

"He would be satisfied, I think, with the degree of self-indulgence I have attained," said Father Francis, in a singular tone, "though perhaps not exactly with its kind; I have given myself up to the sweetness of human love, to your affection and your society, dearer to me than you can guess. Ah, Laurent, it is one thing to be admired and be made an idol of for a time, and another thing to be loved as one brother may love another, or a son a father. Well, if it be a sin, I shall have lonely days, and solitary care and weariness, and pain enough in the future. There! I hear Father Paul's step in the corridor," said the priest, whose sense of hearing was surprisingly acute.

"Go my dear, and let him in. I have kept you with me the whole afternoon, selfish that I am. You must not lose your health and strength, you will need it all; and then, ah yes, you may go and

ask the gardener to put a plant of basil in a pot for me, and it can be set here, I like the fragrance—and get a breath of air yourself."

Laurent gave his arm to his friend into the next room, admitted Father Paul, and went to the garden as he was now allowed to do; but as he went he could not help pondering over his talk with his friend, and what an extraordinary thing it was that he, Laurent Leidet, should have been able to express such opinions to an ecclesiastic of Father Francis' standing, and yet receive no rebuke, not so much as a sharp word.

"Can it be?" thought Laurent to himself, "that he is losing faith in his own Church, and that the doubt of his own religion is the trouble that haunts him;" and faithful Vaudois as he was, Laurent's heart sank in his bosom at the fate which he knew too well would await Father Francis, should he be so much as suspected of heresy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SKETCHES IN ROME.

BY MRS. C. H. B. LAING.

THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

OF the monuments left us of imperial Rome, there are none so perfect, none which can convey to the visitor of the present day so correct an impression of the stupendous architecture which marked the ambition of the ancient Romans, as the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and the Castle of St. Angelo. In point of sublimity, there can be no question, the Coliseum stands unrivalled. The Pantheon—that temple which in its primeval beauty was worthy the gods to whom Agrippa dedicated its altars, is now crowded upon by unseemly dwellings, and flanked by narrow, unclean streets; and up to the very pillars of its noble old portico, you are on the beggar's

camping-ground, and the rendezvous for peddlers. Standing too, as it does, some feet lower than the adjacent streets, the feelings with which a stranger first draws near the Pantheon, are somewhat disturbed, and not until one stands within that majestic temple, with the pure light of heaven streaming through the open dome, and throwing its lights and shadows across the old pavements, and the graceful sweep of the circling columns, with a magical effect so perfectly in unison with our preconceived ideas, that then, and only then, can one fully realize its grandeur.

But no such surroundings as detract from the exterior sublimity of the Pan-

theon disappoint the eye when, for the first time, it rests upon the colossal tomb of Hadrian, known as the "Castle of St. Angelo." On the contrary, the expectations of even the most enthusiastic lover of the grand and beautiful are more than realized. Viewed every day, and from every point, the Castle of St. Angelo charms anew. In the freshness of the early morning, in the blazing noonday, through the evening shadows, or under the soft moonlight, its sublimity is never lessened. There it stands, as it has stood for ages, preëminent in situation and exterior grandeur; crowning the right bank of the Tiber, just at the point spanned by the "Ponte St. Angelo," with its sentinel saints marshalled upon the parapets. However critics may deny grace or beauty to those statues of Bernini, surely no one would willingly miss them from that glorious approach to the old Castle.

On the *left* bank of the Tiber, 27 years B. C., the Emperor Augustus reared a stately tomb. Its foundations were of white marble, from which arose a pyramidal grove of evergreens, and upon the summit the Emperor placed his own statue in bronze. The adjacent grounds were laid out worthy the mausoleum they enclosed. Upon each side stood two celebrated obelisks, brought from Egypt, one of which now ornaments the Quirinal, the other fronts the basilica of "*Santa Maria Maggiore*." In the interior were arranged the sepulchral chambers; and in them, when the grim conqueror called, were placed the ashes of the Emperor Augustus, of the young Marcellus, of Octavia, Germanicus, and Agrippina, Tiberius, Caligula, and others of the imperial line.

Few traces of this mausoleum are visible to-day. As one strolls up the "*Via dei Pontefice*," they may see upon the left hand some portions of the ancient reticulated brickwork embedded in the precincts of—a *stable*! while those broad foundations, robbed alike of the ashes which ennobled them, and of the marbles which beautified, now serve as a day-theatre for *modern* Rome, where

"Men and women fret their hour upon the stage,"

or perhaps a troop of circus riders claims the royal precincts.

The Emperor Hadrian, in rivalry of this proud sepulchre of Augustus, caused the gigantic structure, now known as the "Castle of St. Angelo," to be erected. In its plan and ornamentations were combined all the skill and splendors of those eastern mausoleums with which the Emperor had become familiar during his campaigns abroad, forming, when completed, a structure whose magnificence, strength, and colossal proportions are the admiration and wonder of the present day.

The gardens of Domitia, the aunt of Nero, swept down in their graceful beauty to the *right* bank of the Tiber, and within those pleasant grounds, in A. D. 130, did the Emperor Hadrian rear this stately mausoleum. From ancient writers, who themselves saw this noble structure intact, as at the day when it first stood forth to the world, crowning even the conceptions of its illustrious founder with full measure of completeness—from them we glean that it was erected upon a square foundation. "Each side was 247 feet; and the round tower rising from it 987 feet in circumference." The entire surface was covered with pure Parian marble, elegantly embellished with garlands and leaves of most exquisite finish. At the four angles stood statues of men and horses in *gilded bronze*! Around the summit circled a double row of splendid columns, supporting an entablature, surmounted by pedestals bearing statues of the finest workmanship; while, crowning the whole magnificent structure, was the gilded bronze statue of the Emperor Hadrian himself, wrought to the colossal proportions of a god.

Bronze gates which faced the bridge, (the ancient *Pons Aelius*,) opened upon a spiral corridor, paved with mosaics, and incrustated with marble. This conducted by a gradual and easy ascent, up which the chariots of the Emperor, or of the royal cortège could pass, to the large sepulchral chamber containing the ashes of the dead. This noble corridor ran around the entire circumference of the building, and was lighted by pyramidal apertures.

The Emperor Hadrian died at *Baiæ*, but his remains were afterwards brought to Rome by his successor Antoninus, and placed within his own magnificent tomb. It also received the ashes of Antoninus, of Marcus Aurelius, of Commodus, and of Septimus Severus.

For two centuries this superb mausoleum appears to have remained undisturbed. In the year 423, under Honorius, it became a fortress. Procopius, who saw it in the sixth century, affirms that even then, notwithstanding its warlike appropriation, its beautiful decorations were left inviolate. After that period, we read that it shared in all the reverses, defeats, and triumphs of Rome; becoming in turn the stronghold of Goth, Greek, and Roman powers; an abode for emperors and for popes, and a refuge in times of saintly peril for the holy Fathers of the Vatican,—and its dungeons, alas, the abode of countless wretches, who, in those dark cells which tell no tales, met with a violent death, or pined in hopeless anguish, with no ray of light to cheer, no human voice to gladden their miserable existence! In one of these dismal cells, it is said, the lovely, ill-fated Beatrice Cenci was immured. Ah! the list of names, whose unhappy owners have peopled these dungeons, is a long one! Among them were popes, and kings, and the sons of kings, who, in turn, passed by a bloody path from their earthly honors.

In all these centuries the Castle of St. Angelo has met with as many alterations and additions as it has reverses and successes; in fact, if its walls could speak, we should have the finest epitome of the history of Rome from the days of Hadrian ever yet produced. The first story, with its massive foundations, are all that remain of the original tomb built by the Emperor Hadrian. Alexander VI. erected the upper portion in 1500, and built a strong bulwark of travertine around it; this he called the "*Torre Borgia*." In 1644 the Pope Urban VIII. placed the fortress in the state in which we see it to-day, except that Benedict XIV. replaced the marble statue of the Archangel Michael, which crowned the

summit, by the present colossal figure in bronze, depicted in the act of sheathing his sword.

There is a legend connected with this statue. In the sixth century, during the pontificate of the good St. Gregory the Great, a fearful pestilence raged throughout all Rome. To invoke the mercy of Almighty God to stay this dreadful plague, the illustrious Pontiff, taking the miraculous image of the blessed Virgin Mary in his hand, with naked feet and clothed in sackcloth, proceeded in solemn procession to St. Peter's. Just as the procession crossed the Ælian Bridge, (Ponte St. Angelo,) a glorious vision of the Archangel Michael appeared to St. Gregory, standing upon the summit of the fortress, in the act of sheathing his sword, in token that the Eternal Father, appeased by the pious supplications of his vicar on earth, would stay the pestilence which was desolating Rome. And so it proved; for not only did the plague instantly cease its ravages, but even those who were at the gates of death were instantaneously healed! A chapel was first erected and dedicated to St. Michael on the spot where he had appeared to the good pope; this was superseded by a marble statue of the saint, which, having been injured during some of the many bombardments, the bronze statue which now surmounts the fortress, was erected by Benedict XIV. From this legend the "*Castle of St. Angelo*" derives its name.

Of all its splendid and majestic adornments which rose at the command of the Emperor Hadrian, not one is left. We are told they were used as projectiles in times of warfare. When Belisarius was besieged in this castle by the Goths, he ordered the soldiers to tear the splendid statues from their base, and hurl them down upon the heads of the besiegers. The celebrated "*Barberini Faun*," now in Munich, was one thus cast down, and centuries later was recovered from the moat. The twenty-four superb Phrygian columns, which so gracefully circled the summit of the mausoleum, were removed to adorn the basilica of St. Paul's without the city walls.

Alexander VI. built the covered gal-

lery which conducts from the Vatican to the Castle. This is a secret passage, through which, in times of peril, the Pope can flee from his papal palace to the safety of the citadel, and has served its office well. If I mistake not, the present venerable Pontiff has sought safety through its winding passages. It was in the year 1825, that during the excavations then in progress, great and interesting discoveries were made. The entrance to the mausoleum opposite the bridge, and which opened into the spiral corridor conducting to the sepulchral chamber, was exhumed, and thus, after the lapse of centuries, this receptacle of the illustrious dead was again entered by living men.

Since the troubles of 1849, Pius IX. has been rather chary of admitting visitors to the fortress; but happily a friend at court, Monseignor N——, of the Pope's private household, furnished the necessary permit, and a bright winter's morning found our small party standing before the ponderous gates, waiting for the "*open sesame*" which would admit us within the walls. It came, in the guise of a pleasant-faced officer, who, reading our permit, courteously welcomed us. We passed from the cheerful sunlight of the outer, to the gloomy precincts of an inner court, where this sudden invasion of "woman-kind" created seemingly quite a sensation among the Zouaves herein collected. As two of my young friends were bewitchingly pretty, probably their presence was not at all disagreeable to these stalwart soldiers of Pius IX. It did not appear to be. Stacks of glittering arms occupied the four angles of the court, sentinels were slowly pacing up and down before the entrance, while upon long, low benches, reclined some dozen dusty, tired-looking men. Here we were politely handed over, with a few words of introduction, to a tall Zouave, a German, who, receiving a bunch of keys from one of the guards, motioned us, with grave demeanor, to follow him.

We now walked up an inclined plane, consisting of marble slabs more than a yard in width, and each one raised about three inches above the other. Arrived at the second landing, our guide selecting

a key from the ponderous bunch, unlocked a huge arched iron door and held it wide for us to pass through, which done, it clanged behind us with a dismal echo, and we stood in total darkness within the spiral corridor leading to the sepulchral chamber of Hadrian. A moment more, and a torch of some resinous wood was lighted, and we began the descent of that dark, winding plane. It was a horrible, gloomy place, indeed, with that peculiar musty odor belonging only to old ruins, (I might almost say, exclusively to the ruins of Rome,) and made even more dismal by the shadows which the flickering torchlight threw upon the walls. The German proved himself a valuable guide, and frequently drew our attention to the marble incrustations, which are yet plainly visible at intervals, upon the old blackened walls; and then trailing the torch along the ground, he would point out the mosaics which formed the pavement to this once majestic highway of emperors; every minute stone inserted by hands which eighteen hundred years ago were folded in the stillness of death. Then, as if the darkness and the grim old stones were not sufficient to impress our minds with that reverence due this sepulchre of the great Hadrian, the guide, stooping down, lifted a cannon ball, and with a sign to our little group, bade us listen to the reverberations which would follow its course through this labyrinth, giving us thereby a better idea of its extent. Poising it high above his head, and then stooping to the effort, he sent the ball rolling before him.

Hark to the echo! now it bowls along with a pleasant sound, on and on; then follows a deeper intonation as of distant thunder—a lull—hark again to the heavy *thud, thud*, as the ball leaps and achieves some obstruction to its course; then all is still, when suddenly afar off we hear the rolling sound, it dies away—the ball has surely reached the goal—we whisper our conclusions; when lo! again and again we hear the dull reverberations echoing through the dismal corridor, until finally they are lost in the oppressive silence! The Zouave keenly watched our countenances meanwhile, with all the unction

of having created a surprise for the *foresteiri*.

Upon the spot from which the ball took its passage we remained standing until the last faint echoes died away, and then, with a rapid whirl of the torch, to revive its dying flame, the guide waved us on. We now met with heavy iron gratings, placed here and there over open vaults in the pavement. We shuddered as our feet touched them, and it needed not the light of the torch which the German held over them, to assure us that we were passing above those dark dungeons, hewn deep down within the moat, like those infernal prisons of Venice, where the moans of wretched beings answered to the ceaseless moaning of the sluggish waters, as they rose and fell against their dungeon walls. At length we reached the level plane. There lay the cannon ball by the side of others, which had probably been sent on the same harmless errand. Crossing what may be termed the vestibule, faintly lighted by loopholes cut in the solid *peperino* rock, we entered the supulchral chamber.

In form, a Greek cross—with niches at each extremity. These held the funeral urns. The largest, fronting the entrance, is supposed to have contained the superb porphyry urn wherein the "*shrunkén ashes*" of the Emperor Hadrian were placed. This was removed, it is said, by Pope Innocent II. to the basilica of St. John Lateran, for his own tomb. Others affirm that the large granite sarcophagus, now in the baptistry of St. Peter's, contained the dust of Hadrian. It matters little. The niche is now occupied by a poor statue of the Emperor. Every trace of the rich incrustations of marble and bronze, which covered the walls; the mosaic pavement, the elaborate ornamentations of the frieze, the columns which in the deep niches framed the statues—all disappeared long centuries ago. Only the rough *peperino*, showing the marks left by the rivets which secured the bronze or marble casings, (for even the baser metal has been despoiled from the imperial sepulchre,) only this remains to point the end of all earthly ambition.

We gave but little time to these gloomy precincts, but gladly turned away to retrace our steps through the winding corridor. Once more passing through the heavy door, we found ourselves in the cheerful light of day. We now ascended to the first parapet, bright and sunny, each side commanding a charming view. Here many of the garrison were assembled; some leisurely pacing to and fro the broad terrace; some reclining upon the low benches, with their knapsacks under their heads, either sleeping or reading; while others were busily engaged cleaning their muskets. Up a narrower, steeper flight of steps our guide preceded us, pointing out by the way the cell in which Benvenuto Cellini so long languished a prisoner; and whose remarkable escape and thrilling adventures, as written by himself, rival even the versatile pen of Swift. It was indeed a wretched receptacle for the living body.

Reaching the landing, we were ushered into a large saloon, containing some fine frescos by Pierini del Vaga. Spirited battle scenes and mythological subjects cover the walls. The arabesques are perfectly lovely in their graceful designs. The ceiling is handsomely ornamented with gilded stucco, divided off into square medallions, in which are paintings, though much faded. Opposite the entrance is a life-sized portrait of P. del Vaga—so natural in appearance, painted upon the panel of a door, that at the first glance you are almost inclined to bow to the polite stranger advancing so pleasantly to meet you. Another ascent, surrounded by prison cells, which are said to be well tenanted, not only by those political offenders who have fallen under the displeasure of the Holy Father of the Vatican, but also by brigands, galley slaves and others, confined for less venial offences, such as street brawlers, and for disorderly conduct at public places, brought us to a second and larger saloon, now used as a barrack room, and which we found well filled with Zouaves and French soldiers. It seems a pity that a place so beautifully decorated by the hand of Giulio Romano, should be used for such a purpose. Some of the men,

however, appeared proud of their surroundings, and came forward to point out to us the designs, many of which were nearly obliterated. They represent sea-nymphs and goddesses, with a grace and beauty of outline perfectly charming; but, unfortunately, most sadly despoiled of their once rich coloring by time and neglect. The stucco *bas-reliefs*, forming the cornices, are very fine.

The guide drew our attention to a square block of marble inserted in the pavement, upon which a cross was deeply cut. This stone marked the spot where Pope Benedict VI. was strangled!

We passed from the saloon into an oval apartment, lined with cypress wood, each panel forming the door of a closet, over which were emblazoned the armorial bearings of different papal sovereigns. This was the treasury of the popes, where, in times of warfare, the valuables of the Vatican were secured. Here were immense chests of solid oak, clasped and banded with iron, with locks and double locks of ponderous size, which had held the rich treasures. But now their covers are off the rusty hinges, the iron bands broken, the wood chipped and worm-eaten. The chests were for the gold and silver; the closets contained the archives of the government. The marble floor is inlaid with curious devices; each one is numbered, corresponding to the secret hiding-places wherein the keys to all of these treasures were concealed—a talismanic figure, known only to the parties concerned. These chests have more than once been borne through the secret gallery from the Vatican.

Still another steep and winding ascent, around which is a second circle of gloomy cells, formed in the massive *peperino*. In one of these, our guide informed us, the lovely, ill-fated Beatrice Cenci was immured. The iron door was closed. We asked to be admitted.

"*O nein!*" quoth he, with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"Is the cell never shown to visitors?"

"*O yaw!*"

"Then, will you not allow us the privilege?"

"*O nein!*" was the only answer.

For this refusal our guide next began to offer many reasons; first, the key was lost; secondly, the place was too dark to be seen; thirdly and fourthly, a jargon of untranslatable German; and as even the tempting offer of silver failed to find the missing key or throw light upon the scene, the conclusion in our minds was, that some other hapless individual was here confined. Of late years, in the overthrow of nearly all our preconceived ideas, some doubts have been expressed whether the unfortunate Beatrice was ever within the walls of the "Castle St. Angelo;" that the brothers Cenci only were here incarcerated. Accepting the benefit of the doubt, we complacently toiled up some dozen steep, narrow stairs to the summit of the castle, where stands the colossal figure of St. Michael.

Here we were upon the broad battlements, with a view before us which was perfectly entrancing. Turn which way we would, still the landscape of transcendent loveliness was ours! Rome lay mapped out below us; her beautiful domes, her palaces, her obelisks, and picturesque bell-towers; and in the golden flash of sunlight, the Tiber betrayed its graceful windings in and out the city of the Seven Hills; and then, afar off, we catch the gleam of the old classic river, flowing on and on toward the distant sea. From no point of view does the grandeur of St. Peter's and the beautiful symmetry of the Vatican colonnades appear to more advantage than when seen from this height; and here, too, we traced the secret gallery, the safety valve of the popes, stretching its sinuous length from the Vatican palace to the entrance of the fortress. The convents of St. Onofrio, where Tasso sleeps, and of San Pietro in Montorio, crown the Janiculum Hill; in another direction, "Monte Testaccio,"* like a gorged beast filled with wine, rears its dusky mound; and near by, the pyramid

* Monte Testaccio—a singular mound at the foot of the Aventine, of which the origin is unknown—supposed to date from the days of Tarquinius Priscus. It is formed entirely of broken pottery, covered with a sparse verdure. The interior is hewn into galleries and grottos, used as wine vaults.

of Caius Cestius overlooks the dark cypress groves of the Protestant cemetery. Yonder the church of St. Paul's *fuori le mura*, set in a poisonous plain of verdure; and there we look upon the lovely Monte Mario, with the pine of the poet Shelley cut clear against the blue horizon; while all around, encircling this most lovely, captivating old city, spreads the vast *Campagna*, crossed by the picturesque chain of aqueducts, and dotted over with sepulchral tombs; the round tower of Cecilia Metella, standing solitary and alone, like some gigantic fortress guarding this waste of death and desolation.

From this charming and varied landscape we were loth to turn away. Our guide, bless his honest heart, had compassion upon us, and instead of hurrying us away, left us for an hour to our own musings. We sat upon the parapets; we mounted to the pedestal on which St. Michael stands, still in the act of sheathing that formidable sword. We looked down upon the spacious courts and extensive fortifications which extend beyond them, and again and again we made the circuit of the battlements.

But the time for leaving this enchanting spot came at last. Slowly we followed our guide back to the outer world, and the gates of the Castle St. Angelo closed forever upon us!

Would that the unsightly buildings, which now so materially deteriorate from the approach to St. Peter's as the visitor crosses the Ponte St. Angelo and the broad esplanade which overlooks the windings of the Tiber, could be swept away with the same ease as our wheels accomplished the distance a few mornings subsequent to our visit to the tomb of Hadrian, leaving us standing before that temple wherein are

"Power, strength, glory, and beauty, aisled
In its eternal ark of worship."

Approaching Rome from any point,
that superb dome,

"The smaller sky which over-arches Rome,
And the minds of millions,"

meets the admiring eye. Even so should

the noble piazza of St. Peter's, the obelisk, the ever-lovely fountains, the graceful colonnades, and the façade of this mighty structure be seen, as the visitor draws near the Leonine city. Let us hope that some day the plans of Napoleon I. may be carried out. What a magnificent *coup d'œil* would then be accomplished! Embracing, as one emerges from the "*Via di Tordinona*," or the "*Via Julia*," the whole grand scene, the bridge and Castle of St. Angelo, the Tiber, and then that concentration of all sublimity. St. Peter's itself, backed by the wooded heights of Monte Mario.

The object of our visit was

THE ASCENT TO THE DOME,

commenced by passing through a door near the sacristy, under the overshadowing wings of those angels which guard the solemn aisles. A broad inclined plane leads to the roof of the basilica, so gradual and so easy that horses, and even carriages may make the ascent with perfect safety,—a necessity often required in conveying to the roof the materials needed for the almost constant repairs of so immense a structure.

The walls of this winding passage form what may be termed a chronological data of events connected with St. Peter's. As for instance, the "year of jubilee," which occurs every twenty-five years, when the Pope, with a silver hammer in hand, breaks down the "*Porta Santa*," which for a quarter of a century no impious hand has dared assail. But more especially do they record, upon mural tablets of marble, inscribed, many of them, in letters of gold, the names of those illustrious persons who have accomplished the ascent of the dome. Here we find that upon such a day, His August Highness Nicholas I., Emperor of all Russia, passed up the "winding stair;" that the Emperor and Empress of Austria trod this marble floor; and again, that the most unfortunate Maximilian, and the still more wretched Empress Carlotta, made the ascent,—no higher perhaps, than their own sanguine aspirations, for moral power and goodness, over the people they were called to rule. The

Prince De Joinville, too, and the Duc D'Aumale; and later, we read in deep cut letters of gold, that on the 10th of February, 1859, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, mounted to the very summit of the dome, and entered the ball which bears the cross!

At length we accomplished our somewhat protracted ascent, and stepped out upon the roof, one hundred and fifty feet from the ground.

The roof, did I say? Why we seemed to be passing over the broad *piazza* of some lofty town, with hills and valleys far down below us, from which the sweet-toned bells sent up their matin jubilee. Here are dwellings, with children playing about the doors; a fountain too, shimmers in the sunbeams, and its waters fall with delicious cadence into its moss-grown basin draped with trailing maiden-hair. Would we have temples of worship? They are here, in those two beautiful domes, more than one hundred feet high, which flank the façade; then there are the five lesser ones to call forth our admiration. Here we can walk about in broad alleys, and wind in and out these domed terraces. But oh, how can I speak of that stupendous dome, the centre of this wonderful plain? The nearer you approach it, the more your soul is awed with its sublimity. You realize more than ever before the majesty of this—the work of man and the glory of the Eternal Father, to whose worship it was reared.

Thirteen colossal statues—our Saviour and the twelve apostles—crown the façade, and below them are arranged marble seats, that visitors may find rest.

The dome of St. Peter's is double, and we pass from the roof into a narrow passage, from which the ascent may be said really to commence. By winding steps and through narrow galleries, preceded by a guide, we moved slowly on in single file. We reached a broad level, and the guide opening a door, motioned us to advance. Wonderful was the sight which we now beheld. We were standing within the outer gallery, which runs around the interior of the dome and looking down into the church below.

But where is that grand beautiful

nave, with its array of marble saints? Where the immense transepts? Where the wide isles and vaulted chapels, which can swallow up their fifty thousand spectators, and yet find room for ten thousand more? Can that narrow corridor, those tiny ante-rooms, be identical with the immensity of a building which forms the wonder of the world? And yonder little room, like a child's play-house, can that be the great council hall, where sat the eight hundred bishops convened by Pius IX., with cardinals and grave canons of the Roman Church, kings and princes, senate and nobles, on that memorable 6th of September, 1869, which marked the opening of the Ecumenical Council; and again, on that stormy day, when heaven itself protested with terrific thunder and blinding flashes of light, against that impious decree of Infallibility?

Those four tiny columns, are they the superb bronze pillars which support the baldacchino? And the baldacchino? what, that mere cradle cover? Look at the bronze statue of St. Peter; why it is no larger than those miniature copies we see at the shop windows. Are those ants which crawl about him, and which we can trace also around the confessional, where the never-failing lamps now shine no bigger than the glow-worm's light? Look through your opera-glass, and you will see those *ants* are human beings. Our own insignificance, and the insignificance of all earthly grandeur, as viewed by the Eternal Eye, is a lesson which can here be read.

In looking up into this cupola where we are now standing, how often, in walking slowly over the marble floor, now so far below us, have we admired the beautiful mosaics, which in such delicate proportions and splendor of coloring, adorn its inner surface. But nearly as *we* decrease in size from this lofty standpoint, so do these mosaics of saints and angels become colossal, yet lose not their beauty, although their cunning handicraft is so plainly seen. The four Evangelists upon the triangles of the dome are particularly imposing. The pen which St. Luke holds in his hand, as seen from below, is but a goose quill; by accurate

measurement it is *seven feet long*. The mosaic letters which form the sentence "TV. ES. PETRVS. ET.," &c., are each of them six feet in length, while from below they appear only as large capitals on a gold ground.

On again for the summit of the dome! Between the two walls the way became narrower, steeper. We bent to circumstances, to meet the narrowing concavity of the dome; we twisted around, and around, and around, like flies achieving a cork-screw; when suddenly before us rose twenty-eight narrow, almost perpendicular steps, with a rope to our hands. What can we do but mount? Up then we go, with an insane attempt to recover breath, as we slowly toil from step to step.

Eureka! we have won at last, and stand upon the very summit of the mighty dome!

And if the visitor is ambitious of renown, or desires to be roasted alive in those sun-heated copper plates which form the ball, he can creep up by a vertical ladder into the very interior, which is eight feet in diameter, and can contain ten or twelve persons; or if he pleases, he can ascend a small iron ladder, *running outside the ball*, and touch the very cross itself, which, though so small to the eye when viewed from below, is more than sixteen feet high!

From what a dizzy height one now looks down from the very apex of the dome; yet so broad is the paved gallery running around it, so massive the stone balustrade, that no thought of dizziness can enter the lightest head.

But of that glorious landscape which now burst upon us, how can I speak, stretching far, far beyond the Eternal City at our feet? Where mountains lift their lofty peaks above the graceful amphitheatre of hills, on whose dark green sides we mark, like snow flakes, the many beautiful towns which cluster amid their olive groves. And on the other hand, that silver line which gleams upon us afar in the sunbeams, traces the circuit of the Mediterranean, in which the solemn waste of the Campagna alone is lost. Follow that silver line—yonder afar off, a mere speck, it is true, lies Civita Vecchia; and there, marked by its old gray fortress is Ostia; and yonder again, Porto D'Anzio, and the rocky headlands of Nettuno. And how beautiful is Rome under this soft Italian sky! Look at her many cypress groves, and convent gardens; at the long vistas of ilex trees and graceful umbrella pines, which divide and subdivide with a zone of verdure the limits of this glorious city. We miss but one sublime monument in this unrivalled landscape, and that is—

The Grand Dome of St. Peter's!

A REFORMER'S TROUBLES.

BY MRS. MARGARET HOMER.

A GRAVE lady of my acquaintance, who wears steel spectacles and carries a bag of documents, said to me the other day: "My dear Miss Psyche, how can you trifle away your existence? Awake, I entreat you, to a sense of duty and the solemnity of life. See the myriads of your down-trodden sex perishing in slavery to vice or custom, and ask yourself, dare I withhold my aid?" You cannot imagine how it made me

feel; and yet, I did not see the exact point of it. Trifling away my existence, indeed! It is very easy for her to talk so, who has vowed her life sacred to water-proof and black alpaca; who has cut her hair short and foreworn over-skirts, recognizing only two principles in dress; first, to secure a covering, and then a protection against the weather.

Poor, benighted Eve! when she was too low-spirited to think of adorning her-

self after the uncomfortable finale of the apple affair, she knew as much as that. The fig leaves did the one, and the coats of skin the other; and it would be a pity if, after studying the subject closely for nearly six thousand years, we, her daughters, could go no farther.

To begin at the beginning. There's my hair to be done, and the immense amount of frizziness demanded by fashion is actually appalling. People pitied Medusa, the Gorgon, because she had to have little, squirming snakes all over her head, but nobody takes into consideration the trouble it is to make our locks imitate them. Hers grew that way, but we have to get ours up; and they create no hats on her mountain,—at least she never has one on in a picture—so her snake did not have to be rearranged to bear crushing, or modelled over after the operation. Then just think of the one article of trimming, and everybody knows that you can have nothing unless it is trimmed—the more elaborately the better.

Of course you don't want to repeat yourself,—tautology in style is so tiresome; as to leaving it to your dress-maker, it is not safe, since you are quite likely to find at the next party you attend, that you are the counterpart of some awkward customer of hers, whose costume she has copied in yours. There is nothing for you to do but give your mind to it, and every one who does it thoroughly knows how fatiguing it is. If my serious friend, Miss Progress, only tried to walk in Grecian-bend heels for one day, she would cease to accuse me of frivolity, and realize for herself that the ways of fashion are not flowery paths of ease. It took me a fortnight of incessant practice to acquire that little quivering motion so absolutely necessary to the correct balance of a pannier, and after that I had to learn the classic stoop that is so essential, yet so hard on the spine.

When Miss Progress addressed me in the startling way I have quoted, I was torturing my brain to invent a proper finish for a tulle overdress, and was really distracted lest I should stray over the subtle line that divides the sufficiency

that is elegant, from the superfluity that is clumsy in delicate trimming.

Awake to a sense of duty! I rubbed my eyes instinctively, and looked at the pencil and paper with which I was tracing directions; I was certainly not asleep, and I could not well be busier than I found myself.

Then I thought of the myriads of my sex perishing in slavery. I hoped not, after all the fuss they'd made, the terrible war, and all that.

I could not decide how the white satin shells should lie on my skirt, so I went seriously into the consideration of Miss Progress' remarks, and remembered that she had particularized two evil powers under the names of vice and custom.

I did not quite understand their connection, but supposed I might study it out. The more I thought of it, the more I became convinced that I dare not withhold my aid; that I was bound to do my very best to alleviate the wrongs and sorrows of my sex; and that, although I had not paid attention to the subject before, I was naturally fitted to become a reformer, and eager to begin the task.

I just made a parcel of the satin and lace, wrote a hasty note to the dress-maker, saying she might consult her taste, as I had serious occupation for my time and thoughts at present.

When one starts out on a new road, he must keep all his energies and abilities clear for action; so, casting all interest aside, except the one to which I had so newly awakened, I tried to think of some poor victim of the terrible powers I was to conquer, so that I might begin at once.

I had heard of a great number of poor persons, and Mrs. Manly, the house-keeper, knew quantities of beggars. I was not sure whether they needed rescuing, or, if they were rescued, whether they would not immediately go back and be poor and beg, they seemed to like it so well. I determined to take a walk and think it over; not a promenade, you understand, but a resolute sort of walk, to observe and cogitate, and rescue too, if I found an opportunity.

Now Miss Progress has an impressive sort of stalk, that at once proclaims her a superior person, and rather intimidates ordinary people when they see her bearing down on them like a stage ghost, with a truncheon of paper in her hand. She always carries a petition, and always wants names to it.

I am afraid I was trying to imitate her style, and on account of my heels did not succeed very well, when I ran against a little boy who was weeping in a wild and tearless way beside an empty tin pan.

I felt so sorry for the little fellow that I entirely forgot I was a philanthropist, and began to comfort him in a common and totally unscientific way.

"What is the matter, dear?" I said. "Pray don't cry so, and tell me what I can do for you."

He seemed only waiting an opportunity to relate his woes. He seized this one eagerly.

"O, lady," he cried, "I spilt my sand on the ground, and I haint got none left to sell, and mammy will jist whale the skin off me if I go home without money."

"What an extremely severe person she must be!"

"O, aint she, though!" and he winked cunningly in the depths of his woe, and actually howled as he recalled her characteristics. "She aint got no pity; the more she makes you screech, the more she pounds away."

"If I give you money enough to pay for what you have lost, do you suppose she will spare you, my boy?" I asked.

"She can't lick me then, 'cause she won't know it," he said, brightening, and instantly holding out his hand.

"How much was there in the pan?"

"Thirty-five cents worth," — rather doubtfully, and looking hard at me as he spoke.

I gave him that amount, and he instantly added:

"That was what it cost me, you see; I was going to sell it for sixty, but I ~~had not~~ ^{had not} time to sell it now, and I sup-
~~posed~~ ^{posed} I was bound to get a whaling any-
~~way~~ ^{way}. Here he relapsed into deep

He immediately added twenty-five cents,

and he smiled cheerfully. "If I had ten cents tally, wouldn't she be in a bully good humor, though!" he said musingly.

His hand being still out, I added that small amount. How well repaid I was to see him dance with boyish glee, though I did not like his expression when he shut up one eye and winked with the other several times.

He caught up his tin and was about to run off with a peculiar ducking and dodging motion that he had, when I remembered my mission.

Any parent who would abuse her offspring as this boy's mother did, must certainly be a victim of vice. Here was my opportunity.

"Where does your mother live, my dear?"

"Down Lane street, up Prior's court, back of Mrs. Bond's alley," he replied all in a breath.

I did not know the locality; my only hope of gaining it was keeping up with the sand boy. I asked him if he was going directly home, and he said yes and no, and then looked blank, and wanted evidently to get away.

I had always noticed that Miss Progress' strong point was persistence. I borrowed it, and took the unsatisfactory child in custody by the coat sleeve.

"I am going with you, dear," I said, disguising compulsion in kindness; "I want to become acquainted with your parent, and will say nothing whatever about the spilling of the sand."

He was not a docile or amiable lad in disposition, nor did he evince any grateful feeling. On the contrary, he set out on a sort of jerking jog-trot that almost took me off my feet in keeping up with him, and accompanied the motion with an inward growl most unpleasant to hear.

I was really out of breath, and had entirely abandoned the approved mode of walking, when we reached a dirty little street, that opened into a dirtier court, and seemed to attain the climax of slop and slush in the gutter of a small alley, where a person with a disagreeably red face was cleaning some fish.

I had been thinking, as I was hauled along so unceremoniously by the sand-

boy, that perhaps he was not as obedient or respectful to his parent as he should have been, which would in some measure account for her harshness. The way in which he saluted her favored the conjecture.

"Hullo, old 'un," he said, "here's a lady come to *tractify* yer."

This was unjust; I did not even understand the process he named. I said so, and added, "I only wanted to see if I could be of use to you in some way, ma'am."

The woman heaved a groaning sort of sigh, rubbed her hand, with the scaly knife it held, across her nose, and rose up from her squatting position, bringing a herring with her by the tail.

"There's my door furninst ye; will ye step in and sit down, Miss?" she said.

I replied that I would, and did so. She was not a neat housekeeper; the place had very little furniture, a great deal of dirt, a large bunch of green onions, and a bottle that had held whisky, and still seemed full of its odor.

I looked around me. This was just the spot to begin in. Drunkenness was a vice, and this female was a slave to it. Her ill temper and her fiery countenance were the results of the bondage. The boy's manners were painfully mysterious; he kept winking towards me, and making up his mouth to whistle in the strangest way. Several times I saw him strike the side of his ragged pants, from which the pockets had been torn out, and then point to me. I began to have a different view of his parent's conduct; to regard her as rather forbearing than otherwise. I scarcely knew how to commence; there were plenty of staring facts in the case; I selected two, determined to stick to them.

"I am afraid you are very poor," I said. She gave the most unqualified assent to this, in a series of woful gasps and groans. She also shook her head, and said, "True for ye; true for ye," several times, with deep feeling.

"I am afraid you drink a little."

Her appearance underwent an instant change; she struck an attitude expressive of indignant consternation, and seemed speechless with astonishment.

"Is it me ye mane? Me drink! May I niver draw the breath of life agin if such a thing as drink passes my lips from one year's end to the other."

Having recovered so far as to utter this, she changed her tone to one of banter.

"Sure, it's joking ye are to say the likes o' that to me. Sure I haven't money enough to buy a sup of liquor, if it would be the making of me."

"But it is not the making of you; it will be your ruin if you cling to it. I am afraid it is the cause of your living so uncomfortably. Pray, why do you not clean up your house a little?"

She gave me a second stare of amazement, but did not lose her speech this time; on the contrary, outraged feeling seemed to supply her with a deluge of words.

"Clane me place!" she cried, "and me slaving wid a bucket and a broom from sunrise till bed-time. Me name's known up and down the coort for a hard working crayture, that takes no comfort nor pace day nor night for scrubbing and scouring."

"Have you a husband?" I interposed to ask, for her eloquence was of the excited kind that seeks expression in gesture, and she still held the herring.

"Yes, I have a husband—three of them, but two's under the sod."

"And the one that is alive, does he work?"

"Does he work! Yes, he works; slaves himself till the life's near druv out of him."

"At his trade?" I ventured to ask further.

"What do ye mane by that?"

"I beg your pardon; I meant what did he do?"

"He looks for jobs."

I supposed from the appearance of things that work was scarce, and said so.

"Yer right there," said the herring-woman, heartily; "work's always scarce wid us. Not as much comes in during the week as would buy whisky for a good day's drink."

I had come to rescue, but really could not see how I was to begin; besides, the

sand-boy kept hanging around the stool on which I sat, and really made me nervous by his motions.

"If you had some—some"—I looked all around, and felt more deeply impressed with the need of such an agent at every glance. "If you had some soap, and a brush, and a clean window curtain, and a few things to fix your room with, I think you would be more comfortable, and then we could talk of further improvement."

She had given an indignant start and glare at the mention of soap, but softened as I went on, and even smiled as I concluded.

"Yis," she said with an unpleasant leer, "but them things takes money, and we haven't a penny to save us from starving."

"I will give you some money," I said, remembering to have read somewhere that nothing inspired a poor sinner to better actions more readily than being honored with the trust of his fellows. "I will give you money, and you can let me see how well you will expend it."

She agreed to this most willingly, and laying down her knife and herring, drew her hands up and down the soiled skirt of her tattered dress by way of cleansing them, previous to entering into a business view of her circumstances.

I found her like her promising son, in her ability to rise with the occasion; whatever I offered to do, she instantly improved on by additional suggestions; but I was determined to use discretion, and limit the expenditure to plain and necessary articles, which, when counted up, amounted to twelve dollars and something over.

I asked the woman her name, and she said "Mrs. Murphy, me darling young daisy; Denis is me husband's name, and Corney is me son's. We come of as good a stock of people as any in Ameriky, and sure yerself can't boast better blood nor us, for all we're rejuced in our fortunes."

She was growing fearfully familiar, and patting me on the shoulder, brought her fiery face so near mine that my philanthropy quailed, and I wanted to run

That would have been unworthy the spirit of reform. I steeled myself against the scent of stale liquor, gave her the money, and as much good advice as I could find words to express; while the ungrateful sand-boy kept twitching my dress and tormenting me by grotesque antics, which his parent did not observe.

I told Mrs. Murphy that I should allow her to-morrow to work in, and call the following day to view the result of my effort. I said everything encouraging that I could think of, and tried to hide my shrinking as I gave her my hand at parting.

She certainly had changed greatly even under this one effort; she blessed me profusely, and showed a tendency at one time to fling herself on my neck. It was at this point I took my leave, and her boy followed me into the alley, and thence into the court, making very disrespectful hooting sounds after me, in which he was joined by a dozen squalid little creatures, who seemed each to carry clamshells for toys, and look upon the gutter as a legitimate play-ground. They came close upon me, grasping at my dress and yelling so that I looked around in dismay to find that Cornelius Murphy, to whom I gave seventy cents and much consoling sympathy, had in return stolen one of my hair pins out of my chignon, and by that means skewered the herring his mother had held into the silk and velvet of my sash.

I really do not know what a thoroughbred reformer would have done in a like case. I was but a novice, and I was as angry as I could be. I grasped at Corney, who was dancing such a frantic dance around me as to be off his guard, and getting an excellent hold on him, I just marched him back to his parent, who chanced to be at the end of the alley haranguing a crowd of mothers who looked in perfect keeping with their miserable offspring. She started when she saw me, and thrusting something she had been exhibiting out of sight in the bosom of her dress, stepped back so that a bottle fell on the pavement and broke. As soon as she heard my complaint against her boy, she uttered a sort of war

cry, and tore after him up the court, while one of the obsequious females removed the fish, and called Corney "a divil of a heart-break."

Quickly as he ran, his infuriated mother was too swift for him, and snatching up a piece of broken board from the cellar window, she dealt him a blow that sent him reeling into the gutter.

Then I was so sorry that I had said anything to rouse her anger, that I strove to quell it, and found it a difficult thing to do. The women closed around Corney protectingly, and I went away, leaving Mrs. Murphy waving her stick, and losing sight of the original provocation, excitedly declaring that she was of "as good stock as any that ever left ould Ireland; and that rich or poor, she was the aiquil of any one that belonged to Ameriky."

It was not an encouraging scene with which to close a work of philanthropy. I felt that my labors were just begun; this was ploughing and putting in seed; so the ground was naturally rough. A day or two would show another picture; cleanliness, comparative comfort, and industry would crown the field, and I would come and rejoice, and further aid the good work. This was on Tuesday, and on Thursday afternoon I took one of Mrs. Manly's daughters with me, and a nice basket of good things, to make an improvement on the onions and herring, and show that the ways of virtue are ways of decent food. Kitty Manly is a short girl, with a very sharp pair of eyes. She is good natured, but not at all sentimental, and viewed the expedition as a joke, on account of which I preserved an unusual gravity of demeanor.

When we reached the neighborhood of Lane street, Kitty, who knows the city, remarked: "Well, we're a-coming among a nice lot, I must say, Miss; why this is where the fighting Irish live."

I replied with dignity that it was not to fine neighborhoods or elegant localities we usually carried benevolent gifts, and we turned into Prior's Court, where a terrible excitement reigned, and two policemen kept guard over an open cart. Yells and shrieks, mingled with a confu-

sion of loud sounds, came out of the narrow alley running past Mrs. Bond's grocery, and I stood aghast as I recognized Mrs. Murphy's furious tones above the rest.

Suddenly there was a rush and a shout; the alley seemed pouring out upon us, and Kitty and the basket and I were almost lifted up and set on the grocery steps, close to the side-door. It afforded us an excellent view of the scene, but we were rather crowded by the elbows and shoulders of the courtiers, who all tumbled out of their houses to enjoy the excitement too.

I was too frightened to do anything but cower in the shelter of Mrs. Bond's dirty door-way, but Kitty seemed really to enjoy the tumult. "It's a drunken woman, Miss," she said, "and O, what a row they do make when they set to work; see, there they are bringing her out. O, look at her face; isn't it clawed and scratched though, and isn't she fighting with spunk!"

I looked, and my heart sank. There was the result of all my hopeful efforts. Mrs. Murphy, in a state of rags and tatters compared to which her Tuesday's appearance was refined and elegant, was being borne in the arms of the police toward the waiting cart, fighting as she went with the blind ferocity of a wild-cat, and shrieking abuse in a perfect frenzy of rage at her escort.

They got her in and started the conveyance, amid shouts and laughter from the lookers on, who seemed to enjoy the spectacle; then the officers took a miserable man in charge, and followed after. When I asked who it was, a civil policeman answered me:

"Why, that's Murphy, Miss; they've been drinking and fighting steady for the last forty-eight hours, and the neighbors are all pretty much to blame for helping them on. You see some green sort of lady made the old woman a present of a lot of money, and she just went off on a regular spree, and treated the alley till she got 'em all started in a regular fight. The old woman herself has the worst of it, but she'll soon come round all right."

I could scarcely speak, but managed to falter: "And the boy, where is he?"

"O, he's a skulking round till the row's over; he's a young sharper, and used to such things."

And I, who had meant to rescue and reform, was guilty of inciting to riot and disturbance of peace instead. I turned away despondent and chagrined, and Kitty only laughed.

"That's nothing, that aint," she declared; "them alley folks would die if they couldn't fight and drink. It's their nature as much as swimming is a fish's, or flying belongs to birds."

But I do not believe it; they can be rescued, or Miss Progress would not say so, and I will try again.

A FIRESIDE LEGEND.

BY C. S. B.

"—— the poetry of Age
Is this—'When I was young.'"

AN aged man, alone and sad,
Beside his fire one night,
Gazed in its fading embers there,
And watched the changeful light,

Just as he did long years ago,
To dream the hours away,
Before the chilling frosts of Time
Had tinged his locks with gray.

Then, while the storm rushed wildly by,
And shook his cottage door,
Sweet visions came of brighter days,
The happy days of yore.

The group that circled round the hearth,
Their shadows on the wall,
Their looks of love, the hopes of youth,
Came back at mem'ry's call.

And voices that are silent now,
Or childhood's laugh of glee,
That once in joyous innocence
Rang out so merrily,

Reëchoed down the aisles of Time,
Like some remembered tune,
Far sweeter than the thrilling song
Of birds in leafy June.

Life was a pleasant journey then,
And glad its summer hours;
For all the thorns along the road
Were hidden by the flowers.

It may be that the way grew rough
And sad with lengthened years;
Perhaps the furrows on his cheek
Were channels made by tears.

But as on ruined castle walls,
The clust'ring ivy clings,
And o'er the mould'ring rock beneath,
Its robe of beauty flings;

So memory from the distant past
Brought back the bright and fair,
The joy and love that crowned his life,
And hid its grief and care.

'Twas thus the hours passed, one by one,
Until his sight grew dim;
They were the last of earth, but fraught
With happiness to him.

So when the morning, chill and bright,
Had touched his cheek with gold,
He heeded not the purple light,
Nor felt the bitter cold.

For, as the night waned on, the storm
Had fled before the day;
The dying embers, on the hearth,
Left only ashes gray.

But ashes here, and dust to dust,
The cold and lifeless clay
Let earth receive, for earth once gave,
The soul has passed away.

If dreams were sweet, then sweeter far
The waking was to him,
Where Zion, fair and glorious, stands
Beyond the shadows dim.

That City—of its boundless joy
No pen can tell, nor tongue,
And he, beside its living streams,
For evermore is young.

THE SONS OF KORAH.

BY REV. SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

A CURIOUS and useful argument for the Divine authorship of the Bible, can be drawn from its consistent record. Even a genealogy, carefully studied, will blossom like Aaron's rod with the buds and flowers of holy purpose. And like that rod, it seems to have been laid up in the ark of God's testimony for the encouragement of after times.

Now I do so fully believe in this truth, that I am about to map out the story of a family which is a practical illustration of it. Nothing teaches like a plain fact. And all I shall try to do will be accomplished, if I simply set facts in order. As the magnet moved under the paper of iron filings brings them into symmetry when it would not otherwise have been possible, so the magnet of faith will help us to gather these scattered truths into one story.

Levi was the third son of Jacob and *Leah*. His own brothers were *Reuben*, *Simeon*, *Judah*, *Issachar*, and *Zebulon*, and he had one sister whose name was *Dinah*. For her sake, *Simeon* and he took terrible vengeance upon *Hamor* and *Shechem* his son, and upon their city. And because of this act of cruelty, Jacob, in his dying prophecies about his children, gave a harsh prediction concerning these two, "Cursed be their anger for it was fierce, and their wrath for it was cruel: I will divide them in Jacob and scatter them in Israel." This was remembered in the division of the tribes, and the Levites possessed cities and boundaries by lot out of the various portions of the land given to other tribes when *Joshua* assigned the territory to each.

The sons of *Levi* were three in number—*Gershon*, *Kohath*, and *Merari*. And from the family of the *Kohathites*,

or *Korhites*, was descended *Korah*, the rebellious priest. The sons of *Kohath* and grandsons of *Levi* were *Amram*, the father of *Moses*; *Izhar*, the father of *Korah*; *Hebron* and *Uzziel*—four in all. *Moses* and *Korah* were therefore first cousins, and both were born under the Egyptian bondage.

Aaron having been appointed high priest, this highest dignity descended through his line. And as his father *Amram* was the eldest son of *Kohath*, the *Kohathites* received special honor henceforth. We read (*Num. iii. 29*) that they were to pitch their tents "on the south side of the tabernacle, southward; that their number of men and children was 8,600, and that their special service was to keep the charge of the sanctuary." Under their care were the ark, the table of shew-bread, the golden candlestick, the altars, the vessels of the sanctuary, the hangings, and all the service thereof." *Eleazar*, *Aaron's* son, was put over these men as their chief. Upon the correct performance of their duties depended very largely the success of the tabernacle worship.

Of this family of *Kohathites* was *Korah*, the son of *Izhar* and grandson of *Kohath*. Those fairly allotted to the work of keeping the sanctuary were between thirty and fifty years of age, and of these, including *Korah*, there were 2,750. To this company was assigned a special duty, (*Num. iv. 4-16.*) They were to wait until *Aaron* and his sons had first covered the ark of the testimony, and had placed cloths of blue and of scarlet, and mantles of badgers' skins over the table, altar and vessels of the sanctuary. Then they were to come forward and bear these holy things, remembering that they must not touch them upon pain of death. They simply bore from place

to place and set up in their destined spot the sacred emblems of the wilderness church.

We read again (Num. vii. 9) that the sons of Kohath received no oxen or wagons, which the princes of Israel gave for the use of the tabernacle. And as a reason, we are told that their precious burden was to be carried "upon their shoulders," in order that it might have greater care. The children of Gershom and Merari, Kohath's brothers, would establish the tabernacle before the Kohathites would come up, and then these would set down their loads and depart to their tents.

The history proceeds to tell us that after the burning at Taberah, and after the quails and manna had been given, and after the appointment of the seventy elders and the sedition of Miriam, Moses chose twelve spies and sent them over into Canaan. The result of this expedition was fatal to any hope of a speedy possession of the land. And just at this point we hear definitely of *Korah*, the law-giver's cousin.

The rash attempt of Korah and his company to depose Moses, their foolhardy and impious offering of strange fire, and their terrible and sudden fate, are among the most familiar parts of Scripture. But we may not have noticed how the patient leader asks them, "Seemeth it but a small thing unto you that the Lord God of Israel hath separated you from the congregation of Israel to bring you near to himself to do the service of the tabernacle of the Lord, to stand before the congregation to minister unto them?" And we may not have noticed that the New England Primer is in error when it says, (with a toppling wood cut to enhance the horror of youthful minds,)

"Proud Korah's troop
Was swallowed up."

For Korah and the two hundred and fifty who offered incense, having come near with their censers, were destroyed by a fire from the Lord. "Notwithstanding, the children of Korah died not. (Num. xxvi. 11.)

And perhaps we have failed to take any notice of Eleazar going about collecting the brazen censers out of the fire which destroyed the rebels. For those plates became a covering to the great altar, and were a sign to all Israel that no one who was not of Aaron's descendants should "come near to offer incense before the Lord." (Num. xvi. 37—41.) The doom had fallen because they took with unholy hands what had been forbidden to them.

This now is the lesson which I am about to develop from the fragmentary statements of subsequent Scripture: That God, who can be awfully and suddenly just, can be also mightily and patiently merciful. He who can visit parent's sins upon children for four generations, in this instance, pauses before he strikes. And how great his mercy is, the story itself will show.

Korah's sons were *Assir*, *Elkanah* and *Abiasaph*. As these were neither burned up or swallowed down, we are to suppose that they continued—with their families—in the same service as before. Here occurs a *hiatus (valde deflendus)* in the account of the Kohathites, whom I shall henceforth call "Sons of Korah," also.

The ark of God was at Shiloh. It was the time of the Judges, and the Levites were falling away from their old standard, as witnessed that young priest who served Micah the Ephraimite, with his teraphim and graven and molten images. The sons of Korah may or may not have escaped the general declension, but their services, so long as the ark was stationary, were not required.

They are first mentioned after this (in 1 Chron. xii. 6) as coming to David in Ziklag, while he kept close from Saul. They are, "*Elkanah*, and *Jesiah*, and *Azareel*, and *Joezer* and *Jashobeam*, the Korhites." In all but one of these names, there is a difficulty of identification, which opens up singular questions. Jashobeam, for example, is perhaps "Jashobeam the Tachmonite," David's mightiest captain. Elkanah's is the only name of which we are absolutely sure.

Shortly after this date, David brought the ark from Kirjath-Jearim, to which it

had been taken, but got it no further than the house of Obed-edom, the Gittite. This was in consequence of the trespass of Uzzah—another of our New England Primer acquaintances, unless my memory is at fault.

When the king again undertook the business, "they that bare the ark" (doubtless sons of Korah) brought it into the tabernacle at Jerusalem, with sacrifices and dancing and gladness and a great feasting time. And as their ancestors had once paused in the waters of Jordan when crossing to the further shore, so these paused in their progress, while the king offered sacrifice and danced before the ark.

During Absalom's rebellion the Kohathites were summoned, and with Zadok the high priest, before them, they crossed the brook Kidron; but their fears were dispersed, and they returned to the city and set it again in its place.

The references are now more frequent, and the history of this strange family is not so doubtful. We read (1 Chron. vi.) of those whom David "set over the service of song in the house of the Lord." Without perplexing ourselves by a list of them, it may be noted that in this genealogy occur the family names of the house of Korah, such as "Assir, Elkanah and Ebiasaph," (Korah's three sons.) And then, by direct descent, we reach "*Heman*, a singer."

It would seem as if the story of the Kohathites culminated in this man, for after him the records are but scanty and of no advantage. David addressed to him the 88th Psalm—or, as others translate it, Heman himself wrote the psalm for the sons of Korah. And this last theory may well be true, for he is called elsewhere (1 Chron. xxv. 5) a "seer" as well as "singer." To understand the title, we must remember that "Maschil" is a "song of instruction," and "Mahalath Leannoth," an instrument of music of a plaintive sound.

It would be no great wonder, indeed, if Heman were both pious and learned. For the genealogy reveals to us at this point a most majestic fact. We find him to be the grandson of that Elkanah who

gave in his allegiance to David at Ziklag. And that this Elkanah is the same as the one mentioned in 1 Samuel i., there is not a doubt. Comparing his ancestry with that of Heman's great grandfather, we find *Jeroham* in both lists, then *Eliel* for *Elihu*, *Toah* for *Tohu* and *Zuph*, again identical. And now we have a most important picture of the life of the sons of Korah. They remained in their places of abode and were secularized, except that once a year they went up to the house of God at Shiloh to worship and do service there.

Here we emerge on the pathetic story of Hannah and Eli and of the child *Samuel*, who became the great prophet and seer of Israel. Into such a glorious man did the family of the rebel Korah ascend. He was the last of the Judges, the anointer of the first two kings, and the patron and counsellor of the second. It is needless to mention the well-known incidents of his life, his majestic power, and his mighty acts.

But his sons, Joel and Abiah, were evil men like the sons of Eli. Nevertheless, Joel's son was Heman, who was possibly a wiser and even greater man than his grandfather Samuel. Solomon is said to have surpassed "Ethan, the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol, and his fame was in all nations round about." This *may* be our Heman, but there is a difficulty in the way. For "Ethan, the Ezrahite," of the 89th Psalm, and "Heman, the Ezrahite," of the 88th, have been taken to be descendants of Zerah, the son of Judah, the son of Jacob; and there is additional force in this, when we find Calcol and Dera (the Chalcol and Darda, whom Solomon excelled) among the brothers of Heman and Ethan. "Ezrahite" *may* also be the easier form of "Zerahite."

But there is a reasonable doubt still remaining, and even if the Ethan and Heman, whom Solomon surpassed, were Jacob's grandchildren, we are not to be turned away from the titles to the Psalms. We find there that the xlii., xliv.,—xlix., lxxxiv., lxxxv., lxxxvii., and lxxxviii., eleven in all, are addressed to

the sons of Korah; and in the title of one of these "Heman, the Ezrahite," is mentioned.

But whether we are correct or not in this, we are sure that Heman held very high rank in the temple choir. He was "over the instruments of music," (possibly the Mahalath Leannoth also,) and was especially to have charge of the cymbals of brass. With "musical instruments of God" (1 Chron. xvi., 42) he assisted Zadok, the high priest. And we read again, (1 Chron. xxv.,) that he had fourteen sons and three daughters, all of whom he instructed in sacred music. Thirteen of the sons were sub-leaders in the great choir, and in this distribution of honors the sons of Korah received more than half of the offices. Through the impartial casting of the lot, God showed the "whole disposal" of his mercy to the descendants of the rebel priest.

It remains for me only to remark incidentally, that we discover "Shallum, the son of Kore," a descendant of Abiasaph, one of the sons of Korah, as one

of the porters in the tabernacle. And in Ezra's time, we find his children still among the porters, and in that record of return we wonder a little if Bani was not a son of Korah, too.

These, however, are mainly conjectures, which may or may not be true. The last positive statement which we have is 2 Chron. xx. 19. There, in Jehoshaphat's time, they are at their old employment, and we leave them, with the hope that as "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound," so their voices may be heard hereafter among those who are redeemed.

I have placed the results of this curious and instructive Bible study in tabular shape, in order to assist the mind by its greater clearness. Of course, in all the other genealogies, save that of Korah, there are frequent omissions. These are indicated by stars in the line of descent. Asaph, Heman, Ethan, and Zadok being contemporaneous, it is not hard to show how completely the result proves the integrity of the scriptural account.

A R E G R E T.

BY ANNETTA DARR.

A MODEST flower in my path
Upraised its brow of whiteness,
So fair and pure, that everywhere
The land seemed full of brightness.

It lifted from its lowly place
A glance of earnest pleading;
But, occupied with sordid things,
I passed it by unheeding.

Too late I call to mind its worth,
And vainly search the meadows;
For some one else has plucked my flower,
And the land is dark with shadows.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VILLAGE DOCTOR.

BY STEPHEN W. NEWELL.

(CONCLUDED.)

NOT long after Mr. Buckingham became domiciled among us, the marriage of Edward and Catharine took place. I felt, as I witnessed the ceremony, that however amiable a Christian's life companion may be, if natural amiability be all that is possessed, the two are unequally yoked together. A bird cannot easily and joyously soar above the earth with one wounded wing.

About the period of which I am writing, a "season of interest" occurred in our village church. Our old pastor discerned evidences throughout the bounds of his charge, that the inquiry he had so long and so earnestly made, "who hath believed our report?" he would soon have occasion to make no more; and that the reward of his faithfulness would be given to him in a large gathering into his church.

Madge became interested. The things of eternity, which before had occupied but a secondary place in her thoughts, suddenly loomed up before her mind in their vast proportions, and she resolved to give herself to their consideration. But in the attempt to do so, there was revealed to her a phenomena of mind of which before she knew nothing, and which surprised and distressed her beyond measure. She found herself skeptical regarding the truth of Christianity itself. Whether this was a revelation to her own mind of the natural unbelief of the heart, the existence of which she had never before suspected, or whether it was a suggestion of the evil one, it was real to her own imagination. There was something horrid in the thought of being an infidel; and she strove to throw her skepticism away. The endeavor revealed to her the fact that she had no power over her own convictions, and no ability, by a voluntary effort, to change her mental condition. Her perseverance in her endeavors led to

the humbling, sickening consciousness of her spiritual importance. Her difficulties increased; for her mind, unable to repose upon any sure foundation of faith, was driven hither and thither by an influence which she could neither understand nor control. Wearied and desponding, she would, had it been possible to do so, have withdrawn from the struggle altogether, and found rest in her former state of happy indifference. But she was under influences too strong to put aside; and the mental contest went on, concealed, it is true, but none the less real and less desperate because it was carried on within the secrecy of her own bosom. To hide her feelings she assumed a mask of lightness and gayety, and this was worn so naturally, that she deceived many even of those who knew her best. But she could not deceive herself, and the poor wretched heart became more wretched still.

As already said, Mr. Buckingham's first estimate of Madge was in accordance with that which appeared upon the surface, but further developments rendered her an unintelligible riddle to him. Now the very perturbancy of her spirit gave a piquancy and pointedness to her sallies and retorts, which compelled his admiration of her talents, while he was pained at her exhibition of lightness amid the seriousness which pervaded the community around.

But a time came when the enigma was solved. Upon his return to our village, after an absence of a few days, when he entered the common reception-room in Mrs. Cumming's boarding house, he found Madge sitting there alone, reading, and so absorbed in the contents of her book, that she seemed unconscious of his entrance. He stepped lightly up to her, and saw, to his extreme surprise, that the

work which had so enchained her attention was Soame Jenyns on the Internal Evidences of Christianity.

"Why, Miss Madge!" exclaimed he, "what can have so interested you in that book, which, by nine out of ten of all the girls I ever knew, would be voted the dullest of all the dull books ever written,—a weariness to the flesh?"

Madge looked up, and he saw that in her appearance which showed that the time for badinage had passed away, there was a look of sweet seriousness, combined with one of calm serenity, and even an expression of exultation in her face, which he had never seen there before, and which at once arrested his attention.

"Mr. Buckingham," said she, "I wonder not, after my manifestation of all want of interest in anything proper to occupy the thoughts of a rational being, that you were surprised to find me engaged as I was when you entered the house."

She narrated to him the manner in which her mind had been exercised, and then went on to say:

"My soul has been in agony; but I have endured all in silence, and have striven to hide my wretchedness from others by an affectation of emptiness and folly. But I have, in secret, read every thing I could obtain, in order to reëstablish my faith—Paley, Watson, Alexander, Campbell, Bonnet, Leslie—I have literally devoured them all. But my skepticism seemed invincible. Even my fear of rejecting the truth has acted as a barrier to its reception. But now," she continued, raising the book which still was open before her, and looking upon it with an expression of almost reverence, "my difficulties have vanished, and my mind is at rest. The line of argument pursued by the writer of this little book, is the instrument used by the Divine Spirit for my establishment in the truth. My reason tells me that the Bible is true, and my heart rejoices in its consolations. I have applied to its Author to relieve me of my burden. He has taken that burden upon himself, and in return has laid his own yoke upon my shoulders—

and I have obtained rest unto my soul."

"Miss Madge," said he, "I congratulate you with my whole heart. No one can do so more sincerely or more intelligently than myself; for your experience has been almost a repetition of my own."

He said no more, but went immediately to his room. And now a struggle commenced in his own bosom—a struggle between inclination and honor. He had found the *beau idéal* of his fancy—one possessed of beauty, cheerfulness, talent and piety. But she was the pledged of another man. Inclination urged him to contend for the prize; but honor forbade the attempt to win her for himself. Honor prevailed, and he nerved himself in the way in which a good man prepares himself to pursue the course of rectitude, even when to walk in that path is apparently "to his own hurt." He conquered himself, and the endeavor to do so energized him; for "he that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

When Charley called upon Madge the first time after she had come to the light, he knew not of the change which had taken place in her feelings and sentiments. He was received with the same manifestations of tender regard with which he had long been treated. But he soon found that while she was the same girl she had always been, still she was a changed creature—with new views and tastes and aspirations. A change had taken place, and one with which he was unable to sympathize. The more he was in her presence, the more manifest this change appeared. There was no less of amiability, and every womanish trait shone out more winningly beautiful than they had appeared before. The exquisite finish of holiness added new loveliness to every natural charm. But this loveliness is seldom seen by those from whose eyes the scales have never been taken; and Charley was yet in the blindness of nature.

Gradually as her changed character and purposes of life developed themselves, his interest in her diminished. And as she saw, with her enlightened eyes, the worldliness of his character, and his want of sympathy in those views which

had become to her of superlative importance, she feared that without a change upon his part so radical as to constitute him a new man, there would fail to be between them that union of soul without which the design of marriage could not be attained. Such were their sentiments and feelings, scarce acknowledged to themselves, much less communicated to each other. He felt bound to her by the principles of gentlemanly honor, and she to him by those of moral obligation. And such was the strength of that principle in Madge's bosom, that, had the union been consummated, she would have discharged sacredly the duties of a wife, in letter and in spirit too, as truly so as she had resolved to do in the moment when, following the impulses of her undisciplined inclinations, she had plighted her troth to him. Whether that feeling of gentlemanly honor by which he felt bound to fulfil his engagement to her would continue to act with a force sufficiently strong to bind him to her so long as they both should live, I cannot affirm, for its strength was never tested; but that it would have done so may well be doubted, for the only kind of honor which will bear unscathed every trial, is that which comes from above.

Although Mr. Buckingham suppressed as much as possible the expression of his sentiments for Madge, yet she could not fail to see that she was not indifferent to him. What woman of ordinary discernment was ever thrown much into the society of a man who admired her, and failed to detect that interest, however warily the secret may have been attempted to be guarded! Madge received the conviction with feelings of unmitigated pain. She would be faithful to Charley. Never by word, or look, or act, would it be discovered that the ardor of her love for him had cooled; or, rather, that she had given her faith to one who had dazed her imagination, and that she had mistaken this for the devotion of her heart, and that now she was awakened from the pleasing delusion. She would make atonement to him for any aberration of feeling by a doubly devoted attention. Little did she think, while thus men-

tally resolving, that Charley himself was gradually drifting away from her, and that the time would come when he would be careless to conceal his growing indifference. Notwithstanding her purpose of faithfulness, she could not conceal from herself the fact, although the conviction caused a feeling of half criminality, that the affection of a man of Buckingham's mental force, brilliant accomplishments and noble soul, would have been anything but displeasing to her, had she not already been pledged to another.

Mr. Buckingham left our village. He felt that he could no longer safely continue in the society of Madge; and he bade us adieu, with the determination, that, although his course through the world should be a lonely one, and he be forced to walk it uncheered by the voice of affection, his life should not be useless. He would do work for the Master and for humanity in that department for which the providence of God had fitted him; and his influence should be felt for good as widely as it would be felt at all. Madge parted from him with a pleasant "good-by," and gave no sign of any other than a feeling of sisterly regard. But she felt—whether that feeling was right or wrong—that had they met at an earlier period of their lives, her prospects for the future might have been different from what they were. However, she was glad that he had gone; and now she would turn herself resolutely to the performance of every duty, and choke down any sigh which might arise for that which might have been.

Edward Cummings' business capacities, and his unimpeached fidelity, commanded the respect of the whole community. A business connection was sought with him by a wealthy gentleman, who had a large monied capital unemployed. Edward accepted the proposition of this gentleman. Then, without the necessity of long years of close economy and hard work, he had attained to position and prosperity, and the path of life opened up before him and his young wife strewn with flowers and pleasant to tread.

The dispensations of Heaven are right, and all calculated for the production of good; but their effects are modified by the character of those affected by them. "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over the works of his hands;" but to one that goodness and those mercies are a "savor of life unto life, and to another of death unto death." And these diverse effects are not the result of any dissimilarity in the mercies themselves, but are caused by the difference of manner and feeling with which they are regarded by the one recipient or the other. As Edward became deeply engrossed in business, and his circumstances easier, gradually that veneration for religion which had distinguished him was lowered in tone, and he grew negligent of that kind Friend who was filling his cup with blessings. The natural result followed. He not only became negligent of the observances of religion, but even skeptical as to its sacred truths. As the barriers to the encroachments of error were broken down, sentiments were entertained and defended which once would have been regarded as too atrocious to be for a moment tolerated.

This was the result of the perversion of the blessing of prosperity in one case. But the reverse of this effect is often seen. As the earth is made to bud and blossom by the showers and sunshine of a pleasant spring, so are the legitimate fruits of piety and love made to grace and beautify the character of one who drinks in the influences from above. While the blessings of heaven, physical and spiritual, descended upon Catharine, her heart responded in gratitude and love; and she developed, even more than in her girlhood, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. It was this development which held her husband from straying away to a returnless distance from the truth, there to wander in the "mists of darkness" forever. In husband and wife, though each tenderly loved the other, were seen, in active antagonism, those principles which have been enemies from the first, and will continue at enmity forever; for their enmity is founded in the nature of things, and can never be

changed. Although in the contest the weaker party was the champion of truth, and the stronger one of error, yet the weak things were made to confound the strong; for that "truth is mighty and will prevail," is an apothegm which is as true now as it was the day when it was first uttered, and was true long prior to that period, and will be true as long as God, who gives to truth its efficacy, shall continue to exist. The chief argument which the wife made use of was that one which never has and never will be answered—the argument of a life conformed to the dictates of the word of God. Its influence in determining the course and character of the husband was seen after many days. For the present her heart was oppressed with grief, for she anticipated that his course would be a downward one. But while the mother equally deprecated his indulgence in skepticism, her faith in his ultimate recovery was unshaken. "If the vision tarry, wait for it," was the thought which gave her comfort; for that the blessing would come in the end she had not one particle of doubt.

From the time of his extreme illness, Edward had felt a slight pain in the upper portion of the thigh. It was so inconsiderable at first as to cause no uneasiness, and scarcely excited any attention. It was looked upon as an affection of a rheumatic character, which soon would subside, and leave him as sound as he was before. But the pain increased, and he was compelled to resort to the assistance of a staff in going from his residence to his place of business, which constituted almost the extent of his travels. Still he attended at his store with the same assiduity and ability as ever, overseeing and directing everything that was done in his extensive operations; and he added one more to the already multiplied illustrations of the soundness of Solomon's proverbial saying, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings: he shall not stand before mean men." He was a "rising man," and this and the fact of his known capacity for almost any department of public business, caused him

to be looked upon by the community generally as the coming representative man of his district.

It was just when the present was so prosperous and the future so promising, that his hip became more painfully affected than before; so much so that he was laid prostrate and helpless upon his bed. Then, for the first time, my assistance was sought. As clearly as though it were but yesterday, the incidents of that time are present to my memory. It was the Sabbath day, a communion Sabbath; and I was deprived for some time of a participation in the solemnities of the occasion, in ministering to the necessities of the suffering man.

This deprivation will be thought to have been but a very small matter by those who are familiar alone with the custom of conducting the communion service in the present day—a single preparatory meeting on the Saturday afternoon preceding the day appointed for the administration of the ordinance, and that but sparsely attended, an ordinary sermon on the Sabbath morning, and then, at its close, the distribution of the elements. This is all. It occurs four times in the year, and is viewed as a kind of ceremonial very proper to be attended to, but fails often to impress the mind as an observance of more than ordinary importance and solemnity. Not so with the “sacramental occasions” of our younger days. Then the communion Sabbath was, in the best sense of that term, “an high day;” one thought worthy of days of previous solemn preparation, and followed by one or more of improvement and thanksgiving. It was the subject of thought and prayer for weeks before its arrival, and it was remembered and referred to for weeks after it had passed away. During its continuance worldly matters were of subordinate consideration, and the concerns of eternity occupied somewhat their proper position. When the meetings closed, those whose hearts had been in their observance would linger about their “mount of ordinances,” loth to mingle again in the bustle and business of common life. Hence the loss of a single opportunity, during those periods,

of attending upon the worship of the sanctuary was felt to be a deprivation strongly to be deprecated; one, indeed, well nigh irreparable.

As soon, therefore, as Edward’s pain began to mitigate, and I supposed that he would rest, I left him, and hurried to the sanctuary; and it was not long before I forgot both him and his sufferings in the enjoyments there. But when the service was over, and I returned to his house, I regretted that I had left his bedside at all. Agony, extreme agony, are the only words that I can think of to convey an idea of what were his feelings. He was a man of the nerve and power of endurance of an Indian warrior, and his endeavors to suppress the expression of his sufferings but revealed their extent. Groan he did, but not until his agony was so great as to cause the sweat to stand in large drops upon his forehead, when the day was so cold as to require a fire for comfort. And this was but the commencement of a season of suffering unparalleled for severity and duration in my professional observation.

Why God should lay his hand thus heavily upon one so kind in his disposition and so upright in his deportment, was a mystery inexplicable to those who reason of the doings of Providence as they do of the proceedings of men. But to those who reflect that His pathway is in the waters and His footsteps in the mighty deep, and who know that his children are often chosen in the furnace of affliction, it is always a source of hope when a child of the covenant is stopped in his career of prosperity and carelessness and neglect of God, and compelled to lie aside from the hurrying pursuits of worldly gain, and to take time for calm consideration.

Edward never believed that his disease would prove fatal. He always entertained hopes of ultimate recovery, and so I myself thought, and so also did my able professional counsel, until we found that all remedial appliances were powerless to stop the progress of the disease, or to mitigate his sufferings for one moment after the narcotic effects were exhausted. However, we

believed that a time of comparative ease would be enjoyed, when vitality should cease in the parts affected, and nothing be suffered but the presence of dead substances fretting the living tissues, and wearing out the life by a long continued and exhausting irritation.

While Edward was going on successfully in business the pecuniary assistance he gave to his mother, added to the income derived from her own small property, supported her and his sister comfortably, and even in a style of simple elegance; but after he was laid aside his allowance to her necessarily ceased. She had become so feeble that she could not again put forth those exertions for the support of herself and daughter which once availed for the comfortable maintenance of the entire family. Under these circumstances Madge felt that the duty devolved upon her of providing for the comfort of that mother whose energies had been spent to rear herself to intelligence and respectability. Teaching was the resource which naturally presented itself to her thoughts. She was fitted for this pursuit, and had acquired an enviable reputation as an instructor; but teaching would take her from home, and she did not wish to be separated from her mother in her feebleness, and her brother in his suffering. She therefore resolved that teaching should be her last resort.

Long before this time she had been visited by an intense desire to become a writer, and had occasionally secretly sent communications to the local papers. These had been published with the commendations of their editors, and had elicited the favorable criticisms of the public. Now, with a feeling of trepidation she prepared an article for the periodical of which Mr. Buckingham was a principal contributor. This was a magazine of high character, and one which paid a remunerative price for papers of merit, and was not under the control of a literary "ring." She had scarcely a hope of admission to its pages; but urged by her desire to minister to the necessities of her feeble mother, now nearing with daily accelerated rapidity the last and blessed rest of the righteous, she ventured


to send her paper. She wrote under an assumed name, and desired the editor to preserve her *incognito*. To her surprise she promptly received a note from the editor, accepting her communication, and desiring a continuation of her contributions, naming a price for her productions sufficient to place her in a condition of comparative ease, and promising that her secret should be kept inviolable.

Engaged thus in a pursuit congenial with her tastes and inclinations, and largely remunerative—one which more than almost any other would polish and discipline and develop the mind—she rapidly grew in mental stature, and soon became fitted for companionship in any circle, however refined and cultivated. Although she wrote under an assumed name, and came unhelped and unheralded before the public, her productions drew attention, and her *nom de plume* very soon became famous. Her *incognito* was preserved, and no one but the editor knew who was the new candidate for popular favor, whose contributions added zest and popularity to his already sprightly and popular magazine. Amid her young and growing celebrity she made the solemn resolve, and she has sacredly kept it until the present time, never to write a line which, either in sentiment or language, dying she would wish to have blotted out. God had given her talents, and these talents she would consecrate to his glory. The result of this executed purpose is, that even now, although yet comparatively young, she realizes the truth of the Divine promise and pledge, "they who honor me, I will honor."

As Madge's mind strengthened and grew, and she was brought into contact with those of similar pursuits and acquirements, she saw, by comparison, what was the true mental status of Charley; and, although from old habit and association, she looked upon him with a degree of fondness, she could not help sometimes to blush at his exhibitions of inferiority. And he felt that she occupied a position mentally above his own; and that he was not the intellectual peer of those who had been drawn to her society, and become attached to her co-

terio by the attractions of her mental and moral excellencies. Few men can tolerate the thought of the intellectual superiority of their wives or their betrothed; and no woman can truly love a man to whom she is consciously superior; for in the affection of a man is mingled the idea of the care and protection of its object, and a large part of the love of a woman is made up of a sentiment of reverence. This is human nature, and its correctness is recognized even in the Scriptures of truth, and some of their admonitions are founded upon that recognition. In consequence of these truths, seen and felt by them both, in the case of our young affianced friends, it naturally followed that they gradually fell apart from each other. No actual rupture ever occurred. More and more a feeling of indifference grew up between them, until, finally, by an unspoken, but yet really a mutual consent, they ceased to regard themselves as lovers, or to be bound by the pledges which once had been exchanged. And all this without losing their feelings of friendly regard.

Charley afterwards found one who filled that place in his affections which Madge was supposed to occupy, and who, though her mental inferior, pleased his fancy better, and was better fitted to be his life companion than was she, with her views, and aspirations, and exalted purposes, with all of which he was totally incompetent to sympathize. He married, and is now a prosperous, business man; a clever fellow, and well liked by all who know him, and still one of the finest specimens of manly beauty to be found in the whole country round. His marriage proved a happy one. And no one of his numerous friends rejoices more heartily in his prosperity, his popularity, or his domestic happiness, than does his whilom flame, Madge Cummings.

Free now, without breach of duty or of faith, to let her feelings run out and fix themselves upon what object they might, the thoughts of Madge dwelt more frequently and fondly than she would before permit them to do upon  whose pathway was yet a lonely one, which she believed was made solitary

because of the relations she herself had borne to another man. She knew of his pursuits, and read the productions of his pen with feelings which she entertained for no other writer of the day. With a woman's intuition she saw, by the tone and character of his writings, that while the supposed hopelessness of his love for her had stricken his heart, it had purified it, too, and given an elevation to his desires and purposes, exalted as they long had been, higher than they had ever been before.

Mr. Buckingham, in common with other readers of the magazine, in which the articles of Madge were published, wondered who was the writer whose happy style and pure sentiments were so much admired, and who so studiously concealed her true name from those who would have delighted to do her honor. Some of the ideas contained in her communications were so near akin to those he had heard expressed by Madge after the public stand she had taken for the truth, and which he had never heard or read from any other one, that he was vividly reminded of her; but much as he knew of the quickness and culture of her mind and the brilliancy of her imagination, the sentiments of the writer were expressed in language too faultlessly correct and classically beautiful, for him to ascribe their authorship to her. Had he been aware of the truth, he would have regarded her as the nearest to perfection of any woman he had ever known; and would have felt more strongly than he already did the desirableness of that treasure which he coveted so much, but which he never could possess.

As said already, we knew of his residence and his course of life, for his writings were read and appreciated by us, and his movements were heralded in the "personal" column of the public papers, like those of any other celebrity of the day. But he himself avoided any knowledge of his old acquaintances in our village; for while each, even the slightest, remembrance of that one of our number so dear to his heart, was cherished with the care and fondness with which the miser guards his most precious treasure,

he dreaded to hear that she had irrecoverably become the possession of another—so loth are we sometimes to know of the consummation of that which we believe to be inevitable. Still he was not unhappy; for no man can be really miserable whose conscience reposes in quiet, from a consciousness of duty done, and commends and applauds him because of his fixed purpose to live for the good of his kind and the glory of God. And this self-approval is consistent with the profoundest humility and the most implicit reliance upon the finished work of the Saviour.

The editor of the magazine for which Madge was a contributor, pleased with her productions, and knowing of her popularity with his readers, proposed to her the preparation of a work more elaborate than any which she had yet written, the publication of which, in a separate form, he would hazard himself, insuring her against loss, and agreeing to divide with her the profits of its sale. Gratified and thankful for the kindness and liberality of the offer, she at once undertook the proposed task. The examination of her manuscript, when her work was done, confirmed the editor in his purpose of introducing the young authoress as a candidate for the favor of the public. He invited her to visit the city of his residence, and to make his house her home while she continued there, that she might conveniently superintend the printing of her book. As she could pass in a few hours from our village to the city, and would be kept at no time very long absent from her failing mother and invalid brother, she accepted the invitation.

Transformed now into a proof-reader and publisher, and engaged early and late in corrections and emendations, her days passed rapidly away; and, with only a single purpose before her mind, she was but slightly cognizant of what was going on around her in the great and busy city where was temporarily her home. One day, when seated in the editorial department of the printing-house, engaged, as usual, in the examination of proofs of some of the sheets of her forthcoming

work, she asked the editor whether a couplet which she had quoted from one of the early English poets was correctly given. He said that he was unable to tell, but that there was a gentleman, a friend of his, then in an adjoining apartment, who could determine the point, if any one in the city was able to do so. He stepped out of the room, and returned a moment afterward with Mr. Buckingham.

Surprise, embarrassment and delight were painted in the face of Mr. Buckingham, when thus unexpectedly ushered into the presence of Madge; and, possibly, all these feelings might have been shown forth by her features also. But, if so, she sooner suppressed their expression, for in a moment she regained her composure. His agitation continued for some time after all evidence of unusual feeling upon her part had passed away. He timidly addressed her, while her remarks to him flowed on smoothly and fluently. But this is often the case; for a man in love is a greater coward than a woman affected in the same way. He has but a tithe of her self-possession, and more easily reveals the condition of his heart. Indeed, he has little reason, compared with her, to guard his secret; for its revelation has not much effect upon his intercourse with others, while with her the result is almost as potent to ostracise her from the society of the young as is even matrimony itself.

After the restoration of calmness, and when their intercourse had assumed somewhat of its old time unembarrassed friendliness, Madge perceived that Mr. Buckingham, while too polite to question her respecting her business in the city, was intensely desirous of knowing the reason of her presence in a publication house, and why she was there engaged as she was when he found her. A moment's reflection told her that a full statement of the truth would be proper, and that her secret, which had been thus far so well guarded, would be entirely safe with him.

The dining hour had now arrived, and they parted, after he had asked and obtained permission to call upon her in the

of their mutual

Mr. Buckingham with
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was dropped. An embarrassing silence followed, but which was soon broken by him, with the abrupt question:

"By the way, how is my old friend Charley, and what is he doing?"

"Well, and prosperous; and living happily with my very dear friend, his pretty, pleasant wife," said Madge, unembarrassed and smiling.

Mr. Buckingham started to his feet flushed and excited, walked rapidly across the room, and then came as rapidly back to the place where Madge was standing—for she, too, had arisen—seized her hands in his own and said, with much emotion:

"Madge, you must now hear me, even if you then forbid me ever to speak upon that subject again. I love you—I have long loved you—how well is known only to my own heart, and to Him who knows all things. While I believed you were to become the wife of Charley, I laid an embargo upon my words and my actions, and tried to lay one upon my feelings too. Now I am free to speak, and to speak with honor. Madge, will you accept my love? May I hope?"

She tried to answer him, but could not utter a word. She raised her eyes to his with an expression which he was at no loss to read. As story writers sometimes say, I will draw a veil over that which followed.

Mr. Buckingham urged a speedy marriage. But Madge had always looked to her mother for counsel, and she would make no definite arrangement until she had consulted that beloved friend.

While Madge was going on prosperously, acquiring honor and anticipating happiness, the hand of discipline still rested heavily upon her brother; and the mother was failing, too. Edward did not suffer as severely as at the first, for the state of active inflammation had passed away, and he was enduring its consequences only. His disease was on the bone, and necrosis of that structure was the result. It was dead; and now, as a foreign body, it was lying there fretting the adjacent parts into a vain attempt to throw it off. Its bulk and attachments were too great for the powers of nature to accomplish.

this result; and he was still pinioned to his bed, helpless and wasting away.

I have said that Edward was possessed of uncommon powers of endurance, and he was as remarkable for his hopefulness as for his fortitude. It was this characteristic which enabled him to endure uncomplainingly his intense and long-continued suffering and its consequent prostration. He believed that they would have an end, and he became strong again. So he called his stoicism to his aid, and, in seeming patience, he became an example to many an afflicted Christian. But in the patience of Edward and that of the stricken Christian, there was a radical difference. The one was the stern endurance of pain, because it could not be avoided; the other the cheerful submission to a Father's discipline, in the hope that, when its purpose should be accomplished the dispensation would cease.

With a heart pierced as by a barbed arrow, in consequence of her husband's suffering, the days of Edward's young wife during the active period of his disease, were passed in anxiety, and her nights in weariness and watching. Every pain which he felt, severe enough to extort a groan, created within her bosom a sympathetic pang. Cheerfully would she have taken upon herself a portion of what he had to endure, could she, by this vicarious bearing, have at all lessened his amount of agony. But, acute as were his sufferings, and much as she thought over the mystery of the providence, she never repined at the dispensation. Unlike her husband she had scarcely a particle of stoicism in her nature, and little of that patience which submitted only because the suffering could not be put aside. Naturally she might have been called fretful and impatient, and that patience, of which she had become a pattern, was from above; her cheerfulness under trial was produced by Divine agency, and her durability was a Christian virtue.

Thus in husband and wife worldly and Christian patience and virtue were brought into competition. Which would endure to the end, thus showing it to be the surer and sublimer principle, was the question. By a sort of common sense the eyes of

all were turned upon these two for a solution of this problem, and upon its decision depended questions of momentous importance to some who watched them with an earnest gaze.

This question was settled sooner than was expected. As no impression had been made upon Edward's disease by myself or my professional counsel, a surgeon of national reputation was sent for to give his opinion upon the case. He was looked upon as one competent almost to speak *ex cathedra* upon all questions of health and disease. He came, and but confirmed the view of Edward's rural attendant upon both the character and probable termination of his ailment. And now hope of recovery died in his breast, and with it ceased that patience and fortitude which had made him the wonder of the community for so long a time; and he showed what all others, unsupported by Divine grace, will show in the time of their sad extremity, that worldly, heathen virtues are but baseless things, mere refuges of lies, which the storm will sweep away, and leave exposed to its peltings those who have there sought for a covering. He lost his cheerfulness, and became moody and melancholy. His interest in national affairs, and even in his own business concerns, seemed entirely to cease, yet he still clung to life, and became morbidly sensitive to every symptom that threatened to precipitate the result which at last he believed to be fixed and certain.

In this condition of things he seemed to be more difficult to reach by spiritual influences than he did even when he stood in open and fronted opposition to the truth. His melancholy deepened, and impatience and petulance were added to his moodiness. At times he scarcely tolerated the presence of those not of his own family circle; but he claimed all the time and attention of his wife. He could hardly bear that she should be absent from his bedside long enough to partake of her necessary food, or to prepare the articles essential to his own comfort; and sometimes even she had to endure the scathing of his cruel words. But she bore it all with cheerful meek-

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Jacob at Peniel, wrestled with the angel
of the covenant, staying herself for sup-
port, when she felt that her own strength
was gone, upon Him with whom she was
determined to prevail, and obtain the
blessing which she so earnestly craved,
and which she believed had been promised
to her when he had been brought back
from the grave, in answer to her earnest
prayers.

And still the work went on within the
sick man's soul, though unseen by all
but Him who had begun it there, and
who would carry it on until it should
reach its blessed end.

About this time Madge came home
from her city work, which had proved to
be most successful. She came to her
village home, anticipating her richest re-
ward in the applause of those whose
words of praise she prized above all things
else. But her gladness was all taken
away when she saw that the dear ones
there would soon cease to sympathize in
both her sorrows and her joys. For-
getting all things beside her duties to
her afflicted friends, she took her station
at the bedside of her failing mother, and
never left it, except to try to cheer the
brother who was suffering in mind and
body both, at his own home, but a few
rods away; and the mother in her feeble-
ness realized something of the worth of a
pious, intelligent, affectionate daughter.
Madge, like his other friends, had no
hopes of her brother's recovery, and she
felt that she could cheerfully give him
up, and that his departure would be
cause of gratulation, could she feel that
the end of his bodily suffering would be
the beginning of "that rest which re-
maineth for the people of God."

One evening, after she had spent an
hour or two with Edward, and had gone
home again more depressed and despon-
dent than before, she found her mother
up, dressed for going out, and with her
bonnet on, and sitting in her easy chair,
as if waiting for some one to come. Her
feelings of hopelessness were at once
lost in those of alarm and wonder at
finding her mother out of bed and at-
tired as she was, for she feared that her
mind had suddenly become deranged.

"O, mother, dear!" exclaimed she, throwing her arms around Mrs. Cummings, "let me help you to your bed again."

"Madge, I was waiting for you to accompany me," the mother said; "I have a message for Edward, and must go to his house."

Madge gazed upon her mother with a feeling of awe, but ventured neither remonstrance nor other hindrance. Mrs. Cummings arose to her feet, and walked from her house with a step as elastic and a form as erect as she had ever done, even in the prime and vigor of her better days. Madge accompanied her with something of the feeling of Peter as he went out at night from the prison in Jerusalem, "he wist not what it was, but thought he saw a vision." Still the step of Mrs. Cummings slackened not, and she reached the house of her son, and went in, and proceeded at once to his bedside.

Edward was prepared for the visit, and by the same agency which had sent the mother to him, and given her strength to reach his chamber—that blessed influence which of old directed Peter to the house of the centurion, and which had prepared Cornelius for the reception of his apostolic visitor. Mother and son looked upon each other long and in silence, as though there were no occupants of the room beside themselves. The mother was the first to speak.

"Edward, my son, my son, my precious boy!" said she, "the seal of the pale king is upon you as it is upon myself. Both of us will soon be called away; but I will be the first to go. When I reach my Father's house, shall I do so with the expectation of soon welcoming my pleasant child into that blessed home? O, my son, my son, I have agonized for you until the Saviour shall be formed within your heart the hope of glory. Shall this be all in vain, or shall I forget my sorrow for joy that my child is born into the family of heaven?"

Edward still gazed upon his mother in silence, as though the power of speech had failed him. At length a tremor ran over his system, and a tear rolled down his cheek. Then he spoke:

"Mother, I have anxiously looked for you and for the appeal which you have made to me. Your presence here, and the words you have spoken, are the fleece of wool wet with dew, while all things else around are dry—a sure proof that the word of God is true. This I have asked for, and my prayer has been granted. Mother, the prodigal is back again in his Father's house."

The mother felt that her work was done, and that the strength which had been given for this last labor of love would soon be withdrawn, and that she must hasten home. She kneeled down, and again and again most tenderly kissed her boy; and then arose, and in a clear, unbroken voice, she said: "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." She took the arm of her daughter, and they went home together. When she reached her chamber her factitious strength was gone, and she sank upon her bed, as weak as she was before she had left it to go to the house of her son.

Mr. Buckingham arrived in our village soon after. He found the family in a state of serenity, and even of cheerfulness, the result of what had taken place during the interview between Edward and his mother. The healing waters of gospel truth had found their way to the sick man's heart, and now they were fixed within that heart, a well of water springing up into everlasting life. He rapidly grew in grace. When the glamour had left his spiritual vision he saw things in their true light, and his faith grew in proportion to his knowledge. He brought forth fruits meet for repentance, and those fruits abide until this day.

In accordance with the wish of Mrs. Cummings, the marriage of Mr. Buckingham and Madge took place within her own room; and in two days thereafter the spirit of the gentle invalid calmly and confidently breathed itself out into the bosom of Him who had redeemed it.

Early one morning, about a month after the death of his mother, I was called from my bed to see Edward, in whose condition some change, not under-

stood by his family, had taken place. He was dying, and dying in the fulness of his mental vigor. I told him the truth. He was surprised, but not dismayed. He poised himself a moment, as if to gather up his strength, and then asked that two of his special friends, those who had been his school-mates, and his life-long intimates, should immediately be sent for. They were with him in a few moments. After saying to both of them some pleasant words, he addressed them thus: "Boys, I am dying, but I am prepared to go. You know how long I denied my Saviour, and how near I came to eternal ruin. I have escaped; but," speaking with startling emphasis, "my escape has been a narrow one! Promise to take warning by me, and not delay attention to the things of eternity, as I have done!" They both promised, and both have redeemed their promise.

Edward sank rapidly, and could say but few words to each one of us; but they were touching words, and are still fondly remembered by those to whom

they were spoken. As the end approached he sank into a stupor, and we thought that from this state he would lapse into death. But suddenly his eyes opened to their full size, and he gazed upward, with an expression of rapt delight upon his countenance; and then he spoke clearly and distinctly, "O, mother, how lovely you appear with that smile of welcome to our Father's house upon your pleasant face!" Immediately the last change passed upon him, and we all felt that he had entered upon the possession of his endless home.

Mr. Buckingham and Madge are still industriously working in that field which the providence of God has indicated as the place of their labors. If they have gained fame, and wealth, and influence, they consecrate them all to the glory of God.

Edward's widow has become the matron of an orphan's home, and has found in her labors of love in behalf of the little motherless ones, a solace for her sorrows.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

BY REV. GEORGE B. PECK.

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offered courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry walls
And courts of princes where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended. — *Milton*.

COURTESY may be defined as politeness allied with kindness. Being immediately derived from the word "court," it obtains the idea of *courtliness*, or refinement of manner, and being probably remotely descended from the French *cœur*, Latin *cor*, "heart," it receives the element of *feeling*, goodwill.

Without controversy, courtesy, though not inseparable from Christianity, has a place in Christian character. It may

not be a Christian grace, but it is a Christian virtue.

The ideal Christianity adopts the amenities of life, blends with them, and blossoms through them in a "beauty of holiness." We are to "adorn the doctrine" of the Lord our Saviour in all things.

"Be courteous," says Peter; and it is noticeable that this apostle gives the injunction. We might rather look for it from Paul, the courtly, urbane and ever-ready orator. Probably most of us carry a mental picture of the Apostle Peter, as a man quite brusque and blunt in his manners; as one too direct and impulsive to care about attention to a polite address. But Peter, after restora-

tion from his sad lapse, was not altogether the rough-hewn piece of indiscretion that he appears to have been before. Trial and grace softened and toned the outlines of his nature, and probably made him aware of his own need of the virtue he here enjoins—Christian courtesy.

But is not the obligation sadly neglected in Christian intercourse? To answer the question, we need a more extended definition of Christian courtesy than was given.

Does it not mean more of the *spirit* of politeness than of the letter?—a sacrifice of etiquette, if need be, in the cause of good-will?—holding to plastic and accommodating principles of action, rather than to rigid, unbending rules?—being thoroughly polite, after the highest mode, while transgressing mere formulas, from obedience to the instincts of a mind of delicate feeling and tact?

The definition involves occasional long-suffering, a repression of much that impulse would say and do; the substitution of modesty for ostentation; seasonableness for untimely haste, lest we needlessly wound another's heart.

It means the *nice* application of the "golden rule" to the little, we might think trifling, concerns of life, which fill up so many of our days, and give the bias to our tempers. Christian courtesy has a "meekness of wisdom" that does not "despise the day of small things," and watches intently the opportunity to exercise its mission of gentleness. It pertains less to *what* we do than to *how* we do.

Jesus is our exemplar in courtesy, as in all the other virtues. It was the method in which our Saviour said and did everything, as much as what he said and did, that was so wonderful. His manner, his wisdom in saying and doing no more than sufficient, his way of parrying hostility, his suggestion of a heavenly thought in exchange for a bantering question which might be thrown at him, his shield of calm self-control and loving patience—it was all this in his manner that disarmed, because it charmed, his enemies so often.

The soldiers who came to apprehend him forgot their errand as they listened, and returned to those who sent them, full of the thought of *Him*, and only to say, in reply to the question, "Why have ye not brought him?" "Never man spake like this man."

Aside from deeper lessons conveyed by them, many incidents in the life of our Saviour might be profitably studied wholly in regard to his *manner* of speech and action. For instance, the interview of Jesus with the woman at Jacob's well; how adroitly she is brought to confession, while he utters no epithet of denunciation of what he must have loathed; his protection of the woman about to be stoned, and his searching yet gentle rebukes to her and her accusers; how quickly he caught at the good intention of the scribe who commended his summing up of the law into two commandments; with what appreciation and tender grace he received the box of precious ointment, an apparent waste of money, but the gift of one who wanted to bestow something worthy on the very person of Jesus, and not merely for his cause. Ever since that hour the promise given to her in return has been continually redeemed, while it contains a memorial of her more precious than the alabaster box once held, and fills the world, wherever the gospel is preached, with an odor sweeter than that of the spikenard which filled the house where they were sitting.

It was the winning way of Jesus that drew the multitudes into the wilderness, forgetful of the need of any other food than that of his words; the winning way of Jesus that drew the children to his arms, and the Marys to his feet; the winning way of Jesus that charms us all with the story of his life, and ever makes us long to be with him, and to be like him.

But in how much are his professed followers unlike Jesus, and in how great a degree in this matter of courtesy!

Has there not obtained a view in many minds, that attention to suavity of manners indicates weakness of will, and is, in a matter of doing good, a positive

hindrance? The error lies in confounding courtesy with effeminacy. Let those who are fearful of effeminate manners beware that they do not fall into vulgarities. Avoiding one extreme too cautiously may lead to the other.

But one may aver, "It is my way, to speak right out what I mean. We cannot all be alike. One does his good in one manner, and another in another. All have their place, and so I have mine. I speak frankly, and conceal nothing."

Yes, your way! and alas, you speak right out, and go riding roughshod over the sensitive hearts of others. How needless and cruel! Who gave you authority? Who delegated you as the Lord's committee-man to demolish everything you do not happen to like, and, as general meddler, to settle all matters as suits you best?

Truly, you have your work, given of God, to do; but are you positive it is part of your mission to do it all in your way?

Have you never yet discovered that some persons can say and do almost anything they please, because of their charming way? It is wonderful to see what a deal of sermonizing even sensitive sinners will take from them. If it is your way, you must "mend your ways."

You may say, "I have a peculiarly impulsive temperament. If it acts at all, it must be by fits and starts. I should be fettered and unable to work at all in any other way."

A mistake. *Try* some other way; and do less, if you must, but do it better; more kindly, agreeably, without elbowing others. Grant that all Christians are not equable in temperament, and that it may be undesirable they should be, yet what a pity they cannot all be more like their common Master in the matter of courtesy—in the tact that comes from a gentle hand! O! for the prevalence of that grace which hath the knack of saying and doing fitly! "A word in season, how good it is!"

A peculiar temperament is conferred, not to have its whims indulged to an-

other's discomfort, but to be managed, and to prove a wholesome discipline to its possessor. It is the very whetstone needed to give a true edge to discretion.

The philosophy of the Scripture, "He that ruleth his own spirit, is better than he that taketh a city," is not obscure. One besieging a city has his enemies before him; their position is definite, and their weak points can be studied. But a ruler of his own spirit is a master in the midst of enemies, at once crafty and violent, ready, upon the slightest want of vigilance, to rebel.

The greatness of a self-ruler is proportionate to the strength of the natural propensities with which he must grapple.

Roger Sherman is a trite but unfading instance. With naturally strong impulses, he became habitually calm and self-possessed. President Jefferson, in pointing him out to a friend, exclaimed, "That is a man who never said a foolish thing in his life!"

Self-repose, in some degree, is essential to Christian courtesy. Delaying some important matters in order to be courteous in others is not always lost time and pains. Haste and indiscreet directness are a waste. People's hands and hearts are often sooner reached and opened by suggestions than by a broadside of words, though earnest they may be. People's hearts are not unlike flowers, which can be induced to open fully by the entreaties of the sunbeams and zephyrs, but when compelled to unclothe by the rough handling of the fierce noontide and the strong wind of storms, only yield to be wilted or lacerated. Zeal, with a lack of courtesy, is a fatal over-doing.

Some words are thought-buds, young and tender,

Sweet prophecies of flowers;
To wait their miracle of blooming
Is not a waste of hours.

But bringing blossoms out of buddings
Needs God's simplicity—
A gentle art denied to many,
Its name is—Courtesy!

But one may feel that he or she derives some excuse for a lack of this grace, from the fact that so many are in

he wrong; that there is everywhere something to set right; that there are crying sins on every side.

Well, are there more now than when Peter first said, "Be courteous?" All but a fragment of humanity then was idolatrous; and among the Jews how many were bigots; and among Christians what horrible faults were prevalent! Paul enumerates among his trials, perils from false brethren; and his letters to the Corinthian Church reveal the loose morals which were permitted there!

The inquiry may suggest itself: Are we never, then, to be direct and unsparing in the face of iniquity? Certainly; both Paul and Peter exercised at times an uncompromising and scathing address. "Thou whited sepulchre!" cried Paul to the high priest, though unconscious that he was addressing an official character. "O! full of all subtilty!" exclaimed Peter to the sorcerer. John the Baptist, that grave and severe forerunner of the Prince of Peace, addressed the Pharisees as a "generation of vipers;" and even the gentle lips of Jesus could say, "Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" Even *He* could drive out them that sold doves from the temple, and overturn the tables of the money-changers.

Yes, these inspired and commissioned of God, acted for Him with tempers unruffled, losing their individuality in their mission, in these special instances; but you and I, who have had no revelation to such things, had better wait to assume them until we have.

Be our intentions never so good and spiritual at the first, Satan stands near to prompt us to end in the flesh what we have begun in the Spirit. Hence these inspired teachers, as well as actors for God, have left us a rule of Christian rebuke—"If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one *in the spirit of meekness*, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

A lack of courtesy is never more unfortunate than in endeavors to comfort the afflicted. There cannot then be too great consideration. We must remember "those in bonds as bound with

them." Thoughtlessly, upon two occasions, I wounded afresh the stricken hearts of dear friends, with what they received as unfeeling allusion to their sorrow. The remarks were sufficiently kind, but not happily toned. When I learned of the pain I had so needlessly caused, I was grieved more deeply than they. All this, from not *studying* to follow Christian courtesy.

But I was well repaid. On that dark, dark day, when an avalanche of sorrow seemed to fall with the sudden death of my father, a gentleman came to comfort us, and by a single ill-timed, but surely well-meant remark, pierced my soul through and through. I needed no words then, not even the tenderest—all that could be borne was a warm pressure of the hand—all I craved was a prayer.

These reminiscences will, perhaps, be pardonable, as giving me a reason, if not a right, to urge the importance of this subject.

Christian courtesy has its mission in the home-circle, and around the fireside; and here, probably, it is least thought of. We are apt to reserve too many nice traits of our disposition for the parlor. We lay aside kind expressions for the social party, considering them more as so much jewelry for public occasions, than as they ought to be, utensils for daily household use.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," and "distance lends enchantment." Yet the contempt bred *for* ourselves, is bred *by* ourselves; and disenchantment need not accompany our approach to one another. For if distance covers faults, it likewise may hide beauties. "The private path, the secret acts of men, if noble, are the noblest of their lives."

A little moss will make a rough, hard rock a soft and luxurious seat; a graceful training of ivy renders an old ruin picturesque and enchanting; so kind, well-timed, courteous words and manners among near and intimate friends in the home, in social and business circles, are graceful and beautiful screens over unsightly points of character, which all *know* belong to each other, but thus hardly perceive, and care not to pene-

trate, and in time actually learn to think they like.

O! how much wholesale fault-picking, unwarrantable gossiping, mean, sly back-biting, idle tale-bearing, would die out around many a fireside, if we would only remember to "be courteous."

A final view of the advantage of this Christian virtue remains to be noticed, its happy reflex influence upon the one who exercises it. Endeavoring to speak and act kindly, helps in turn to think kindly; enables us to search for bright sides of other people's characters. In time, all life seems pleasanter. Summer days come, and oftener. It becomes a task to grovel after faults, and ill motives, in all people do and say. We naturally put better interpretations on this and that which wears a shade of unpleasantness. And as kind thoughts must, in their turn, too, react upon one's actions, so kindness grows into habit, and we may find ourselves welcomed, here and there, where we imagined we were disliked; or, if not, we enjoy the happy consciousness of not being disliked because we *court* dislike.

We have constant calls to bear and

forbear, to give and forgive, to get and forget. All by nature are more or less angular. Likes and dislikes beset and betray us. With honesty enough to confess this to ourselves, let us watch and pray lest others make the same unhappy discovery concerning us. Moreover, aware of our own weaknesses, let us not be hasty in condemning others. Let us be charitable in our judgment of other people's motives, even when their actions annoy us. Mistrust will keep us all apart. We shall be like hedge-hogs, bristling all over with suspicions, always anticipating or resenting attacks. Far better is it to emulate one another in the exercise of that love that "*thinketh* no evil."

To sum up the thoughts presented. We perceive that courtesy is enjoined in the Scriptures, was practised by Christ and the apostles; that, negatively, it would correct many of our faults; and positively, give additional power to our endeavors to do good, and have a happy, enlivening effect upon our dispositions. Evidently, then, aside from the obligation, prayerful attention to this subject will repay many-fold.

"A PERSON converted in youth," says John Angell James, "is like the sun rising on a summer's morning to shine through the long, bright day. But a person converted late in life is like the evening star, a lovely object of Christian contemplation, but not appearing till the day is closing, and then but for a little while."

PERSECUTION NOT TO BE FEARED.—Do not fear the frown of the world. When a blind man comes against you in the street, you are not angry at him; you say, "He is blind, poor man, or he would not have hurt me." So you may say of the poor worldlings when they speak evil of Christians—they are blind.—*Mc Cheyne*.

A WHITE GARMENT appears worse with slight soiling, than do colored garments much soiled; so a little fault in a good man attracts more attention than grave offences in bad men.—*Dr. McCosh*.

MAXIM FROM RURAL LIFE.—Elder Alfred Bennet, of Homer, gives this warning to those who are in danger of becoming excluded church members: "When a sheep is excluded from the fold it will bleat around until it is readmitted; but when a hog is put out of its pen, it will root around and try to upset it."

CATO said: I would much rather that posterity should inquire why no statues were erected to me than why they were.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE DEAF GRANDFATHER.

BY M. H. W. J.

I was enjoying the unwonted luxury of a two weeks' holiday in June last. I wanted quiet and rest, and I went up among the mountains, and engaged board at a quaint, old-fashioned farm-house, where I certainly felt that the world, with its greedy love of money, had not come, when, after much consultation among the older members of the family, I was answered that "they had kinkluded to try me awhile," in response to my inquiry for board; and when I asked at what price I was to be regaled on unmistakably fresh eggs and pure milk, and started back in surprise at "a dollar and six bits a week!" they assured me that "if it was too much, they'd drop a bit or two."

I had been there two days, and was feeling quite domesticated as I sat in the "keepin' room" with the family, resting after a long ramble over the hills. There were Grandpa and Granny—the former as deaf as a post, and so far along in his second childhood that his life was more in the past than present. But Granny was still alive in the present, and her daughter yet went to her for advice on all points, from the quantity of "runnit to put into the cheese" to the "fit of a geound;" and Mr. Dothan, the son-in-law, was one of those easy, good men who "did as Sarah Jane thought he had oughter," and so Granny ruled the house because she ruled Sarah Jane.

On this particular afternoon Grandpa sat dozing, with Granny close by his side, knitting away as vigorously as though the affairs of a nation hung on the finishing of the stocking on which she was engaged.

Mother was mending an old coat, and the click of her ponderous tailor's shears, as she cut out patch after patch, had a droning music that was more soothing than father's low whistle as he meditated on the crops.

Hannah Maria, the eldest daughter, in the awkward stage of girl life, when she is too overgrown for a little girl, and too large to romp with the boys, sat by, also knitting, and accepting Granny's supervision of her work and expressions of disapproval as an expected thing. The two intermediate boys, Zerubbabel and Jeremiah, were at school, when Mary Ann, standing by the window, cried out: "O mother, mother! see, there's a man a-comin', 'way out in the lane."

Mother looked out and at once announced: "It's the preacher! La sakes! he's coming here for sure, an' there aint six doughnuts in the house, an' I give the boys the last of the mince pies to take for dinner to-day. Wipe your nose, Mary Ann, an' don't go to talkin' when the preacher comes in;" and with her apron she vigorously polished off the little girl's pug nose, who, escaping from the infliction, called out, "There's a woman with him, and she's got a red dress on."

If mother had been in doubt and terror before, she was almost distracted now, and flew around like a sitting hen, while all the rest sat as serene and quiet as the summer day.

"It's the gearl he's goin' to marry; he's bin promisin' to bring her round to visit us—and how this room does look! What will she think? an' not a bite fit for such

quality folks to eat cooked up beforehand."

While these remarks were being interjected, she was clearing up the room in a most desperate and bewildered manner, hanging up garments and pulling them down again, putting things away in drawers and cupboards, and then drawing them out again. From a table drawer she took a collar, pinned it on awry, and put a clean apron on over the dirty one. Granny came in for a fresh cap, and a little black shawl silk with scanty fringe was exchanged for the piece of checked flannel she generally wore over her shoulders. Again and again she polished Mary Ann's visage, and warned and admonished her. "Now Granny, what shall I git for supper? Don't forget your manners, Mary Ann, and make a very low courtesy to the lady. Hannah Maria, you must go out an' build up a fire as soon as you've passed the time o' day. O, I never was so frustrated in my hull life!"

"Now, Sarah Jane," answered Granny, as mildly as the day itself, "don't worrit so, an' git out o' breath an' heart. There's the cold beans you can warm up, and that custard pie 'll do to cut into eight pieces, an' the children can wait. If you want any chicken fixens, you might kill that old yaller rooster; he's six years old, an' he'll never be any tenderer. Git me my Sunday reticule; I should like to have the young lady see it;" and from that wonderful drawer was drawn forth a venerable work-bag, embroidered on canvas in impossible cats and dogs, with "a verse or two of Scripture, all done by her own hand when not twelve years old," as Granny afterwards solemnly assured the astonished young lady.

The reticule being adjusted to her mind, Granny recalled an occurrence of the morning. "I jist felt it in my bones that somebody was a comin' to-day, when the stick fell over the andirons; and then I was certain when Hannah Maria dropped her dishcloth on the floor when she was a washin' up the dinner dishes. The dish-

cloth is a sure sign; I never knew it to fail."

The mother turned sharply on the offending Hannah Maria, who sat meekly awaiting the onset. "That's just like you, Hannah Maria; you're always doin' jist such kerless tricks, an' bringin' in a whole house full of company without a minute's warnin', when there aint enough cooked up in the house for a church mouse to make a meal on, let alone the preacher of the sacred gospil an' the girl he's a goin' to marry. Now do you go right out an' start up a rousin' fire. Are they most here, Mary Ann?"

Hannah Maria hastened to the kitchen, not waiting to hear Granny's admonitions to "shet the oven and fill the tea-kettle up to the top," while Mary Ann announced that "he was a-cleanin' of his feet at the bars, an' she was a-standin' lookin' on."

"Well then, father, you an' Granny must make Gran'pap understand that the preacher aint married yit. He does ask such aggravatin' questions!"

Up to this moment father had set as serenely as the full moon, but now he and Granny began tugging at the old man's sleeves, and each getting an ear simultaneously, yelled at him the required explanations. The old man rubbed his head, shoved up his spectacles, looked at them in amazement, and finally said, "Yis, John, you needn't yell at me that way till your face is so red. I aint deaf. I heard every word you said. I know you married my darter Sarah Jane. She was a nice, likely gearl, an' Granny and I give her a fust rate settin' out. There was a cow an' calf, a yerlin' steer, a pig, six chickens an' a rooster, an' you had a one-hoss wagon too, besides a barrel full of linen sheets, an' towels, an' bed-quilts an' them kind o' things. Now you can afford to keep me an' Granny, an' feed us well."

"Do make him understand," pleaded the mother; so Granny and father yelled at him again, till my own ears ached. "I'll luk out o' the front winder an' see when they rap," remarked mother. "It's



a shame that we haint taken the listen' out o' the front door, an' got that open this spring. Now they'll heve to come through the kitchen," and she disappeared, and presently came in leading by the hand a stylishly dressed young lady, who looked as though she accepted the situation, and was trying to restrain a laugh. The preacher was one of those stiff, pokerish young men, evidently more absorbed just then in his fair companion than in pastoral visiting.

As soon as they came in Granny arose, as if in utter astonishment to see them, and on being introduced, made a very low courtesy, with this most felicitous compliment: "You do me proud to come and see me;" and then she introduced her to Grandpap. "This is Miss Hinds, Grandpap. Call him colonel, Miss, he likes to be called the colonel;" and after some handshaking all around, and many "How-do-you-dos," they were seated, when the mother bethought her to bring up Mary Ann, who had been up to this time twisting one corner of her apron, with her finger in her mouth. She advanced very unwillingly, but her mother kept charging in the rear, till she stood before the young lady. "This is my little Mary Ann—now make your manners;" and in order to produce the desired "courtesy," she pressed down the child's shoulders till poor Mary Ann lost her balance, and made a low *salaam* instead of the courtesy, and while her mother was apologizing, she managed to escape.

As a stranger I had no part to take in this family meeting with their pastor, except to take notes, as mother apologized for the room, the shut-up front door, the dress she had on, the supper that she was to get for them, and so forth; but finally she withdrew to the kitchen, occasionally coming in to make some fresh apology or some remark about the weather.

Then was Granny's moment. The preacher and father were talking of the weather and crops; Grandpap had dozed off, when Granny began: "That there's

Sarah Jane, my only daughter. She do worrit about things a good deal. She married John nigh unto sixteen years ago, an' she makes John step round. What did you say your first name was, Miss Hinds?"

"Elizabeth, but at home they call me Lizzie."

"Yis, Elizabeth; that was my grandmother's name, but they always called her Betsey. I 'spose you've no objections to my callin' you Betsey?"

"No, madam," answered the girl.

"Well, I always did set great store by the name of Betsey; it's such a good, old-fashioned Bible name; not one of these new-fangled ones. It always makes me think of my gran'mother, she that was Betsey Spillman; I 'spose you've often heerd of the Spillmans in Pennsylvania?"

"No, I can't say that I ever did."

"Indeed! it's a great pity you didn't. They were a first family, an' had lots o' blood in 'em. I always felt set up to come from 'em. You've lost a great deal by not knowin' the Spillmans," sighed the old lady, while Miss Hinds expressed profound sorrow at her ignorance of the Spillman genealogy and antecedents.

Just then Grandpapa roused up and asked, "What's the news from the war? Have we licked them agin?"

The preacher assured him that the war was over years ago, and father and Granny simultaneously explained. "Well, I'm glad we've licked the Britishers agin. I fit in three battles my own self, an' I was so brave they made me a corporal. I never got but one scratch, an' that was when the limb of a tree fell on my head as I was a ridin' through the woods, with a red coat after me," and the gray head dropped on the cane again; and after many profuse apologies, the conversation between the father and preacher turned on crops again, and Granny, looking around for some new topic of interest, was attracted by the young lady's dress, which I had observed her slyly feeling of before.

"Well now, Betsey, that goods is real

delightsome to the feel. It don't seem to me to touch like bombazine—what do the store folks call it, if I might be so bold?"

"It is a worsted rep."

"Well, these boughten things do mostly look and feel better to the touch than homespun. How much did you say it cost?"

"It was a dollar a yard."

"You don't say! Seems to me that's very costive! I 'spose you hardly expect to git any more such for a good while. If you was to save it for a meetin' gownd, it would last you years. I 'spose it's alike on both sides," and to satisfy her mind on that point she lifted the skirt till she could examine it above the facing on the wrong side. "Yis," she exclaimed, triumphantly, "it's alike, an' you kin turn it to'ther side out and to'ther end up, and back side before, an' make it last twice as long. I think it would take a good brown or black, when you want to dye it; you might have it first a brown, and then a black—that would be good as three dresses. I've got some real good recipes for colorin', an' I'd be willin' to help you about it;" and she gave her rules as to dipping and airing, and washing and drying, to the bewildered young lady, who listened as if deeply absorbed. When through, the old lady drew a long breath. "A dollar a yard, you said. Well, I don't 'spose I ever had a dress that cost so much, or ever shall as long as I live in *this* world," with an emphasis on "*this*," as if she expected she might have one in another world.

That completely upset Miss Hinds' gravity, but fortunately Grandpapa woke again, with this question, "How many did you say was killed in the last battle, Mr. Preacher?"

The preacher solemnly assured him again that the war was over, and father added his explanations.

"Sixty-three, did you say? Well, that's a power o' men! If we kill 'em off at that rate every day there won't be any red-coats left," and with great chuckles of de-

light Grandpap laid his finger beside his nose and dropped his head on his cane.

At this juncture Mary Ann appeared on the scene, and pulling Granny by the sleeve, announced this fact very audibly: "The old rooster's went an' hid under the barn, an' we're goin' to have some of Zerubbabel's young chickings fried for supper—I'm so glad;" and having said her say, she was willing to obey her irate grandmother and go to the kitchen, from whence there was already coming the savory fragrance of supper-getting in the country.

"Sarah Jane do spile her children so!" sighed the old lady to the younger one. She don't train 'em up in the way they should go, and she does buy them a power of things. Hannah Maria's got two good meetin' dresses, an' her mother's talkin' of gittin' her another that's goin' to cost three an' six a yard. I tell Sarah Jane she'd better let her knit footins' for it, 'an buy it for herself; but la! she won't. An' she'll put it right on to go a visitin' in, an' wear it out trifling round, an' it'll be gone in two or three year. It aint the way I used to do when I was a gearl!"

Again Grandpap revived, and for the first time seemed conscious of Miss Hinds' presence. Pointing at her with his cane, he asked, "Who did you say that there young woman was, Mr. Preacher?"

The young man introduced her again, and she kindly went forward and shook hands with him. "She's a likely lookin' gearl—did you say she was your wife?"

The preacher, in much confusion, denied his being married; the young lady blushed painfully, and father and Granny did their best to explain to the poor old man, who dropped his head soon again, and restored quiet.

"As I was a sayin', Betsey, you haven't got a middle name, have you, like Ann, or something of that kind?"

"No," answered the persecuted "Betsey."

"Well, I do feel sorry for you not to, for it would come much easier to me to say

Betsey Ann; but as I was a sayin', Sarah Jane do spile Hannah Maria badly. She got John to buy her a music-box the other day, one that opens and shuts up, a *macor-deon*, they call it. I'll git it," and she disappeared and soon returned triumphant from the "spare room" with a box in her hand, from which she drew an accordeon. "There, maybe you never see one like it where you come from, but it's a macor-deon, an' cost five dollars an' fifty-three cents, an' Hannah Maria can't play a single tune on it yit. Maybe you can play on it, Betsey."

"No madam, I never learned."

"Well, you looks like one o' them kind as plays on the piranner—a kind of big shiny box on legs that folks sits right up to, and touches off on white ivory things. Deacon Dodd's folks have got one."

"Yes, I can play on the piano," answered the girl.

"Well, I thought as much when I first set eyes on you. I don't 'spose you could spin, if you was to try. When I was a girl I could spin two days' work, an' do the milkin' besides. Now Betsey, don't you really think that in the day of reckonin' you'd be better abler to give up your account if, instead of spendin' your time larnin' to make music out of a box, you'd a learned to spin, an' do something real useful to the world?"

By this time the preacher had become aware that a sort of private sermon was being read off to his fiancée, and as he seemed to be attentive to her, the old lady turned to him. "I've bin' askin' Betsey, here, if she don't think that she'll wish some day that she'd put in her time learnin' to spin, an' such like things, instead of playing the piranner?"

The preacher defended his Dulcina, assuring the old lady that machinery, now-a-days, did the work of forty women of the olden time, and did it better and cheaper.

"Yis, an' so they take the bread out o' poor people's mouths, and the clothes off their backs," sighed Granny; and how deeply they might have gone into the vexed

"labor question" can never be known, for Grandpap started up again, and pointed his cane at the young lady. "Did you say that there woman was your wife?"

The preacher denied; the father and Granny shrieked in both ears, but it was of no use.

"How old did you say she was?"

Covered with blushes, the embarrassed young man denied all knowledge of her age.

"Forty years—you don't say she's that old!" exclaimed the astonished old man. And leaning forward, he viewed her attentively. "You haven't lost none of your teeth yit, have you, miss? I had to have three pulled before I was forty. When I was in the war I got the toothache—and, and"—then he fell asleep again.

The pause was decidedly awkward, but Granny adroitly changed the subject by saying that she "didn't think Betsey could have come from Pennsylvania and not heard of the Spillmans," and Mary Ann again put in her head and informed us, in childish *staccato*, that "Zerubbabel's come, and he's yanked the old rooster out from under the barn, an' he's awful mad 'cause Hannah Maria killed his chickings. I ain't goin' to wait, neither—and mother says there'll be enough custard pie for me to have a piece."

In vain had Granny tried to check this flow of family confidence, and she was scarcely out of hearing before Zerubbabel himself came in, and began: "I say, where is mother, Granny? Hannah Maria's gone and killed three of my February chickins, an' I jest won't stan' it."

"Don't you see the preacher, Zerubbabel, and this young lady here? Make your manners this minute," and Zerubbabel was forced into a bow that nearly dislocated his neck, by reason of his grandmother's clutching his back hair and bending his head forward, and then bringing it back with a jerk. Only too glad to leave, he went out muttering, "I'll pay her for that," referring to Hannah Maria's act, and not his Granny's discipline, to

which I had already found out the whole family submitted without thought of complaint.

"The broughtin' up of Sarah Jane's children is awful," said the old lady; "if I didn't jest urge their manners onto 'em, they wouldn't have any."

"How's your family, Mr. Preacher? Childurn all well?" asked Grandpap, rousing up suddenly, and tugging at the young man's coat-sleeve.

"He aint married—he haint got no children, Gran'pap," said the father, and the embarrassed preacher murmured something to the same effect.

"All down with the measles! You don't say! I like to died with 'em; but they give me a power of saffron tea, and that brought 'em out, but it made me yaller—my complect sometimes looks yaller yet. Give them saffron, I say;" and he nodded his head, repeating "saffron tea, saffron tea," till he was asleep again.

"John," said the old lady, "I've been telling this here Betsey as how you'd been, an' bought a macordeon for Hannah Maria, an' I was a wishin' she could play on it."

"Yee, yes, I wish she could; it cost me over five dollars in clean, hard cash, an' somehow Hannah Maria has never got the hang of it yit. I guess taint wound up right. Does *she* know how to play?" referring to Miss Hinds.

The preacher said "No" for her, but suggested that she could sing sweetly, whereupon they asked her to sing, and she began "Home, sweet home."

"Grandpap will hear that," said the old lady fondly, quite unmindful of the rudeness of the interruption; "he always hears singin', and pricks up his ears when anybody's singin'—see now," and she poked Betsey with her elbow to call attention to the waking-up of the old gentleman, who commenced beating time with his cane, feet and head.

"That do sound sweet—lovely," said the old lady when the song was ended; "it makes me think of a tune I used to

sing in my young and handsome days. But I suppose my voice is cracked now, though I used to could sing like a syrrup," (she meant seraph.) On being urged she sang in a tremulous, cracked quaver, an old tune, but before she was half through Grandpap broke in—"I'm powerful glad we licked them there Britishers. I can give you a war-song," and with a voice like a trumpet, he sang an old song familiar in the days of the war of eighteen hundred and twelve; there were at least a dozen verses, and a chorus to each, but he gave the whole, and the applause of his audience gave him as much satisfaction as did the announcement of "Supper's ready, an' mother says, you every one come out before it gits cold," did to me, who was tired and hungry, and ready for the fried chicken, the custard pie, and the half dozen other good things that mother had provided; a supper good enough for any "quality folks." At Granny's suggestion that "all jest lay to an' help yourselves," we did so, and all passed off, with but few embarrassing interruptions from Grandpap, who, from between his chicken-bones, once or twice asked the preacher "how many children he had," "if his wife did the milkin'," and added more advice on the saffron tea-question.

After supper, the elder members of the family adjourned to the front-yard and farm, the ladies to look over the flowers and poultry, the men the all-absorbing "crops." But Grandpap soon hobbled off by himself to the garden, and with his cane poked around among the beds of sage, caraway, sweet marjoram, and thyme; after a time he came back and went to the shed chamber, where I could hear him rustling papers and dry herbs, with mutterings about Granny and Sarah Jane.

But by the time the preacher and Miss Hinds had shaken hands all round, and said "good-evening" to each other, mingled with numberless invitations to "come again and feel to home," "to excuse the poor supper," and so forth, *ad infinitum*,

Grandpap hastily limped up and thrust a big package in the hand of the astonished young man. "That's the saffron—you properly didn't save the blows last year. How many of 'em did you say was down? I really think both of you'd better staid at home tendin' of 'em, instid of traipsin' around so. Pour on bilin' water, and bile it well. It's jest the yaller tops that's good. Jest make 'em drink a plenty, if they do squirm; an' if you or your wife has any kind o' pizen in yer blood, it'll bring it out on you too."

Both thanked him, and seemed quite grateful that the old man's heart was touched by their gratitude, and as they hastily walked away with blazing faces, he stood and called out various directions to follow, in case "them measles struck in," and answered Granny's, father's, and Sarah Jane's rebukes for his "aggravatin' questions," with self-congratulations.

"Yes, indeed, I'm powerful glad I thought of that there measle-medicine," till they gave him up in despair, finding words were as useless as their previous pulling of his coat-tail, slakes of the head and winking had been; so father and the rest gave it up. "Grandpap will say his say," they decided, and went into the

house and out to the farm-yard, to "do the evenin' chores."

It is now a pleasant May evening as I sit writing my reminiscences of that ever-memorable visit. Betsey did not marry the preacher after all, so Zerubbabel's "February chickens" were sacrificed on the priestly altar in vain.

But she and I are to start out next week as partners in a "Life and Trust Assurance Company," warranted not to fail, and after a short trip, we will spend the month of June in the old farm-house, where we have engaged board on the following terms, as set forth by Granny: "Seein' as you two will not make mutch more truble than one, we will feel it right to charge you three an' two bits for a weak's bord, an' I shall be proper glad an' plezed to see Miss Betsey agin, with witch I am your servant; an' the Kernul jines me in this, an' so does father an' Sarah Jane."

"Betsey" has traced up the antecedents of some "Spillman" family she fortunately fell in with; in climbing their genealogical tree, she found that one had been hanged; but as another figured as Major in the war of 1812, she will doubtless suppress the former fact; and give the old lady great pleasure by her knowledge of "the Spillmans."

WE are all akin, the world over. Among the youth sent to this cuntry from Japan to be educated, are two little girls. When the youngest of these, eight years old, left Japan, her mother placed in the bottom of her trunk a package carefully sewed up in cloth, and labeled, "For my little daughter—not to be opened until she shall have arrived in America." When settled in her Georgetown home she opened it, and bursting into tears she cried as if her heart would break. Such a good mother, to make the gift—one so inexpressly dear to every girl-heart the world over. Of course it was a doll, in all the splendor of Japanese costume, and, for the moment,

the poor child was overwhelmed with home-sickness and longings for the mother's face.

A Boston girl being asked if she had not once been engaged to "a party by the name of Jackson," who was at that time a Harvard student, languidly replied, "I remember the circumstance perfectly, but am not certain about the name."

A PARTY of gipsies were in Danbury recently. The *News* says: "These people appear to think a good deal of their native land; they carry it around with them."

OUR MISCELLANY.

GRACE AT TABLE.

One pleasant Sabbath day last spring, after ten Americans, including a few ministers and a missionary or two, had held a little meeting on Mount Olivet, at which the communion had been administered, they invited to a nearer interview three Arab boys, about ten or eleven years of age, who had been looking on with much curiosity. These boys being questioned, were found to be intelligent, and possessed of a fair knowledge of the difference between the religion and worship of Christians, Jews and Mohammedans. Among other shrewd remarks one of them said, "We notice that sometimes you English people eat and drink without any worship."

How does it come that a people calling themselves Christians, should lead the way in the neglect of customs dictated by natural religion? Do those heads of families whose neglect of a plain duty is a wonder to the children of Mohammedans and Pagans, think that their conduct will not be questioned by their own children? Why should it be understood that in such a country as ours the part of our population who make no "profession of religion," may eat their meals without the performance of so plain a duty as giving thanks? What must be the position of this class in the day of accounts, when Tyre and Sidon, and India and the Syrian deserts shall rise in judgment against them, bearing, in the opening of the books, their silent testimony? And in that day what will those many professed Christians have to say for themselves, who eat their daily bread without visible recognition of the God on whose bounty they feed, and by whose grace they expect to be saved?

Among the animals over whom man in his creation was invested in the dominion, there is a difference in the seeming recognition of man's right of sovereignty. Some, in their mute, patient way, own the care and providence of their human protectors. It is said in Isaiah:

(72)

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib;
But Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

There is another class of brutes with whom we loathe to be compared. "The swine look not up to the one above them who threshes down the acorns." Such animals as these does ungrateful man, eating and drinking without thought of the Giver, more closely resemble.

The Rev. Dr. C. S. Robinson, in a well known Sunday school weekly, begins an article on "Saying Grace at Table" with an expression of surprise, on reading in a journal the following slip:

"Why do Christian people ask a blessing at table? Why before eating, any more than when partaking of any other privilege from God, as sitting down to read a book, or going to a concert, or singing a song?"

A graceless extract, indeed! From this Dr. R. passes to record his regrets that in so many ways our family customs are changing for the worse. He adds:

"When our country was young, households were gathered together morning and night for prayer. Now the hurried life we live, seems to eat out all the wish for such things.

"One of the most beautiful images that ever rose upon my imagination, was suggested to me by a chance delay for two days, among the lakes and mountains of the Tracsach's Glen. I happened to make the inquiry, what became of the villagers, so suddenly disappearing at nightfall from the streets; and a sandy-haired Scotchman replied, 'Most of them would be at prayers about this time.' And I looked up into the fair blue sky, and thought how fine a thing it would be to have a resting-place, high enough just to hear the murmur of voices, as they read a verse about, and sang one of the old Psalms, before the impressive hush in which the father offered prayer. How grand would be the swell of sound, when a

whole village was going on its knees before God!

"Prayer in the family is the one thing to be looked after, at the altar or the table; that act in which the head of the household is the high-priest for his home-sacrifice. Bishop Burnet, in his history, tells us that in the days of our ancestors, England was as true as Scotland in this duty. He says that when a person came early to the door of his neighbor, and desired for a moment to speak with the master of the house, it was as common a thing for the servant to tell him, with freedom, 'My master is at prayers,' as it is now to say, 'He is not up.'

"Even in the annals of New England, there used to be told the story that, when Lord Dartmouth, after whom one of our greatest colleges is named, was once going on a hunting excursion with King George, he kept the entire cavalcade for a half hour at his door, courtiers and hounds waiting, and his simple apology, as he at last came forth, was, 'I was paying my morning homage to my heavenly King.'

"Our children are living a shallow life compared with that which gave us training. We had few books, and some of them were dull and hard. We had no newspapers or music. And Puritan Sabbaths have become a proverb to many for their severity and ruggedness. I would we were all worthier of our start. That sort of life, after all, made manly men and womanly women. It wrought out character in as fine a pattern as ever shone in strength and beauty. O, it is a pity to let even one so small a custom as grace at table, fade out of use. That pause of decorum, when all are quietly seated, and even the baby closes her big eyes, and folds her little hands, when the father rises to his office as a 'king and priest unto God,' and thanks him for hearing the prayer for daily bread, he knows the children offered; O, how full of might and meaning it is! Ah, me! shall I ever forget that first meal, when home for a visit, just after I had become a Christian in the distant village where I was a teacher, my father turned suddenly to me, delegating his intercession for the moment to me, his son. And I am sure all of us will remember the majesty of my elder brother's

manhood, when, on the evening of my dear old father's funeral, he did not wait for me, nor suffer me, minister though I was, to summon the broken circle, but calmly and modestly drew forth the Bible, and assumed his primacy at the honored family altar.

"So far from fashion's interfering with this ancient and honorable custom, I have observed in Great Britain, on many occasions, that it is a mark of decided ill-breeding to omit grace at the table. On public feast-days, the ceremony is quite elaborate. In the houses of genteel people, the guests often stand behind their chairs until the blessing is asked. Even among godless people, the practice is retained. It may only be a form, but the form is decent. And I have never noticed an absence of seriousness or becoming gravity, even when I knew the company was decidedly unsympathetic.

"Perhaps the most remarkable instances of this I ever knew, have been on some of the ocean steamers. When we crossed in the 'Helvetia,' the captain, by whose side I sat, invariably, himself, asked the blessing at every meal. And a sedate, respectful gravity attended the exercise. Upon the 'Spain,' the captain always called upon me for the giving of thanks, and in every instance caused the covers to remain unlifted. When the weather was rough, so that he had to be on duty, he sent audible and public word to me by the head steward, 'The captain's compliments, sir, and will you be so kind as to say grace in his absence?'

"These magnificent ships were both of the National Line of Liverpool. All honor to those true gentlemen of the sea!"

In what remains to be said upon this subject, we will be practical. Neither the excuse, "I am not a professor of religion," nor, "I have no gift for speaking," will avail for the omission of a short prayer of thanks at the table. Above all, the man who says, "I am as good as many Christians," "I do pretty nearly right, and expect to be saved on the ground of a well spent life," cannot consider himself exempt from the obligation.

Those who fear to trust themselves to a longer exercise, should begin with a single sentence. No rhetorical gifts are needed. Speak clearly, briefly and to the point. The

spirit of thankfulness is illy promoted by a long exercise, scarcely audible. We have wondered at the change when, after hearing a man speak like a Trojan at a public meeting, his "blessing" at dinner was a low muttered sound, not one word of which a guest five feet off could hear. Perhaps the bend in the neck, which was worse than useless, choked and stifled the utterance. We have heard many a blessing which, although doubtless understood by the one offering it, others did not understand. Some put a hand to their forehead, by way of support, and without being aware of it, prevent the escape of the sound of their voices. Others put both arms around their plate, as if to shield it from harm. As all must eat, the profane as well as the saintly, it should be remembered that the honor of religion is more at stake in the faulty performance of grace at table than exercises in the church or prayer-meeting, where the thoughtless are only occasionally present, or perhaps never seen at all.

We add five short prayers to be used at meals.

For what we are about to receive, O Lord, make us thankful, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Have mercy upon us, O Lord, and bless these refreshments to our use. Help us to be grateful for all thy gifts, and to serve thee in holiness and righteousness all our days, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord, and thou givest them their meat in due season. Be pleased to direct us by thy good Spirit, that we may be fitted to partake of what thou hast prepared for thy saints in heaven. Amen.

Command thy blessing upon us now, O Lord, and let this food strengthen and serve us. Provide for the wants of the poor and needy; forgive us our sins, and save us in Christ. Amen.

We thank thee, O Lord, for thy continued remembrance of our wants. Help us always to receive thy gifts with thanksgiving, and to use them all to thy praise, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

KIND WORDS.

Few things in domestic life cause more unhappiness than hasty and unkind words. They are often spoken in excitement, and regretted as soon as spoken. But they leave a scar of sadness and grief that no regret can entirely take away. The lines that follow suggest a lesson that may be profitable to all.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily, all the day,
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain:
But we vex our own with look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words
spoken,
That sorrow can never set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the some time guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

THOUGHTS ON ORATORY.

One of the books always lying on my table is "Webster's Speeches." They are a noble contribution to American letters. Mr. Clay was perhaps the greatest orator we ever had. Mr. Calhoun was a great political thinker, but he used words, as he himself says, as the "scaffolding of his thoughts." Webster alone of the three has left speeches rich in thought, and adorned with all the graces of style.

Is there any speech in our language superior to the reply to Hayne? Power of argument, power of expression, the clearest

statement, impassioned declamation, wit, imagination, heroic recollection, pathetic apostrophe, all meet and mingle in that mighty production of that mighty mind.

Is it true that the poet is born and orator made? Not a word of truth in it. Oratory is a gift. It is in the blood, the temperament; learning may enrich its sweet tones, and graceful manner may adorn it, but these are not oratory. One may have wit, reason, imagination, exquisite sensibility, pathos, and yet fail as an orator. It is a thing of temperament, it belongs to the blood.

It is a great mistake however, to suppose, as many do, that real genuine oratory must be declamatory. Many conversational speakers are great orators. In fact most of the great declamatory orators have made the conversation the ordinary basis of their speaking, rising from this level to brilliant bursts of declamation, or sinking into the plaintive notes of pathos. This was the case with Mr. Clay, and is true of Henry Ward Beecher.

Preaching and speaking would be far more effective if men would learn that the conversational style is the natural one. Many men preach and speak in a style like nothing in heaven above, or on the earth below. It is neither good declamation, because it is forced; nor conversation, because it is unnatural; nor reading, but a horrid mixture of all.

Students in seminaries should be taught that the most effective style for wear, is the simple, easy tone of ordinary conversation. Unless a man has in him that electric power by which he thrills and controls his audience, (and few men have it throughout a sermon, or speech,) he will accomplish far more by earnest conversation. Loud and vehement declamation, especially in argument, always produces the impression of acting a part, because it is unnatural. No man makes bargains, buys or sells, talks to his friends, argues, pleads, expresses hopes or fears, joys or sorrows, in ordinary life in this manner. When a speaker talks as in ordinary life, the audience feels that it is no acting, no holiday affair, but business; it comes home to them as an earnest matter.

REV. E. H. HARDING.

GLUTTONY.

Under the heading, AN OLD FASHIONED VICE, the Rev. Dr. Stork discourses in the *Lutheran Observer* on Gluttony. He says, "Our fathers used to preach against this vice, but we leave all that to the doctors and health journals now." But we are rather of the opinion that the medical doctors have followed the example of the spiritual ones, for we are sure that remonstrances from physicians against the real cause of numberless ailments are seldom heard in this day. In respect to excess in eating, there is a deplorable lack of faithful dealing all around. Our progress as a nation, in civilization and wealth, is accompanied by a growing desire to extend the domain of the palate. A "good table" at hotels and restaurants, good cooks, fine confections, and the like, are more and more openly spoken of and insisted upon. What would be our small evening parties, now-a-days, without their gastronomic entertainment?

Dr. Stork's questions and remarks are pertinent.

"Is not gluttony a sin? Is it not a very common sin? Does it not affect many Christian characters seriously? I walked home with a young man, the other day, from a Methodist church, where the preacher had been laying the lash pretty sharply on those 'whose God is their belly.'

" 'I never thought before,' said my companion, 'that a man might be as intemperate and sinful in eating as in drinking.'

" 'Why,' said I, 'did you never feel sleepily and stupid and good-for-nothing for half a day after a heavy dinner?'

" 'O, yes; but I never thought anything more about it. I didn't think it was much of a sin to eat too much.'

"That young man was well instructed as regards the sin of drunkenness. But would it not have been just as well if a few of the sermons and speeches he had listened to on intemperance, had touched on the solid temptations as well as the fluid?

"Gluttony and drunkenness are of the same family, and much nearer of kin than many of us think. As regards the morality of the two, is there very much difference? Is a man gorged with turkey and mince pie,

snoring in his pew on Sunday afternoon, a spectacle any more pleasing to God, than the drunkard sleeping off his carouse in the gutter? Is it any worse to drown the Holy Ghost with wine than it is to bury him under loads of meat? When Paul said he kept his body under, lest he should become a castaway, he would probably have considered it very immaterial whether the temptation came in a fluid or solid shape."

OUR SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

SHOOTING STARS.—"The same shooting star," says *The Peoples' Magazine*, "is never seen twice; for being, as it were, but mere fiery dust, and weighing often but a few grains, such bodies are totally invisible to us until they become ignited by the rapidity of their passage through the air. The meteor disappears forever when it has, by combustion, parted with its constituents, which from that time are added, in one form or other, to the bulk of our own globe. Hence the atmosphere may be regarded as an impenetrable shield, protecting us from many dangerous encounters to which we would otherwise be exposed; affording us another illustration of the providential arrangements of the Great Architect of the universe, 'whose tender mercies are over all his works.'"

THE SUNFLOWER AS A DISINFECTANT.—Dr. Valentine, of Frankford, gives many facts to show that the sunflower had the property of purifying air laden with marsh miasm, absorbing a great quantity of moist and noxious gases, and exhaling an ozonized oxygen.—The plant, it is said, has proved itself particularly useful in this respect in the neighborhoods of Washington and Philadelphia, where its cultivation has rendered whole quarters healthy and fever free, which had previously been uninhabitable by the prevalence of fever. A Dutchman, Von Alstein, whose property was situated on some flooded land on the bank of the Scheldt, has planted three or four plots, thirty or forty yards from his house, with the effect of so much improving the air that for ten years no one on his property had been attacked with miasmatic fever, which continued to

prevail on neighboring properties, where similar precautions were not taken. Besides this, as the French Sanitary Commission lately pointed out, the sunflower is a most useful plant. It yields about forty per cent. of good oil, the leaves furnish an excellent fodder, and the stem, being rich in saltpetre and potash, makes a good fuel.

A HUGE SKELETON.—The following description is given of a skeleton lately found at Otisville, Orange county, N. Y.:—"The upper jaw and main portion of the head weighs 500 pounds and measures 3 feet 7 inches across the top. There are four teeth in the upper jaw, two on each side. The back teeth extend seven inches along the jawbone, and are four inches across. The openings where the tusks have been are three feet and eight inches deep, and eight inches in circumference. The vertebræ was found in forty pieces, but lying altogether, while the pelvis was taken out whole and uninjured. The channel where the spinal cords lay when the monster was alive, is five inches in circumference. Among the missing bones are the tusks, the lower jawbone, and those of the hind legs. One bone of a leg that has been found weighs alone over 350 pounds. When the skeleton is reconstructed it will measure fourteen feet from the bottom of its feet to the top of its head, and over twenty-five feet from head to tail. A singular incident connected with the skeleton is, that in its stomach was found a quantity of undigested matter. Among it were fresh looking and very large leaves of odd form, and blades of strange grass, of extreme length, varying from an inch to three inches in width, and

looking as if freshly cropped from the earth." It is evident that this part of the world was once inhabited by animals very different from those to be found here now. The museum at Albany, N. Y., contains a number of specimens of these monsters which have been exhumed in different parts of the State.

OF WHAT SPONGES CONSIST.—The common washing sponge is considered by most people, and even by some naturalists, as of vegetable growth. But it is now definitely established that it belongs to those low forms of animalculæ that are comprised under the term zoophytes. "Will you make us believe," here you exclaim, "that this fibrous network, in which one is unable to detect the least indication of anything that reminds us of animal life, is not a moss, or something like it?" Exactly so. The sponge which you use daily in your ablutions, and which forms one of the most indispensable articles of the toilet, is not the animal as it lives and thrives, but only its horny substance, its skeleton, if you like so to call it. When cut loose from the submarine rocks on which it is found at considerable depth, the sponge presents itself to you as a black, jelly-like mass, which, when left in the air for a few days, will give off a most disagreeable smell, originating from its gelatinous part. In the natural sponge you have not one single individual before you, but a regular colony of animalculæ. The elastic, horn-like network of your toilet table is then impregnated to its innermost parts with a slimy substance that is penetrated throughout by fine capillary tubes, not visible to the naked eye. Upon examining this curious being further, exceedingly fine cilia (eye-lashes) will be discovered. They project around the entrances of the pores, and by their motion produce a current which, in passing through the numberless tubes, leaves behind whatever they may need as food. The horny network is probably only their secretion, like the house of the snail. But that the sponge is of animal origin is now proven by the discovery of the spermatozoa and embryos in the interior, as well as by the composition of the fibrous elastic part itself, which contains one of the constituents of

silk and the spider's web. In order to prepare it for use, it is first left in the air for a short time, until the gelatinous part is decomposed, then the mass is washed in hot water, and afterward in diluted muriatic acid. The toilet sponges are bleached by means of chlorine and hyposulphite of soda. The so called wax sponges, that are used by doctors for dressing ulcers, are purified sponges dipped into fluid wax, and then pressed between hot plates. The French and Austrian governments have lately commenced to rear sponges artificially; the former on the shores of the Mediterranean, the latter on the coast of Dalmatia. The cultivation is said to be perfectly successful, and to yield profits.

MERIDIANS—One of the earliest attempts to unite the interests of different nations under uniform rules, was connected with commerce and science. Nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, Cardinal Richelieu convoked at Paris a congress of astronomers and mathematicians, to agree, if possible, upon a common meridian. At that time more than twenty different meridians were in vogue, and the diversity resulting in maps, charts and tables, was a very serious obstacle to science and navigation. The conference fixed on a meridian passing through one of the Canary Islands, but for want of exactitude in defining it, or from some other reason, the agreement was never effectual. Three principal meridians are now in use, Greenwich, Paris and Washington, and the advantage of adopting one to the exclusion of the others is obvious. The preference which Greenwich practically enjoys, is confirmed by a curious circumstance, which we must endeavor to explain by adverting to a familiar puzzle. The natural day begins at any place at the time the sun rises there; but the sunrise passes entirely around the earth. The old puzzle is, Where does the day of the month change? When the routes around the globe east and west from Europe had been explored, and Spanish navigators, who went around Cape Horn, met the Portuguese, who came the other way, in the Phillippine Islands, it was of course found that they differed in their reckonings one day. Now that prosperous commercial settle-

ments exist on every side of the globe, intimately connected in pecuniary enterprises, this error of a day, involved in every voyage around the world, has been found to become every year a matter of increasing importance. In order to prevent the confusion of dates arising from this difference of local time, it is desirable, if not essential, that at the moment of January 1, when the sun crosses the meridian which may be adopted by the nations, the day shall be accounted the first day of January throughout the world. The meridian opposite to the one selected for this purpose would be the one on crossing which the traveller would lose or gain a day. It is important, therefore, that this opposite line should not pass through a habitable country, and the meridian of Greenwich is almost as free from objection on this score as any possible one—much more so than either of its rivals.

HEALTH ITEMS.

LIGHT SUPPERS.—One of the great secrets of health, says Dr. W. W. Hall, is a light supper, and yet it is a great self-denial, when one is hungry and tired at the close of the day, to eat little or nothing; let such a one take leisurely a single cup of tea and a piece of cold bread with butter, and he will leave the table as fully pleased with himself and all the world, as if he had eaten a heavy meal, and be tenfold the better for it next morning. Take any two men under similar circumstances, strong, hard-working men, of twenty-five years; let one take his bread and butter with a cup of tea, and the other a hearty meal of meat, bread, potatoes, and the ordinary et ceteras, as the last meal of the day, and I will venture to affirm that the tea-drinker will outlive the other by thirty years.

FAINTNESS.—When any one feels faint, says *Good Health*, let him at once lie down, instead of fanning, and slapping, and wetting him in a seated posture. "The great difference resulting from posture is also seen in convalescence, in which an invalid, very comfortable when in bed, faints, and may even die, on assuming the sitting position. In bleeding a person, it is customary to have

him sitting up, in order that the resulting faintness may be relieved by lying down; faintness thus produced in a horizontal posture might not be easily recovered from."

SUNSHINE.—The Italians have a proverb: "Where the sun comes not, the doctor does. Live in the sunlight as much as possible.

WARMTH, REST, AND CLEANLINESS.—It is safe to say, with the *Journal of Health*, that "warmth, rest and cleanliness" will arrest more diseases, will cure more bodily maladies, than all the medicines ever swallowed. But this dose of wisdom is, of course, to be taken with some grains of allowance. By "cleanliness" he includes, especially, *clean air* for breathing. More caution in securing timely rest would often have saved much time lost in sickness. As an exchange says, "Every person who would live well should get so thoroughly rested once in every twenty-four hours as to feel bright, fresh, active and strong. Many do not do this, but go on feeling tired, over-worked, ill at ease, sick, never being rested from morning to night. No course could be worse."

TEMPERATURE—A writer in *Hearth and Home* calls attention to the great and usually quite unsuspected difference between the temperature of the room near the floor, and that a few feet higher up. On a severely cold day it will be found to be from thirty to fifty degrees colder there than at the height of one's head. Moral: Look out that thinly clad babies are not left on the floor to fret and freeze—while you, perhaps, are quite comfortable.

THE "REST CURE."—Exercise can kill as well as cure. To be taken advantageously, it should be done with judgment. Sometimes a particular part of the body needs exercise, but the whole body is too weak to give it; in such case, only the part that needs it should have it. But there is one rule which is applicable to all—never go against the instincts. Many persons have hurried themselves into the grave by endeavoring to "keep up" when they ought to be in bed; and they do "keep up," too, for so long a time, that when they do take to their beds their strength is so completely exhausted

that the system has no power to rise, and **they** fall into a typhoid condition, and all is **lost**. When anything serious is the matter **with** domestic animals, they court quietude **and** perfect rest. Sometimes we feel indisposed to exercise from sheer laziness; in all **loose** conditions of the bowels, debility, an **instinctive** desire to sit down and stay there, **is universal**; in most of such cases quietude **is cure**. But there is one safe rule for all **under** all circumstances. If every step you **take** is with an effort, do not take another; **go to bed**; if you feel the better for a walk, **then** walk on; but stop short of great **fatigue**.—*Dr. W. W. Hall.*

SOFTENING OF THE BRAIN.—Softening of the brain is becoming more and more **common**. Dr. Hall's opinion is that it may be **produced** by excessive labor or excessive **laziness**. It may attack those who do too **much**, and those who do nothing at all. **Among** those most liable to it are professional **men**, active business men, and especially **those** who over-eat, and who drink liquors. **The** best safeguard is a sober, temperate life, **with** moderate exercise of body and brain.

FELONS.—Dr. Hall sums up the case and pronounces sentence on the sort of felons that commit their depredations on fingers, as follows: "A felon is a boil between the bone and the sinew, or 'fascia,' as doctors love to talk. When a boil is under the skin only, it is painful enough until it 'breaks,' that is, until the skin divides, or bursts, and lets out the yellow matter; but when it is remembered that the sinew is as much tougher than the skin, as a beef hide is than paper, it is easy to see that the pain of a boil under the sinew, is more terrible than one under the thin skin, and that it must take longer to make its way through the fascia than through the skin; hence, instead of passing many sleepless nights and agonizing days in waiting for the matter to be absorbed, or make its way through the tough tendon, the educated surgeon advises the use of the lancet; for the cure is just as certain, and the relief from the agonizing pain is just as instantaneous, as in the case of the extraction of an aching tooth. The cause of a felon is usually a bruise of the finger heavy enough to reach down to the bone and to inflame it."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

LIFE IN THE EXODE. By A. D. Pollock. University Publishing Society, New York and Baltimore. Pp. 609. Price \$2.00.

The writer has given us a better book than he promises in the preface. The occasion for the effort, he tells us, was the desire for a greater latitude of inquiry than is followed in the usual Commentaries and popular Expositions of Exodus. A great deal is inferable from the record, and much may be imagined as probable; and to range through these unknown fields in the spirit of devout adventure, seems to have been his plan in the outset. To have given us a book made up chiefly of these surmises would have been novel enough, but it would have little claim to consideration as a biblical help, and would have failed to satisfy the devout

mind, ever prone to admire the wisely ordered reserve of Scripture.

There is enough of this filling up of the sacred outline to make the work both pleasant and profitable to general readers, though as the author intimates, his path lies aloof from that of the scribes of all ages, learned in the affairs of the kingdom of heaven. Though his book, for the reason here given, will not be a favorite with the learned, the author will no doubt be satisfied if the rank and file of the Christian host can find in it spiritual profit and entertainment.

It must ever require learning to make things plain, and much knowledge of the truth, wisely to supply the omissions of a true narrative. A better knowledge of what

the ablest pens in Biblical literature have written, would have saved the author some trouble and some mistakes, while it would have brought to his pages, even in scenes where much is drawn from the imagination, a larger amount of happy illustration.

The phrase in our English version, "the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea," probably led the author to speak of "the terrible *horseback* army of the Egyptians," while the truth is, as attested by the monuments and by Scripture, the Egyptians had no cavalry. Charioteers and chariot riders alone are meant.

The author cuts the knots of discussion in reference to such questions as in what Sinaitic plain the three millions of people could have stood at the giving of the law. In the case here mentioned he supposes additional miracles, and taking his hint from Job ix. 5 and 6, he even intimates that 3,000 years ago the mountains of Sinai may not have been what they now are. He shows, too, on the supposition of no subsequent change, that a miraculous appearance of God to the people in *their several days of encampment*, must have taken place somewhat as a sunrise or a meteor is seen by all, though shining above different mountains.

A defect which will be felt by many is that there is not enough of Christ in the book. In plan, each Testament looks to the other; the centre of the Old Testament economy was the law, and the going forth of the law was with the going forth of the people. The Messianic features of the Wandering are quite numerous; we feel that the author has not done justice to them. Christ was largely, though in point of time remotely, the aim and the inspiration of all the remarkable events of the Exode.

Yet there are many valuable divine and moral lessons taught, and even though the author be not one of the "experts" of biblical interpretation, his book may prove a blessing to a multitude of readers.

WEARITHORNE; or, In the Light of To-day. By "Fadette," Author of "Ingemisco," and "Randolph Honor." J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Pp. 214.

The accomplishments of "Fadette" as a writer, must be acknowledged by all her readers. Her descriptions are neat and artistic, her

characterization is faultless, and the circumstances of time and place are well brought out. The only defect we have to note is the melancholy turn she gives to her story, the minor keys being played on too much throughout. Were only parts of the story

"Most musical, most melancholy,"

and the remainder bright, with a triumphant close, it would please a far greater number of readers.

From the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

THE DIAMOND IN THE CAGE; or, Hours with the Children. By Rev. J. E. Rockwell, D.D. Pp. 213.

The lessons in this book are pointed, plain and practical. Along with precious religious truth are many pleasing illustrations, in the way of narrative.

OUT OF THE DARK; The Story of Alice Leigh's Experience. By the author of Harold, Jennie Graham, etc. Pp. 300.

This is an excellent book, well written, and likely to be popular in Sunday-schools.

A SUMMER BY THE SEA; or, Lillian Howard's Choice. By the author of "Forgiveness," "Marion and Jessie," "Honor Bright," etc. Pp. 304.

There is much to charm as well as instruct in this book, useful lessons and sea-side rambles and experiences coming side by side.

GAFFNEY'S TAVERN; and the "Entertainment it Afforded." By Mary J. Hilleburn, Author of "Money," "The Craythorns," etc., etc. Pp. 234.

For the work before us, in the suppression of intemperance, this excellent story is timely. In Gaffney's Tavern, and its woful results, the young man, coming within the attraction of such places, will see to what kind of entertainment he is invited.

AMONG THE LILIES, and elsewhere with Jesus. Pleasant talks with the young on passages of Scripture. By the Rev. Charles A. Smith, D. D. Pp. 281.

The title indicates the design of the book. Children will be led by it to prize the Word of God.

"NEITHER ROME NOR JUDAH." By Ernest Horen, Author of "The Man with Two Shadows." Pp. 251.

This volume takes the reader back to the time shortly after the death of Christ, and represents the strivings of a Pharisee, who ultimately finds that neither in Rome or Judah can his soul be satisfied, but only in Jesus the Messiah, the light of his people and the hope of the world.

OUR MONTHLY.

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A SKETCH OF ALGERIA.

BY H. R.

THE Arabs compare the city of Algiers to a diamond set in emerald, and the approach from the sea justifies the comparison, the luxuriant foliage of the surrounding hills contrasting beautifully with the dazzling white of the houses. In sight of the high hills, amid whose variegated hues of green the city reposes, the voyager remembers that close by was the seat of the Carthaginian power that once contended so bravely and so long with Rome for the dominion of the world. The desert was not so near the great cities of the Carthaginian empire as it was to the populous regions of Egypt, while the tracts fitted for cultivation were a hundred times as extensive. In doubtful scale the balance hung between Carthage and Rome; who can tell what would have been the destiny of the world, had it been providentially decided that Carthage, and not Rome, Africa, and not Europe, should be its ruler, and the source of its civilization?

Hills piled on hills meet the view, yet the lines in which the ranges run are sufficiently distinct. First a lower range, then another rises called the Little Atlas, while beyond, the bare, bright peaks of the Greater Atlas—some of them cov-

ered with perpetual snow—show the limit of the horizon in that direction. The view is most beautiful and romantic, and the traveller, whose ideas of this continent were perhaps never raised to any high point of expectation, finds himself asking if this be Africa. If so, the pariah of the continents seems still worthy of being likened to the bride of Solomon, comely though dark in hue.

Amid the hills are embosomed what seem to be happy villages; many of these, however, on nearer inspection, will be seen to be in ruins, indicating a sparser population than appears to the eye of the stranger approaching by sea.

English families frequently resort to Algiers to spend the winter, and when we merely consider the novelty of the scenery, the queer old Moorish houses, the Turkish customs, and the new style of life that passes before them, we do not wonder at their choice. Experience shows, however, that among a population differing so greatly among themselves, and mostly possessing the traits of the slow and slothful Oriental, true comfort will be rare. And then the winters are wet, and not very hospitable. The region of the Atlas is liable in winter to violent



thunder storms and terrific winds, and earthquakes are not infrequent in Algeria, although the city of Algiers has been exempt from severe shocks for at least two generations. Neither storms nor earthquakes deterred from remaining in it the populous and prosperous nations which in the Carthaginian and Roman times made this region their home.

As might be expected in a city where two opposite types of civilization occur, the two sections are distinct—the old, or Moorish city, presenting a clear contrast to the new portion where the French reside. This portion, which is lower, is constantly undergoing change, becoming more and more like a European city.

At the market places and the fairs, all races and nationalities come together. In no other Mohammedan city, not even in Cairo or Constantinople, will be found more motley groups. Even the natives are of all complexions. The Moors and the Arabs are a distinct people. Both shave their heads, leaving only a tuft at the crown. The Arab in his white burnoose, or upper cloak, looks more kindly upon you when he sees you are not a Frenchman. The Berber, leather-aproned and sandalled, differs from all the rest in belonging to a race aboriginal to the soil. He has come from a Kabyle village, perhaps, and you respect him for the bravery of his people in their resistance to their late invaders. Turbaned Jews in short clothes, ending at the knees, press you to purchase their wares. French, Spaniards and Germans, male and female, have their stands among the traffickers, or mingle with the crowd. Some flash past you in the latest European style of dress. Here are Moorish women, veiled in white, with trousers of the same, showing us merely their eyes and bare feet. Camels, asses and mules stand in the way. The horse does not seem to be a favorite in the city, but out in the steppes, where the Arab tribes have their breeding places, they are more abundant. Yet, except for war purposes, the mule is more valuable to these nomads than the horse.

In point of numbers, barbers, on account of the general custom of shaving

the head, rank third among the trades in Algiers. The hair removed, one must go the turban, which is an elaborate affair, requiring for its removal both time and labor. It is not surprising that in these countries the removal of the hat or turban is no mark of respect, but rather the contrary. To show respect to a superior, or to a holy place, as a mosque or synagogue, it is necessary to remove the shoes or sandals.

The streets of old Algiers are provokingly narrow. In some places the houses flanking the narrow streets are so built as to incline forward towards each other, and—to borrow a simile from a traveling friend—they may be said to have overhead a decidedly how-d'ye-do expression. The formation of an arch above rarely occurs in the wider streets.

On account of the heavy rain-storms, the mud is at times a great hindrance to travel in Algeria, though it takes but a few days of uninterrupted sunshine to dry the mud and turn it into dust. The average amount of rainfall increases rapidly as we go from west to east through the country, observations showing that the proportion at Oran in the west, Algiers in the centre, and Phillipville in the east, is as 1, 2 and 3.

This country, once the granary of Europe, has been held by the French for more than forty years. They are the successors of a long line of conquerors, which includes Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Saracens, and Turks.

The vegetation of the country is probably much the same as it was in the time of the Punic wars. Away from the cities and villages the ground is overgrown with dwarf palm, and a species of brushwood called lentisque. The lentisque abounds everywhere in North Africa. Here and there, in wild profusion, are seen the oleander and the myrtle tree. Hedges are made of a huge cactus, called the Barbary fig, whose prickly leaves are eaten readily by the camel. As scorpions harbor in the old hedges composed of this prickly pear, it would be dangerous to sit in its shade. The dwarf palm is the enemy of those few colonists who come to engage in agriculture, for like

the English gorse, it has such a system of roots that it is difficult to grub it up, and it renders the clearing of the ground quite expensive. The growth may be removed with the scythe or the axe, or destroyed by fire; yet the roots will send up vigorous shoots another season.

On the moorland tracts one meets, along with the dwarf palms, an abundance of camel thorn, prickly broom, a broad-leaved plant with a flower like a lily, and the asphodel. The last is the plant from whose roots the pernicious liquor called Absinthe d'Afrique is made, a beverage which is fast working the destruction of the Moors. The flower itself, if rightly named, is "unsurpassed" in beauty.

The valleys are often rich, producing the mulberry, from which silk is made, the fig, the vine, and the olive. Near Phillipville, on the road to Constantine, the traveller, in ascending towards the Atlas mountains, passes through a thick undergrowth of small-leaved laurel, very fragrant, intermingled with gigantic heath-plants, six or seven feet high, bearing a white flower. Above the whole tower the cork trees. As we go east the cork tree predominates, various tribes using it for purposes of traffic. Once in nine or ten years the main trunks are peeled, and sometimes, though rarely, the larger branches. The operation of peeling one would suppose would kill the tree, especially as no section of the bark is left to unite the upper with the lower portion, but there is a thin membrane which, when the bark is stripped away, remains to serve as a beginning for new bark. If it be an old tree, coming for the first time into the hands of the cork-strippers, the cork is thrown away as valueless, being coarse and hard, but when next visited it will be found to be of finer quality. To make the bark peel more easily, the Arabs often injure the trees by firing them.

The people of Eastern Algeria make bee-hives of cork bark. They take a circle, about a foot in depth, cover it with a piece of cork without making a close fit, and hang the contrivance on a branch of a tree, as an invitation to the wild

bees, for with them tame or domestic bee-keeping is unknown. About one-half of these cork hives are accepted by the bees, and the honey-comb, when they are filled, is removed from the top.

Upon the rich and varied scenery the eye of the tourist, passing eastward towards the Tunis border, rests with delight, as he finds his way through rocky glens, open glades, amid patches of wheat, groves of wild olive and cork, and forests, not close, as in America or Scandinavia, but with open intervals, composed of various trees, the cork always predominating. The foliage of this tree is dark green, and its limbs are often twisted and gnarled.

The soil is well adapted to the growth of the wild olive, and lately the grafting of this tree has been attended with success. The ash is the same as the English tree of that name. Beneath the ilex, the chestnut, and the trees already named, an undergrowth of shrubs, bearing flowers rich in color, appears, composed of the laurel, jasmine, broom, arbutus, and myrtle. An exquisite orchis may be seen on the hills, of a pale lemon color, with a powerful scent like that of jasmine.

The French officers who have brought with them packages of flower seeds from home, sometimes unexpectedly meet with curious cases of "reversion." The ranunculi the second year become crimson, and the verbenas all run to pink. The roses, however, hold themselves above this retrograde process.

Passing south of the first Atlas range we enter the steppes, a country with desert features, treeless, overgrown in the rainy season with abundant grass and herbage, but parched and naked the rest of the year. Fuel is extremely scarce; the Arabs for this purpose make use of the dung of their domestic animals, and the stalks of plants and shrubs.

The adaptation of the camel to desert regions is one of the wonders of that Providence which has so variously rendered all parts of the world habitable by man. The Arabs sit upon the backs of their camels and mules with such ease, that it is said these animals dislike a



ROBBERIES OF THE DESERT.

Christian rider. The young camels are well proportioned; unlike young colts, which are gawky in appearance, they are an exact though reduced image of their dams.

The moufflon, or wild sheep of North Africa, differing from other sheep in wearing a mane, is seen leaping among the declivities of the Atlas mountains. Antelopes and gazelles bound away at the approach of the tourist, and the imperial eagle, whose distinguishing mark is the white feathers on his shoulders, and the bearded lämmergeyer, the vulture of the Alps, the largest of the nest-building denizens of Switzerland, fly up in the brooding season from the cliffs, where, amid the rocks, in a cumbrous heap of sticks, a single egg, or at most two, may be seen lying.

Wild-boar shooting is a favorite pastime of the natives, not so dangerous a sport here as in Germany. As the wild boars do great mischief to the growing crops, the reduction of their numbers is devised for utility's sake, as well as for amusement. The hunt is commenced by several hundred Arabs stationing themselves in a circle of considerable extent, which is gradually lessened, the game being driven towards the centre. When the hunters close up towards the centre the excitement reaches its height. The swine rush from thicket to thicket, and as soon as they uncover themselves they are fired upon. They do not charge their pursuers after the manner of the wild-boars of the German forests.

The Arabs are forbidden by their religion to eat the flesh of swine, and they seem to have no desire to use as food an animal against which they entertain such gross prejudices, and deem so unclean, yet they have no scruples in selling the pork to those who will buy it.

The presence of the wild-boar may be known by the gashes he makes with his tusks in the roots of the trees. His principal enemy is the lion, and on account of his depredations among the grain crops, the usefulness of the lion is recognized by the Arabs, who are far from regarding this noble quadruped as a scourge to man. What the cat is in the household,

an exterminator of inferior four-footed pests, the head and king of the cat family is in Algeria, among the wild-boars. Yet the lion is hunted by the Arabs, when, as will sometimes happen, one of them, neglecting the wild swine, gets into the mischievous habit of lunching on the cattle of the district. The sport is rather dangerous; when a *battue*, or circle of hunters, is formed, and the lion at length, with the contracting of the circumference, finds himself enclosed, he will make a ferocious assault upon his enemies, almost invariably killing one of them before he is himself slain.

Algeria is the paradise of lion-hunters. As all know, it is the scene of the exploits of Gérard, "*le tueur des lions*." Many stories are told by the natives of the cunning and bravery of the lion, and the skill and daring of his captors.

One evening, near Lambessa, a French officer discovered a lion feasting upon his dog. As the latter was chained to the spot the lion could not carry it off. This suggested the tying of a similar bait to a post, while several officers would wait the coming of his majesty in an old Roman tomb, strongly built of stone, and capable of holding four men. They pierced the walls with four loopholes for musketry, and posted themselves within on the first moonlight night.

The first lion that appeared they fired upon and wounded, and this so exasperated the beast that he rushed upon the monument, and tore at and beat the stones with such violence and rage, that those within feared for their safety. For a time, as he stormed their citadel at a rate too lively to bring their guns to bear upon him, they were unable to act upon the defensive; but at length a well-directed shot brought him helpless to the earth, when he was despatched, and the siege was at an end.

Another story is told which may suit the credulous. One night a lion approached a horse tied to a post, bit off the leather tie strap, held the end in his mouth, and trotted off with the horse to the forest to eat him at his leisure. The horse not moving as fast or as willingly as his sagacious leader wished, the latter

would at intervals quicken his pace by a stroke of his own tail, which he would swing around like a lash for this express purpose. The French officer who professes to have witnessed this strange occurrence, is said to have insisted upon its truth with tears, one day when his companions laughed at it as a good joke in its way.

The Rev. Joseph W. Blakesley, an English traveller in Algeria, relates the following:

"Two French soldiers, who had been in the village for some purpose or other, set off one day to proceed to El Arouch, a settlement on the road between Philippeville and Constantine, to which there is a direct route from Jemappes by a path through the bush. They did not start together, and the one who commenced the journey first was much intoxicated. After proceeding some distance, in the course of doing which he lost his sword, he felt much overcome with fatigue, and stretching himself on the grass fell into a sound sleep. His companion, who was perfectly sober, followed after him a time, picked up his sabre, and at last found the slumberer on the grass. He gave him a kick, and called to him to get up, when, to his horror there rose up—not the man but a huge lion, that lay couched by his side, which he had taken for part of the trunk of a tree covered with grass. The sober soldier instantly ran off, under the impression that his comrade had been destroyed by the animal, after losing his sword in an unsuccessful combat with it; but the lion, instead of pursuing him, resumed his place by the side of the still sleeping man. After a time the latter awoke, too, and got upon his legs, much astonished at discovering the company he had been keeping. The lion also again rose, but without any sign of ferocity; and when the soldier set off on his route, accompanied him, walking close by his side for several miles, as far as the immediate neighborhood of El Arouch, where, probably because the forest there ceases, he turned about, and sought his old haunts again."

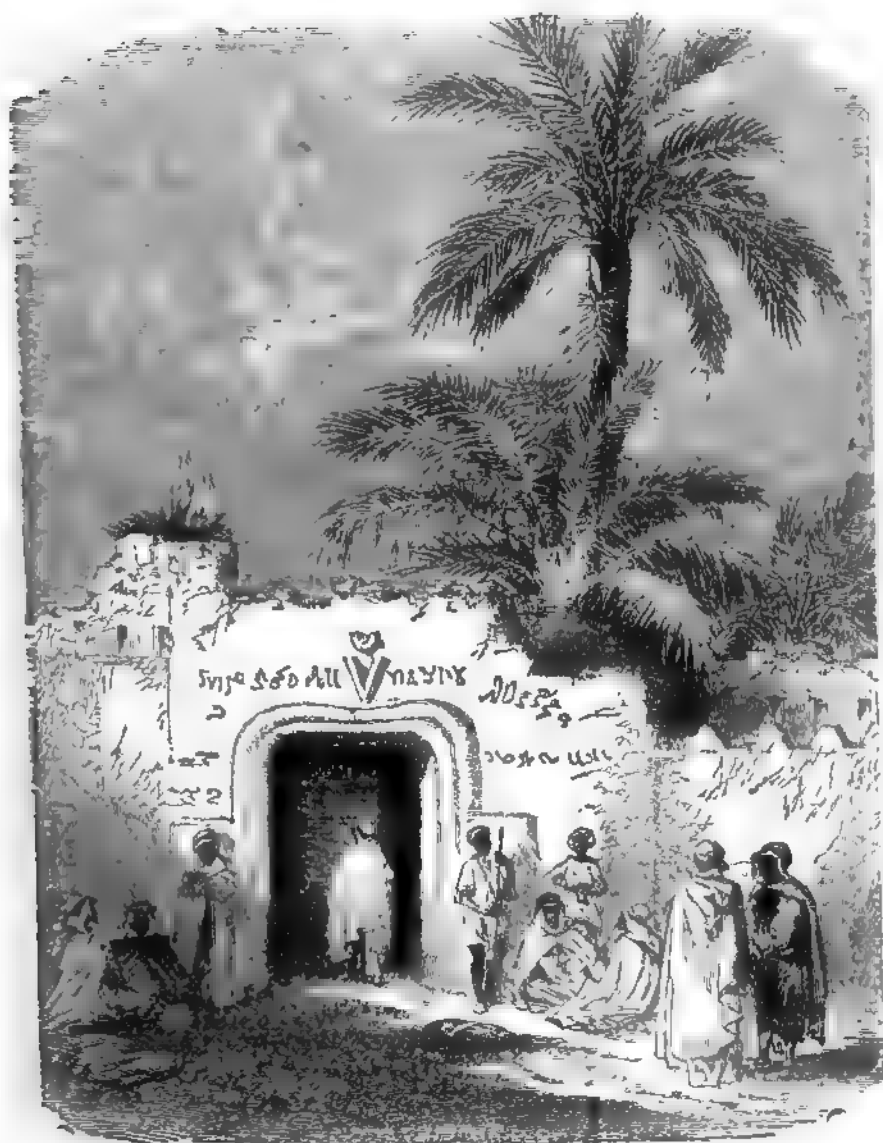
Ruins, dating from the Roman era,

are found in all portions of Algeria. The Emperor Adrian, who studied the restoration of Roman glory in the provinces as well as in Rome, carried his improvements as far as the Pillars of Hercules, and numerous traces of his works are visible. Some monuments of the era of Claudius also exist. There are to be found remains of temples, theatres, arches, cisterns, reservoirs, and tombs, and fragments of statues and columns. In some cases the whole area within the walls of what was once a Roman city, is filled with debris; Lambessa, for instance, which was a fortified camp of the Romans.

As was to be expected, the Roman Catholics of France, after the conquest of Algeria by the latter, improved their opportunity for the propagation of the faith. Churches, bishops' houses, convents and theological schools were immediately founded. Out of the confusion arising from the subversion of the old institutions and the introduction of a religion distasteful to the people, some degree of order has at last been reached. The first bishop found much immorality prevailing, a natural consequence of a war between races, of the changes that ensued, and of an emigration made up to some extent of the least desirable elements of French society.

In dealing with the poverty-stricken, dissipated Algerines, the bishop and his associates make great account of the founding of schools, orphan asylums, hospitals, and other charitable institutions. By these means the papacy is slowly but surely gaining ground in Algeria. If policy is to be the guide, they have no choice as to the mode of adding to the strength of Roman Catholicism, for the people are yet powerful, and their wishes must not be inconsiderately trampled upon. Gentleness may yet secure to the cross the victory over the Crescent, which in old crusade days was never granted.

Whether toleration would be the rule were the Church free to act in the matter, is an important question. It is the State and not the Church that made conquest of Algiers, and whose mandates deter-



BABA ACHMED GATEWAY AT OUERGH.

mise the course to be pursued throughout the province,—a State leavened with the liberalism of its own people and the Protestant ideas of its neighbors. To the protection of the State is due the fact that a few Protestant churches have been established in the

country. These, as well as Roman Catholic churches, and a few new Mohammedan mosques, have been built at the State's expense.

In their toleration of the religion of the conquered race, it cannot be said that the Roman Catholic priesthood have

learned wisdom from the past. It is the highest wisdom of that church to adhere to the traditions of the past, and the law of the priesthood, calling for physical compulsion to save the soul, where there is power to compel, is to-day one of the essentials of popery. Mercy begins where the impotence of heretics ends, and so the energies of traditional Christianity are set free to run in the new channels of toleration, education, and eleemosynary schemes.

If possible, the Church of Rome, as represented by French ecclesiastics, is more sure of its infallibility to-day than it was on the 24th of August, just three hundred years ago, when the cry of the victims of St. Bartholomew succeeded to the cry of their blood, which heaven hears and will hear till poor France has paid the crushing debt; and, therefore, we say that for the tolerance practised in Algeria, no thanks are due to the church whose native air is persecution.

The priests talk as if they considered the Arabs as beyond all hope of conversion. They may fail, but the gospel, which in the first ages triumphed over the migratory habits of Goths and Vandals, will yet supplant Arab morals and Moslem unbelief, and the doctrines of Augustine of Hippo,* will again prevail in the scene of their old triumphs.

France cannot successfully colonize. The French government vainly offered sixty acres of good land to every emigrant who should bring with him 300 francs to spend in improvements, but few have accepted the generous offer, and those who have done so are not promis-

* Now Bone, in Eastern Algeria.

ing colonists. The first quarter of a century exhibited as results only one French family to every forty-five square miles of arable land. The French, when they go abroad, instinctively remain in towns and cities. The history of emigration and colonization in modern times shows the weight of morals and religion in the progress of the race. Nothing wears so well, as a material for prosperous colonies, as evangelical Protestantism. And if we may carry the distinctions beyond this general statement, we must say that the Puritans and their descendants, and the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, have excelled in impressing their ideas upon the soil of new countries, and this amounts to an acknowledgment of the practical value of Augustinian doctrines in moulding national character.

Algeria is costing France immense sums annually. But in vain will be the expenditure of millions in the erection of churches, hospitals, and schools; France cannot regenerate Algeria until she is herself regenerated. The fountain is too low down for a stream that is expected to reach a point so high.

The people bow with an ill grace to the yoke of the conquerors. The government is too strongly military to admit of a work of civilization. But we are not to forget that the work in Algeria is great, and that time will be needed for its accomplishment. At the close of the war of conquest, ruin was visible on every hand. The arts and institutions of the Algerines were completely destroyed. This nation of pirates deserved their downfall, for their magnificence in hall, and garden, and park, was mainly due to their robberies on the seas.

TO PARENTS.—Swallow your food with cheerfulness, for your own and your children's sake.

AN inward sincerity will of course influence the outward deportment; but where the one is wanting, there is reason to suspect the absence of the other.—*Sterne*.

It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.—*Steele*.

THE LAND OF THE ROUMANS.

BY DUNCAN M'GREGOR.

AT the foot of the Carpathian Mountains lies Wallachia, a broad and fertile plain, crossed by the glorious blue tide of the Danube, and watered by a hundred tributary streams, which seek the mighty river as their liege.

This is the political dove-cote, which, being under the authority of the kite, sought aid from the hawk, and fared even more poorly under the new sovereign than under their original tyrant.

Turkey was formerly the dominant power over Wallachia, and yet reserves the right of taxation, while Russia was the assumed protector of this so-called free territory, which yet remains, in European politics, the servant of servants, and may one day become a tremendous battle-field, where the crowns of Europe, despite the boasted civilization and progress of the nineteenth century, may try the justice of their claims to precedence.

The tourist who wanders from the beaten track of travel to these provinces of the lower Danube, has at once accorded to him two vast advantages. He may ride in a heavy cart, utterly guiltless of springs, and in this be dragged over execrable roads, no one having pity upon him, no one pausing when he groans and protests. He is at the mercy of a Wallachian postillion; can one say worse for any luckless being? This postillion appears like an escaped masquerade. His skin has been tanned by successive summers, each seven months long, when the daylight seems a rain of fire, and every breeze sweeping across the almost illimitable plain is like the breath of a seven-times heated furnace. But not only has our postillion been thus annealed by inexpressible heat, but he has been duly hardened every year of

his life by being suddenly snatched from these glowing summer fires and plunged into five months of bitter winter cold. Five months every year does the north hurl down upon him biting, nipping whirlwinds and tempests of snow, through which this luckless wretch staggers blindly waist deep. These processes of nature make his skin a sort of leather, seamed and battered; his long, unkempt locks give him a look fierce as that of the wild boar and bear which haunt the Carpathian passes; his brawny sledge-hammer hand is armed with a whip yards long, which he delights to snap and crack, making music for his soul. In dress, this fiend is Turkish; wearing flowing sleeves, a voluminous sash, a braided and sleeveless jacket, and a deal of finery and embroidery, besides boots and boot-tops, which serve him as a port-manteau in which to carry about all his property.

But we linger too long on the thought of this grinning and shrieking demon, who superintends the daily dislocation of the traveller's bones; let us leave him, as sunlight fades behind the mountains, calmly smoking his pipe and drinking "slievovitz," or plum brandy, at the bivouac fire.

Another advantage of travel in these parts is, that being abandoned by interpreters, one can, on an emergency, understand and make himself understood, in virtue of that royal Latin tongue called *dead*, which, nevertheless, possesses such abundant vitality. Moldo-Wallachia and Moldavia, called also *Roumaneska*, are inhabited by the same race, namely, Roumans, and the mention of their speech calls us to the question of their origin.

The people themselves claim Roman descent, and point in proof to their name, *Rouman*, and to their language, containing, some say, twelve Latin words to





WALLACHIAN PEASANT LION.

every twenty spoken; there are also extensive remains of Roman fortifications and buildings scattered over the Wallachian plain.

The most probable and best sustained theory of descent is, however, that the people are the ancient *Dacians*. These were completely subjugated by the Emperor Trajan. After the conquest many Roman legions occupied the country, and the ruins and the strong Latin cast of the language, are attributable to their presence. The victorious Romans carried to Italy many of the conquered people to grace the emperor's triumph, and to glut the greedy appetite of the Roman populace for gladiatorial shows. Says the poet:

"But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians, all at play;
There was their Dacian mother; he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday!"

But the land of the Roumans is also the chief and best-loved resort of that problematic race—the gipsies. These came hither when the world was several centuries younger than now, and their origin at once set the savans of the middle ages by the ears. Some declared them Egyptians, others, that they were the lost ten tribes. Most likely the sultry provinces of Hindostan sent forth these hordes, effete Asia's curse upon her younger sister, Europe. It is a fact that the Wallachian gipsy can speak Hindostanee, and cherishes that tongue as something private and sacred, an heirloom of his people's golden age. In Roumania the gipsies form a class by themselves; divide the

people as you will, these freebooters must be counted alone; it is useless to make laws or claim allegiance from them. Joseph of Austria undertook to civilize them; he built churches and school houses, and compelled them to receive education. As soon, however, as his neophytes were grown to man's estate, the wild nature reasserted itself; they threw off restraint, cast aside their learning as a shameful fetter, and were gipsies of the old stock and style once more.

Besides being the asylum of the gipsies, Wallachia has been the ark of refuge for many Jews and Armenians; her population is thus greatly mixed.

For centuries of misery and anarchy, the *hospodar*, or Prince of Roumania,

was appointed by the Ottoman Porte; now, while taxes are still accorded by the Wallachians to their olden suzerain, Prussia is deeply interested in their affairs, and a Hohenzollern is upon the Roumanian throne. His royalty, however, is no sinecure, and not long ago he seriously threatened to abandon his petty glory for the happier existence of a German prince, preferring to be another of those many failures in kingcraft who infest Europe, to the uneasy sovereignty of Wallachia.

The popular heart of the Roumans inclines to Russia; the Greek Church numbers more than half the inhabitants among its communicants, and the Greek *popas*, or priests, use their influence in favor of the Czar. The Catholic priests, however, strive to divert the affection of the people to Turkey, probably feeling that the Mohammedan sway would give Italian priests fuller liberty among the Roumanians, than the more stringent authority of Russia. As usual, where the Church intermeddles with the State, there is no end of difficulties, and priestcraft may yet strike a match in the Land of the Roumans, which will set Europe in a blaze.

Clinging to their own tongue, preserving after a fashion their nationality, surrounded by mighty kingdoms, which, by their mutual jealousy have prevented the absorption or dismemberment of this broad Danubian territory, it is not surprising that the Wallachians have cultivated their own literature, and become the conservators of their own national history. The great outside world knows very little of those stirring ballads which have rung across plains and through mountain defiles, cheering and inspiring the huntsmen and herdsmen of this rude land.

These cotters' firesides, humble, scarcely comfortable, as more luxurious nations would call them, have been glorified with legends and fairy tales, beautiful to the Roumans, as the classic fables of the Greek have been to all the world beside. These rough Wallachians have entered for themselves the realms of the supernatural; they have elected their own heroes,

and rejoiced in chivalry of their own devising. They have their own romances; Moldavia has its Helen and its war, similar to that of Troy. The Roumanian Helen was as beautiful, and far more innocent than her prototype, the false wife of Menelaus, "Jove-born Helena."

But all these years, almost from the days of Trajan, the world in general has been moving on, and the home of the Roumans has stood still. The real history of Wallachia lies still in the future.

Owing to the long fierce summer, and the equally long and severe winter, Roumaneska is poorly fitted for agriculture. Heaven seems to have designed this broad, grass-growing plain for the support of cattle, whereof great herds are fatted annually; sheep and swine are also raised in great numbers, and in the summer immense droves are taken to the fairs in Poland and Russia. This traffic is liable to heavy losses, cases being on record where droves of three thousand head have perished in a single day from the intense heat, when they were crossing miles of country without water. The care of the cattle occupies most of the inhabitants during all the year. The peasants live in rude huts, furnished with only the bare necessities of existence; they wear coarse woolen and cotton garments, spun and woven by the women with old fashioned distaff, spinning wheel and cumbrous loom. The women grow old very fast; youth vanishes ere it is well begun. At twelve a sprightly pretty child, at twenty an aged, uncomely matron, harassed, wrinkled, looking thirty-five, and badly broken down at that. The men find their chief solace in hunting, and in distilling and drinking "*slievovitz*."

Among the various miseries which form a part of woman's lot among the Roumans, we may mention the multitudinous and cumbersome wrappings which custom compels her to wear. However hot the summer day, the Wallachian lady travelling on her sturdy little pony to shop in some small town, or over some mountain spur on a visit to her parents, is burdened with dozens of shapeless garments which swathe her like a mummy;



WALLACHIAN LADY IN TRAVELLING COSTUME.

dresses, over-dresses, cloaks, coats, shawls, hoods, hats, veils, mantillas; there seems no limit to the number but the ability of their wearer to stand upright when she has her trappings on. It seems to our uninstructed souls that she begins dressing, and resolutely continues the operation until she has on just as many

garments as she can move in; then she stays her hand, and leaves the remains of her wardrobe with a sigh!

We have in the land of the Roumans the spectacle of a great country with an immense river highway, and no commerce. The Danube is in the hands of a foreign power, and no effort is made by the Wallachians to increase the navigation of their country. Properly cultivated, this land might become the granary of Europe; art and science could conquer the asperities of nature. Another amazing anomaly is that for lack of fuel no manufactures are carried on, and the people burn in their houses, brushwood, dried turf and dung, while

the mountains of Roumania are full of coal, enough to supply all Europe for a long time! Indeed the home of the Roumans teems with mineral wealth; gold, silver, copper, and mercury in moderate quantities, coal, salt, bitumen, and alum in abundance, and lead and iron sufficient for the uses of the whole Danubian Provinces, are part of the wealth wherewith Wallachia has been dowered.

Amid this grand supply of riches we find the Roumans dwelling in a jolly, unambitious sort of poverty, raising and exporting their herds, flocks and goats, and careless of the greater luxury and more rapid progress of the world outside.

HALF HOURS.

BY FAYE HUNTINGDON.

I.—IN A RAIL-CAR.

THEY sat just across the aisle—a tall young man, scarcely beyond boyhood, and a young lady. Was she a young lady? There was not a line of gray amid her brown hair; her form was full and round, her face fair and fresh, and I would have declared at first sight that she was not twenty-five, but there was a look in her face, an expression that spoke of a richer and fuller experience than often comes to one at that age.

She did not seem altogether a stranger to me, and as the train carried us forward, I tried in vain to remember when and where I had seen her before. Two or three times I caught the soft gray eyes fixed upon me, as if the puzzle were a double one, and once I saw a light come into them as though the riddle was solved. Then, when the cars stopped at a station, the young man left his seat and crossing to mine, said:

"Pardon me, but my sister thinks she recognizes an old friend. If you are or were Miss H——, perhaps you remember Grace Wurts?"

Of course I was Miss H——, and of course I remembered dear Grace Wurts.

It did not take many minutes to establish myself by her side, while her companion took my place, and within still fewer minutes we had launched into a sea of talk.

Grace Wurtz was my schoolmate fifteen years ago. Remembering her as she was then, no wonder that I did not recognize her in the calm, lady-like woman beside me. At school she was frolicksome as a kitten, sometimes a perfect hoyden. She would come dancing into my room, her short brown curls flying, and gayly recount her exploits, or detail her plans for mischief. Sometimes she would talk of what she meant to do when she was through with school, and it must be confessed that she had very little idea of what a true life would be. I remember she said once, after an hour of idle chatter, "Now, Faye, I suppose that sounds as if I thought that life was to be one long play-day. I don't think any such thing; I suppose my time of trial *will* come. But while I can, I'll be happy and gay, and never have a sober thought." Then she laughed gayly as she said, "Grandmother Wurtz once said that she

was impressed with the thought 'that Grace would be a person of deep experience.' I think it is about time it had begun, don't you? I am getting old fast! Sixteen. My! how old and sober twenty seems, and yet it is only four years away!" Then with another merry laugh she danced off. It seems to me now that she never walked in those days.

Alas! her time of trial came sooner than she thought. That was her last year at school. The death of her step-mother, her father's failure in business, and in health, threw a heavy burden upon Grace—the care of the household, the training of her young half-brothers, and the struggle to make their limited means cover their necessities. This much of her life I had heard from a mutual friend; also that she had developed a spirit and power equal to the circumstances. Further than this I had not known until that morning in the cars. We seemed to go back to the day of our parting, and taking up the old relations, we talked of the experiences of the years that had intervened, without embarrassment or reserve.

"Ah, Faye," she said, "the first three years after I left you were years of terrible discipline. And how I rebelled against the inevitable! The training I had received had not fitted me for the position in which I was placed. Both mind and heart were undisciplined. I had known no more of self-denial than a butterfly, or of self-control than the winds. I tried honestly to help my father, to make his home comfortable, and to control and care for the boys, but failures met me at every turn. I did not know how to do anything useful. I wanted new dresses and ribbons, and to go into society as other girls did. It seemed very hard, at that age, to be shut up at home with work ever before me and on all sides. The present was very dreary, the future very hopeless. I did not understand the art of making home pleasant, and the boys grew to dislike the place. It was so unlike the paradise their mother had made it. They fretted me, and I was cross and fretted them. Altogether I came near making shipwreck of our

family peace. There was so much misery crowded into that first year, that I can never endure to recall it. After a few months I learned how to manage better, and could make things a little more comfortable, but did not grow happier. A longing to return to school took hold of me; I grew fond of books, and was wild with the desire to thoroughly educate myself, but the road was hedged up; if I could have seen my way through a course of study I could not leave home; inefficient as I was, I could not be spared, so I had to smother my desires. I can tell you, Faye, I passed through a great many phases of feeling before I settled down to a state of rest, but I found peace at last."

"How was it?" I asked. "Tell me more."

She continued. "My outward life was for many years very uneventful. I kept house, going through the endless round of work, gradually growing less irritable, less rebellious, yielding to circumstances with a sort of *can't be helped*, therefore *must be endured* feeling.

"During these years I tried to find my way to Christ, and finally joined his people, but I was not a happy Christian. Why? I knew nothing of real trust and love. Now-a-days, when I see people in that state, I long to say to them, 'O, you poor souls, you think you know something of the Christian hope and faith, but if you could once come into the broad light, you would shiver at thought of the gloom that now enveloped you.'

"I stumbled on, trying to do my duty faithfully, but always because it was duty, and irksome enough it often was. *Duty* is a hard, cold word, and anybody who has no other motive for action has a hard time of it."

"Then you don't believe in doing things *from a sense of duty*?" I said, smiling.

"Yes I *do*," she answered, "if the higher incentive is wanting, but I think the service of love far more acceptable, and certainly easier and pleasanter. And when we remember that God's love is full and free, that he is ready to pour out

of the abundance, until our souls overflow, what worse than folly to go cold and hungry for lack of the blessing! One may be very conscientious and uncomplaining in the performance of the work given him, or in bearing the trials allotted, and attain great excellency of Christian character, but once let him experience the fulness of God's love, and what a difference there will be, as if the very mainspring of action had a new power put into it! But the way to the fountain lies through the valley of entire submission to the will of God, and acceptance of every circumstance of our lives as a part of His plan for us. Mind, I don't say that we are to submit to circumstances, but to accept them. Sometimes God means us to work our way through and out. But quiet submission to God and humble dependence, will bring a blessing; such a coming into the light, such a glorifying of the most disagreeable duties, that one is amazed at finding what was unutterably repulsive becoming not only endurable but actually a pleasure. Why Faye,"—and as she talked there was such light, such a sincerity in face and manner, that I could not doubt that to her had come the blessing, rich and rare, that follows entire consecration—"I do not know that I have had a disagreeable duty to perform for years. I can't tell you just how it is, but it seems as if there was about me as I walk along, a sort of brightness; and however unpleasant things look in the distance, as I come to them and take them up, they seem to lose their repulsive character. It is as though they were in the shadow, but when I come to the spot the sunshine is there before me."

"But tell me," I said, "what set you right at last."

"Ah, Faye!" she replied: "Like so many others, I learned the lesson through suffering. God tried to teach me without the long agony, but I would not learn? I wonder if any ever did? After a few years my father's health improved, my brothers were able to provide for themselves, and God was pleased to give them large measures of His grace, so that they have gone forth with the armor on.

"As I was saying, our worldly prospects brightened. I was able to have help in housekeeping, means to gather pleasant and beautiful things about me. Our home and way of living became elegant and luxurious, and I had leisure to cultivate my mind and indulge my tastes. But the old demon of unrest and discontent still kept its hold upon my soul. I could not be quite happy. There was still one trial I had to bear, which my sensitive nature magnified unduly, and which I could not bring myself to accept as the will of God. But at last God laid his hand upon me heavily. For three years I never left my room, and twenty months of that time I lay upon my back. Only by enduring great agony could I be lifted from my bed to a couch, when at long intervals a change became absolutely necessary.

"It was then I learned the lesson which the former light discipline, and the later blessings had failed to teach me. It was then that I yielded my will, making an entire surrender, and taking God's promises for my strength. I began to know something of what God means our lives to be. He heard my cry for another opportunity to do better work for Him in the world, and raised me up. Though my life has not been free from care and trial, I have learned to be glad and thankful for its sweets, and to accept its bitterness as needful, either as trials to our patience, or as goads to impel us to action."

After this she told me of the death of her father, of the success of one brother as a business man; of the second, whose ordination as Christ's especial messenger, she and the youngest of the trio, (himself yet a collegian,) had just been to witness.

But here the station at which I must stop was abruptly announced, so we exchanged a hurried good-by, with assurances of remembrance, and parted, for how long we know not.

It was only a *half-hour*, or so, but how it gladdened and helped me, and strengthened my faith in the power of God's love to clear up the dark places, lighten heavy burdens, and strengthen fainting souls.

A SPIRIT IN PRISON; OR, THE PASTOR'S SON.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER X.

(Continued.)

THE SILVER-HEADED STAFF.

IT happened the next morning that Father Francis received a visit from the Chevalier de Parelles, or Parelli. He was of the family of the Marquis de Parelles, who had commanded part of the force in 1686. The Chevalier, however, though he had carried out his orders as a soldier, was a man naturally kind and humane. He had been put in charge of one of the detachments of Vaudois prisoners, who, finally released from the prisons of Turin, had been sent over Mont Cenis into Switzerland, in February, 1687, and his kindness and that of his cousin, Capt. Carrel, was attested by a letter of thanks signed by the exiles themselves.

The Provincial received his visitors, not in the convent parlor, but in the room especially set apart for his use. Laurent, now regularly established as his attendant, since he had not been dismissed, sat in a corner, busy with the Latin which he was presently to read to Father Paul.

The Chevalier was a handsome, gallant gentleman; and Laurent, who had seen nothing but monks for so long, could not but admire the soldier, even though his name was de Parelles.

"And what is the news in the capital, Chevalier?" asked the Provincial, "since I understand you have recently been there?"

"O, every one is asking when we are to have you, Reverend Father, back in the pulpit?"

"Indeed I do not know," said Father Francis, languidly. "When my superiors send for me, I suppose. I hope the city has something better to talk of than of my motions."

"Faith, it is rather dull now. The rage for conversion of heretics has a good

deal gone down," said the frank soldier, who, though a good Catholic, was not afraid of a monk. "Your pardon, Reverend Father; but you know there is a fashion in religion as in everything else, and the noble ladies grow tired of their pets and playthings, the Vaudois they adopted and converted, as they do of their parrots and lap dogs. I think the ones that stood it out—and they were many—had the best of it at last. I suppose I may say so, since Father Valfredo, the Duke's confessor, and Father Morand* tried to do what they could for the poor souls in prison; and a great many of the pious think it very odd that two such holy men should have made no difference between those who were converted and those who remained obstinate. You, Reverend Father, I suppose, are too devotedly a son of the Church to approve such lenity."

"God forbid," said the Provincial, a faint flush rising to his pale cheek. "It is a good and Christian work."

"Nearly all the prisoners are gone now except the ministers, who are prisoners still. Two or three of them are in Switzerland, though—that Arnaud among them. My word, he will make trouble for the Duke yet. If ever I saw a man born to command it is he."

Laurent listened with a beating heart and longed to question the Chevalier which was of course impossible.

At that moment the Superior entered the room, and after a little careless talk with the Chevalier, bethought himself to ask whether the Provincial would see the Curé of Prali, who had come to pay his respects.

Laurent could not hear quite unmoved of one who had taken his father's place, and he was not sorry when the Provincial, after some hesitation, ex-

* Fact. I have been unable to discover whether these two good men were monastic or secular.

pressed his willingness to receive the man.

"I would not, if I did not feel able," said Father Bernard. "He is no great ornament to Holy Orders, and to speak truth, hardly fit to be under the same roof as yourself. The saints know I make no great pretensions to sanctity, but a man may live without scandal; but what can you expect of a secular?" concluded the Superior, as though no one ever heard of a scandal within monastic ranks.

"He has come a long way I suppose," said Father Francis, languidly, for he had had a bad night, and was tired.

"He can go back again, if such is your pleasure," said the placid Superior. "By the way, barbet," he added, turning to Laurent, "Was not Prali your father's place?"

"Yes, Signor," said Laurent, who could not say "Father" just at that moment.

The Chevalier, who had taken Laurent in his frock for a novice, turned and looked at him with interest.

"And this Curé wishes to ask some questions about the house and the people. Let the boy go to him, Reverend Father, and don't trouble yourself."

Father Bernard meant no harm by this proposition, but as a priest and a noble, it did not occur to him that a Vandois had any feelings worth his consideration.

"Perhaps I had better see him myself," said Father Francis. "What is his name?"

"Pinelli, only do not let him tire you; that is all," said Father Bernard, who had as much respect and liking for his Superior as it was in his lazy nature to feel for any one.

The Curé entered. He was the type of the very worst class of the priesthood. Originally a peasant, a hanger on of a noble family, he had barely education enough to take orders. He had a brutal, coarse, sensual look—dashed at the moment by some embarrassment at finding himself in so distinguished a presence.

The elegant Superior hardly troubled himself to be civil; the Chevalier took

no notice of the new-comer, but Father Francis, though it must have been a trial, greeted the man with his usual courtesy.

The thought of such a creature as that in his father's place was hard for Laurent to bear. But there was another circumstance about the Curé which moved the boy's heart almost past endurance. In his hand he carried a staff with a chased silver head, which had belonged to Laurent's father and grandfather, and was the one piece of plate, if it could be so called, which the Leidets had possessed. It brought up before him most vividly the image of his lost home, and though he kept his eyes fixed on the page before him, he saw not a word or a letter.

After some little conversation, not very well sustained on either side, the Curé began to complain of Prali, saying what a poor parish it was, and how with all that could be screwed out of the people, he could hardly get enough to live.

"I had what was in the house to be sure, but it was poor stuff, poor stuff. The only thing of any value was this staff, which belonged to the old barbe; and by the way, is his son here?"

Father Francis did not answer on the moment, and the Superior beckoned Laurent to come forward.

The Chevalier began to twist his mustache and to regard the Curé with an expression betokening anything but respect. Laurent received a warning glance from Father Francis as he rose, but understanding his protector as he did, he saw that under all his self-restraint the monk was as much excited as himself.

"O, you barbet," said the Curé, "I want a servant over there who knows the ways of the place, and the brotherhood must be tired of keeping such a stout young fellow as you in idleness. I am willing to take you, and will give you your living, and will do well by you if you are faithful; and if you are not, why I can correct you with this staff, whose weight, I dare say, you have felt before."

Happily for Laurent, perhaps, he literally for a moment, could not speak.

"Now by the Virgin!" burst out the

Chevalier, in indignation. Even the Superior looked disgusted with this brutality. The Provincial's eyes flashed fire—the color rose to his cheek, and it seemed for one moment as if he were actually about to lay violent hands upon the man before him, who stood astonished at the storm he had raised. The next instant Father Francis controlled himself, and turning to Laurent, laid his hand on the boy's lips to repress the words which in another moment would have found vent, regardless of all consequences. "Hush, my son," he said with authority, "and go to Father Paul."

Laurent turned to obey, and the Chevalier, who stood near the door, opened it for him; for in truth poor Laurent's emotion was such that he could hardly see.

"God guard you, Signor," said the soldier, audibly.

Laurent bowed, quite unable to reply, and hurried away. Father Paul on hearing the story, was filled with pity and such indignation as so gentle a soul could feel. He soothed and comforted, and administered such gentle spiritual medicines as he possessed, but though Laurent thanked him for his sympathy, his old love of his own faith, his horror of the Romish system was awakened afresh, and he felt no longer like the pupil and disciple of Father Francis, but like the son of the Vaudois pastor, a man "stablished, strengthened, and settled" in the spirit of steady resolution which for centuries has marked his race. "We will not talk of it, dear Father," he said to the old monk. "Give me something to do, and let me get quiet if I can."

"Ah, so we will, my dear boy. You shall copy out these notes for me that I have made on these passages in Livy. There, I left the roll of papers in the parlor, when I was there with the scholar from France who came to see me about the chronicle of Gaultier, of Aquitaine; but it is not here, it is over in Novaliesi, so I have heard. Run to the parlor for me and get them—you will find them on the table."

Laurent went and found in the parlor the Chevalier and the Superior, and the

latter in conversation with an officer who had accompanied De Parelles.

"And have you taken the robe, Monsieur Leidet?" asked the Chevalier, courteously.

"I, Seigneur?" said Laurent, proudly. "Surely not; I wear what is given me to wear, since I am a prisoner. My inheritance, such as it was, is in the hands of the Curé of Prali," concluded the Vaudois, with some haughtiness.

"Bah! He is an animal," said the Chevalier, disgusted, "But have you not conformed, then?"

"No, Seigneur."

Good Catholic as he was, the Chevalier did not look displeased. "But how do I then find you in attendance upon the Provincial?" he asked, as if surprised.

"The Reverend Father has been most kind to me, Seigneur," said Laurent.

"Has he, indeed," said Parelles, twisting his mustache. "Well, wonders will never cease. Now I would have sworn that he would not have had a barbet in the house with him, at least one so obstinate as you have been. My word, you proved yourself your father's son. He was a brave man, though a heretic."

"Did you know my father, Seigneur," said Laurent.

"I knew of him; but it puzzles me that our Reverend Father should have taken you under his protection, knowing whose son you were."

"Why, Seigneur?" asked Laurent, surprised in his turn, "He is one of the kindest of men."

The Chevalier opened his eyes at Laurent in wonder.

"In a way, doubtless, but surely you know that he has preached extermination of heresy with fire and sword, and was the greatest favorite with the pious ladies of the Propaganda—of whom, of course, I speak with respect. But I tell you, Signor Leidet," said the soldier, frankly, "I do think but for the priests and the women, your people would have been suffered to dwell in peace; but when the two join their forces, they raise the devil, and surely you know no one supported the French Ambassador more warmly than Father Francis."

"I think it must be a mistake, Seigneur," said Laurent, bewildered.

"If you had heard him preach, as I have, you would know better; but it is not my affair. Truly, I think he was no better pleased than I with the Curé and his brutality; and by the way, he must take thought for you, for he asked me to get from that fellow the staff which he said had been your father's—and I did so."

"You are most kind, Seigneur," said Laurent, gratefully, "but I can never recompense you. I have nothing of my own in the world, but if ever I can"—

"Ah, it is nothing," said the soldier, lightly. "You will listen to the good Father's advice and conform yet, I hope."

"No, Seigneur, I think not."

"Well, you must go your own way, and I am glad the Father has taken a fancy for you. Of a certainty he is a holy man, and keeps his vows like St. Francis himself. God be with you. Come, Captain, we must be going."

The Superior turned to Laurent—"You need not be troubled," he said in a kinder tone than he had ever used toward the boy, "I would not send a dog to live with that man; and you are a good lad and a faithful. Go to Father Paul with his papers, and peace be with you."

"Thanks, Reverend Father," said Laurent, somewhat touched and a good deal amazed by such unwonted animation on the part of Father Bernard, and then returned to the library with the notes on Livy.

CHAPTER XI.

SHADOWS.

Laurent went back to Father Paul a good deal perplexed and troubled in mind by what he had heard, but he was not left long to his meditations, for a message came to him that Father Francis was ill, and desired his attendance.

Laurent found his protector lying back among his pillows, looking more dead than alive, in one of those attacks of faintness, exhaustion, and agonizing headache, which had more than once brought Father Francis to the brink of the grave.

Brother Augustine was fussing about the room, and, with the best intentions, driving the sufferer half wild. The physician, who had been sent for in haste, was kneeling beside his patient, looking rather troubled.

"He preferred to come here," said Brother Augustine to Laurent, for Father Francis had caused himself to be brought into the oratory. "He will find his best help in the crucifix and the contemplation of the suffering mother of God. Ave Maria! ora pro nobis," said Augustine, crossing himself. "Dear and Reverend Father, is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Go and say the rosary for me before the altar in the chapel, good brother," faltered poor Father Francis, perhaps as much for the sake of sending away the sub-prior as with any confidence in the rosary. "Pray that I may be able to endure with patience."

"I will, I will, Reverend Father," said Augustine, who was a truly devout man in his fashion. "The saints grant us grace to profit by the contemplation of your holy humility and resignation!" and the sub-prior departed shaking his head.

"It is all the sight of that miserable fellow from Prali," thought Augustine to himself, "and this unhappy affair of Brother Antonio. The very sight of sin seems to affect him, he has attained such a degree of sanctity; but dear me, if we were all like that, how would anything ever get done in the world?" and with this practical reflection Augustine betook himself to his devotions.

"Keep every one else out," said the physician to Laurent. "What he wants most of anything is to be quiet. I will give orders that you are not disturbed. It's a blessing he has you with him, young man, or they would worry his life out. You have some sense," continued the doctor, "and can do more to keep him quiet, I know, than any one else. He has tired himself out again, or he has had some shock which has prostrated him. Do not be alarmed if his mind wanders, but keep him still."

The doctor went away after a little,

promising to return before long, and left Father Francis in Laurent's care.

"Do not desert me," said the priest, in a faint whisper, as they were left alone.

"Never, dear Father," said Laurent, kissing his hand.

"Ah, if you but knew all," sighed Father Francis, "but I will save you, Laurent, or I will die with you."

"No one wishes to hurt me, Reverend Father," said Laurent, gently.

"Ah, you don't know—you don't know," said Father Francis, with a moan; "and I am helpless, helpless for good, and I was so strong for evil. O, my head!"

Laurent soothed and consoled as well as he was able, but he began to understand, or at least suspect, the secret anguish which the priest had so long borne, the true cause of his mysterious depression. "If he has urged on the persecution," thought Laurent as he stood beside the sufferer, "it was in ignorance, and now he comes to understand what he has done, he is breaking his heart with remorse."

With a mixture of feeling and impulse which he hardly understood, he bent down and kissed his friend with intense sympathy and affection.

"Who was that?" said the Provincial, with a faint whisper.

"It is I, dear Father—Laurent."

"And you will forgive me now you know," said the monk wistfully.

"Surely," said Laurent, "hardly knowing what it was he was asked to pardon."

"And your father—do you think he would pardon if he knew all?"

"I am certain of it," said Laurent. "When you and he meet in heaven, where all the pure in heart shall see God, you will understand each other."

"You will stay with me yet?" murmured Father Francis, who, though not exactly delirious, seemed to have lost his usual stern self-command.

"Indeed I will; but do not talk, Reverend Father. You will make yourself worse."

"O, my head!" said poor Father Francis, pressing his hands to his forehead. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

I am losing my senses; and O, what will become of you?"

"Dear Father, you are tired, you are ill," said Laurent, soothing him. "You will be better when the sun goes down."

"Do you remember," continued the monk, holding Laurent's hand close in his own, "the story of the warrior who became a monk, and for penance fought the whole night long with the spirits of those he had slain? That is what I have done, only that my penance has never ended."

"Father," said Laurent, in distress lest some one should hear the Provincial's strange words, "Think where you are."

"I do know—I do," said the sufferer, pathetically. "Ah, my son, I am one of the spirits in prison."

"And He went and preached to such, dear Father Francis," said Laurent, hardly knowing what words he used in his distress and anxiety.

"It is true!—ah, well!" sighed the priest. "There! I will be quiet; but stay with me yet for a little."

He spoke no more, but lay silent, bearing his pain without a murmur. Laurent was filled with compassion for the sufferings which he thought he now comprehended, and no shadow of resentment found place in his soul. But he was as yet far from understanding the truth.

Toward evening Father Francis seemed in some degree released from his pain, and to be once more himself.

"I have talked somewhat wildly, I fear, my son," he said to Laurent. "Has any one been with me but yourself?"

"No, Reverend Father, not since the doctor went away; only some of the brotherhood to inquire for you."

"Ah, they are kind, Laurent; the Chevalier bought your father's staff for you from that man. It is there in the corner!"

"At your request, was it not, Father?" said Laurent, kneeling beside his patient. "How can I thank you for all your care of me?"

"You do not know all, my boy," said the Father. "If I had had the least idea of what that man was—"

"Do not speak of it, dear Father," said Laurent, gently. "Do not think of it. Monsieur, the Chevalier, was most kind, and I was so glad to hear of the two charitable Fathers who were good to our poor unfortunates."

"Ah, they are Christian men; indeed they are, Laurent. There, now, go and admit Brother Augustine. I hear his step."

Brother Augustine was a good, stupid sort of man; rather better than worse than the average monk. He had the most unbounded reverence for the Minister, and commended Laurent for his devotion to the holy man.

"You are almost as privileged," he said, "as Brother Leo, the Pecorella di Dio, (the little sheep of God,)* who was so long the companion of our blessed founder. I hope you will not long delay to follow his example, and consecrate yourself to Francis as his son."

"He has indeed been a dutiful son to me," said the Minister, "and now, Laurent, go and rest, and leave me with Brother Augustine."

Laurent, who had not the least ambition to imitate either St. Francis, or the Pecorella, went away somewhat startled by Brother Augustine's words.

"Can they think I am coming round?" he thought. "Indeed they will find themselves mistaken if they do."

"You have worked a miracle with that youth, Reverend Father," said Brother Augustine. "Never was such an obstinate heretic. Why, if you will believe me, he said once that he thought St. Clare, being such a young woman, would have been more like a saint if she had stayed at home and minded her mother, instead of running away to St. Francis' convent at midnight," and Brother Augustine lowered his voice to a whisper as he repeated this profane remark in such a holy presence.

"You must make allowance for his education, my brother," said the Minister, who in the bottom of his heart agreed with Laurent.

* This was the name given by St. Francis to a favorite brother.

"True, but I trust he is fast coming to a better mind."

"Indeed I think he is truly desirous to serve Christ," said the poor Minister, trying hard to tell the truth and a fib at the same time. "But now you shall say some holy office for me, since this infirmity has to-day kept me away from all the services."

Brother Augustine, who had what is called "a particular devotion" for his patron, chose for edification a certain old litany of St. Francis, which has in its Latin a sort of sing song, greatly tending toward sleepiness:

"Sancte Francisce leprosororum mundator,
Sancte Francisce infirmorum consolator,
Ora pro nobis."

Under its influence the invalid did, in spite of himself, go to sleep, and woke next morning no worse than he had been for weeks, and ready to play his part.

CHAPTER XII.

BRIGHTENING PROSPECTS.

It began to occur to Laurent that, in a quiet way, Father Francis constantly managed to prevent any intercourse between his attendant and the brotherhood. He remembered that it was long since any one had said a word to him on the subject of religion, that for weeks he had hardly spoken to a soul except his two friends. He began to fancy that the change in the manner of the brotherhood was owing to an idea that he had conformed, or was about to conform.

The fact was that the Provincial and Father Paul had come to a quiet understanding without a word spoken, and the two priests constantly played into each other's hands with a skill unattainable by laymen, being determined, if possible, to save the boy in spite of himself. Each knew that Laurent was no nearer being a Catholic than ever before, and the Provincial felt that in all probability he never would be. Both Laurent's friends felt much like a man carrying a candle through a powder magazine. Any moment might show, not only

that the barbet was a barbet still, but that while retaining his heresy he had continued to be the favored attendant, almost the friend of so orthodox a person as Father Francis. The Father Provincial was not without his enemies. He had not been particularly austere in the exercise of those powers entrusted to him by his order, nor had he expected any one to imitate his own severe example; but in more than one instance he had rebuked and repressed sin with a somewhat strong hand, and there were those who would fain have done him an ill turn, if they could, with his superiors. If it were once whispered that he had protected or encouraged heresy, suspicion would be almost sure to grow into certainty, and no one knew better than the Provincial that he might with more impunity have behaved like Friar Tuck himself, than exercised toleration toward the Waldensian tenets or their holders.

A word spoken at midnight, the word of such a man as Gerome, or even in such a case, that of one like the Curé of Prali, might ruin the popular minister, and bury him alive in the prisons of the Inquisition.

Father Francis, in common with many other priests, even the Pope himself, was becoming disgusted with the arrogance and tyranny of Louis Fourteenth. The ravages in the Palatinate, the destruction of churches and convents, the insolence of the King toward the Pope, (for in spite of his devotion to the Church Louis had not scrupled to set Innocent at defiance in his own capital,) had alienated from the king of France the feelings of many of his former supporters. Father Francis knew the signs of the times, and thought it not impossible that in the coming changes he might be able to use his influence in softening the severity hitherto shown to the Vaudois. But to do this he must keep himself free from all suspicion of heresy, and he well knew that to keep Laurent with him, and continue to carry the idea that he was about to forsake his father's faith, was impossible, and that it was equally impossible that, as a heretic, the son of Pastor Leidet and the nephew of Henri Arnaud, he

should remain at liberty, even such as he at present enjoyed. So for Laurent's own sake, though it was like tearing the heart out of his bosom, the priest resolved to send the boy away from him. He arranged in his own mind a plan by which Laurent was to be placed under a very different guardianship from that of the convent, and from which he might be transferred to Switzerland.

If the boy were once free, poor Father Francis felt that he should care but very little for his own safety, which he had compromised already by what would be called toleration and protection of heresy.

It happened that two or three days after the Chevalier's visit, Father Bernard came to consult his Superior about the renting of certain lands belonging to the Convent, and which lay two or three miles down the valley toward La Tour.

A consultation with Father Bernard was a mere form. He simply stated the case, and left the burden of decision upon Father Francis.

"The man that has held the place is dying, and his brother wishes to hold it after him; is that the question?" asked the Minister.

"I believe so. Brother Augustine knows," said Father Bernard, calmly. "But I think he has some doubts about the matter."

"Why?"

"Really I can't remember now, Reverend Father," said the Superior, turning upon the Minister his large brown eyes, which in character and expression much resembled those of an ox.

"Go, Laurent," said the minister, well knowing how hopeless a matter it would be to lecture Father Bernard on his laziness. "Ask Brother Augustine to be so good as to come to us for a few moments. He is in the chapel with the novices, but I think the hour is nearly out."

The sub-prior had gathered the novices in the chapel, and was lecturing them on the use of the rosary, a means of devotion with which it would have seemed they ought to have been pretty well acquainted. But as the proper manage-

ment of the beads is by no means so simple a matter as it would appear to the uninitiated eyes, Brother Augustine probably thought that it was well to impress line upon line, and precept upon precept. He had not quite concluded his lecture, and Laurent, not wishing to interrupt, waited a moment, and so received the benefit of the sub-prior's pious admonitions. "My brethren," went on Augustine, in a soft, sing-song, prosy manner, which characterized the good man's address—"My brethren, the most holy rosary, as I have said, first came into extensive use by the influence of the blessed St. Dominic. Now as there are *exactly* a hundred and fifty beads, so there are *exactly* a hundred and fifty psalms; and this, my brethren, is a *great mystery*. You must not, my dear brethren, say the Holy Mary before the Hail Mary. To every Hail Mary an indulgence is attached, said *on* the rosary, not *off*. It is better for you—that is, better for your souls, to say one Hail Mary, than if you were to be reading your manual from morning till night; for to *every* Hail Mary is an indulgence. If you say the Hail Mary on beads which are *not* blessed, you will get no indulgence and no good to your souls; neither will you if you say it on a string of beads which has been broken, or having been broken and mended, has not been blessed over again.* Now go, my brethren, and peace be with you. Ah! Laurent, what is it?" said Augustine, who had recently made the discovery that "the barbet" had a name.

Laurent gave his message.

"It is a pity to trouble the blessed man about such temporal matters," said Brother Augustine, "and take his mind from those spiritual exercises which cannot but bring a blessing down upon this house. I am sure I could have attended to the affair," he concluded, speaking more to himself than to Laurent—"but I come."

Laurent, who naturally supposed that he was not wanted at the conference, went to his own cell, from which, how-

ever, he was presently summoned to the minister's apartments.

The Superior, who was quite of the Lotus Eater's opinion, that "there is no joy but calm," had gone to the placid retreat of his own quarters, but Brother Augustine was still with Father Francis.

"I have determined to go down the valley and see this place myself," said the Minister to Laurent, speaking with the sort of distantly kind manner which he always used before others. "Do you think I could get to it, my son?"

"I do not know where the place is, Reverend Father, nor whether the mule could reach it."

"I can show you on the map," said Brother Augustine, spreading out on the table a chart of the valleys, which Laurent recognized in a moment as from Leger's history. Brother Augustine had been at the pains to cut out the Vaudois device in the corner; the candlestick with its seven stars, and its motto, but the blank spoke more loudly than the emblem itself.

"That is an unusually good 'carta,'" remarked Father Francis, who, as it happened, had never seen the map, "and very correct, I should say."

"Yes, Reverend Father. It is out of the book of that pestilent old heretic, Jean Leger.* He contrived to escape everything, and died in his bed at last; but the devil helps his own."

Laurent could not help thinking that Father Francis was not much better pleased than himself with these remarks, but he said nothing, and Augustine continued: "The book belonged to that fire-brand, the pastor at La Tour, and came into my hands in '86. I burnt the volume, of course, but I thought the map might be useful. Ah, they had better have caught that Arnaud than all the rest. I do not believe that so long as he lives there will be any peace really for the Church in these valleys—and yet I

* Leger's "history" is rather a compilation. He has been accused, perhaps justly, of "intolerance," but considering his experiences, we think with Mr. Froude, that "intolerance of one who seeks to murder you is pardonable."

* I did not invent this discourse.

must say," said Augustine, "that I am under some obligations to Arnaud myself. There were dreadful things done, Reverend Father—there were indeed—most unnecessary cruelty, especially where the women were concerned, and at La Tour, where I happened to be that day, I did try to save some of the poor creatures from the French soldiers, but they were as if possessed, and would not listen to me. I did buy off one poor girl with a little silver cross I had. I hope, Reverend Father, you do not think it wrong to have used the holy sign to save a heretic?"

"God forbid, my brother," said Father Francis. "You acted as became a religious and a Christian."

Laurent turned away, trying hard to control the emotion that swept over him.

"When the soldiers chased the rebels up into Bobio I was with them. I hoped I might perhaps prevent unnecessary cruelty; and beside, there was the interest of the Church to be looked to in the matter of the confiscated property," added Brother Augustine, wishing to show that he had not been entirely ruled by the weakness of humanity. "They, the rebels, were surrounded entirely on the 13th of May, but instead of surrendering, they made a desperate assault, and cut their way through, and made good their retreat to the mountains. I was thinking of nothing less than danger, for no one had thought they could escape; and I was busy in the rear, hearing a dying man's

confession, when down they came like a storm, and first I knew, a tall fellow called out, "down with the monk." His sword was over my head, and I gave myself up for lost; but Arnaud—I knew it was he, for I had often seen him—struck up the weapon. 'Let the good Father alone,' says he. 'He helped to raise the devils, to be sure, but he saved poor Marie du Bourg from their clutches, and no one shall touch a hair of his head,' and then they were gone."

"It was well done, both for him and for yourself, my brother," said Father Francis, calmly. "'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' Laurent, we will try to reach this place. The dying man may need our help. Go my son, and have the mule ready."

Laurent disappeared, glad to be released.

"My brother," said Father Francis, when they were alone, "it is not well to recall that unhappy time to the boy's mind. May I ask you to be a little more careful in the future?"

"I am very sorry, Reverend Father," said the contrite Augustine. "It is my besetting sin—want of government of the tongue. It was ill-judged, indeed. The saints grant I have not injured your holy work. Any penance you think right, I am sure I will thankfully perform."

"No, my good Brother, I will not interfere with your confessor, only speak no more of such matters in future, they are better forgotten. Peace be with you;" and Brother Augustine departed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BELIEVE nothing against another but on good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to another to conceal it.—*W. Penn.*

THE finest composition of human nature, as well as the finest china, may have flaws in it, though the pattern may be of the highest value.

WHEN once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts also.—*South.*

TRUE religion shows its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

IN MEMORIAM.—T. BUCHANAN READ.

BY MRS. C. H. B. LAING.

ON the evening of May the 11th, 1872, a soul passed gently through the celestial gates; and even while weeping friends gathered around the dying bed, watching that peaceful countenance, yet trembling for the last painful struggle, softly the angels led him to that fairer world,

"To begin the great Life that no Death can o'ertake."

There was a sound of lamentation throughout the land when it was known that T. Buchanan Read, the Poet-Artist of America, had but reached his native shores to die! and when the sad tidings flashed across the Atlantic that this gifted man had passed from earth, England renewed that tribute to the dead which she ever awarded him while living; and Rome, the adopted city of his heart, mourned that the remains of one so esteemed for his many virtues and deeds of kindness, so admired for his genius, could not rest with the kindred dust of England's illustrious poets, Shelley and Keats, in that peaceful spot set apart for the Protestant dead in that old, old city, whose very dust is but the disintegrated mould of dead empires; and where, amid the cypress and the elms, and under the covering of violets and netting myrtle, so many of America's loved ones are sleeping.

The poet himself thus sang, and the lines were inscribed upon the walls of his studio in Rome:

"It matters little where our dust is laid;
But if there be a choice beneath the dome
Of Heaven's high temple—lay me in the shade
Of cypress boughs which guard the dead
in Rome.

"And yet I love my country none the less—
My faith fulfils her prophet's grandest dream,

And when Death woos me to his cold
caress,
My hovering soul shall watch her course
supreme."

But thanks to the Divine will, all that was mortal of this gifted poet and painter rests within the beautiful groves of Laurel Hill, in his own native State; while the immortal, bursting from the precious clay, shall still weave those sweet songs which charmed the world, and, soaring higher and higher in its ethereal home, join at length with the songs of angels around the throne of God!

Mr. Read was born March 12, 1822, in the county of Chester, Pennsylvania. There he passed his childhood, unconsciously acquiring that deep love of Nature which is so sweetly embodied in the "New Pastoral," and in many other minor poems. The thoughtful child caught inspiration from the pleasant scenes of rural life by which he was surrounded in that quiet valley-home, and which, as he grew older, burst forth in songs, set to the "unwritten music" of woods and streams. Said he:

"Here my young Muse first learned to love
and dream;
To love the simplest blossom by the road—
To dream such dreams as will not come
again:
And for one hour of that unlettered time—
One hour of that wild music in the heart,
When Fancy, like the swallow's aimless
wing
Flitted eccentric through all woods of
nature—
I would exchange, thrice told, this weary
day."

The death of his father caused a breaking up of the family; and Thomas, then a mere lad, accompanied a favorite married sister to the then far West—where the life of the child foreshadowed the man, in untiring energy and indomitable perseverance to conquer the difficulties in his path. At the early age of fifteen,

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young Read, putting from him all dependence upon the means of others, stood forth alone to the battle of life.

In 1839, we find him in the *atelier* of Clavenger, the sculptor. Here he studied with commendable success; but already the twin gifts of Genius, Painting, and Poetry, which in after years won for him so enviable a fame, moved him to a different field of art. Abandoning sculpture, he now devoted himself to painting. His fidelity to the subject in hand, and the skill with which he wielded the pencil, soon attracted observation, and brought him many friends and patrons. General Harrison, then a candidate for the Presidency, was one of the first to acknowledge the powers of the young painter. The portrait of the future President was a perfect success.

In 1841, leaving the West, Mr. Read removed to Boston, and here commenced that career which so soon placed his name high in the ranks of genius. Washington Alston, charmed with the native talents and modesty of the young artist, entered into the most friendly relations with him, aiding him with his counsel, and encouraging his labors. In after life, it was the pride and pleasure of Mr. Read to refer to those days of delightful intercourse with the gifted Alston.

Of winning address, and possessing rare powers of conversation, young Read soon became a favorite in the literary circles of Boston. It was at this time he made his first appearance as a poet. He published at brief intervals many charming lyrics in the "*Boston Courier*," which were received by the public with a favor most flattering to their author, and attracted the congenial sympathy of Professor H. W. Longfellow. A friendship was cemented which continued unbroken so long as life stirred the heart of the lamented Poet-Artist. In his opening "*Poems in Italy*," he thus apostrophizes his friend:

"O thou, the laureate of our Western realms,
Singing at will beneath your Cambridge
 elms,
Charming that sacred mansion where the
 grand
Paternal Cincinnatus of our land

Dwells, a majestic shadow—more than
king;
Who, staidly smiling, hearkens while you
sing."

An eye-witness of the scene relates the interview which took place between these two gifted men, Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Read, at Lugarno, Switzerland, in the summer of 1868. Mr. Longfellow was then at that pleasant resort with his family. A rumor was heard that another American poet, Buchanan Read, was making the tour of Switzerland, and of course might be expected at Lugarno. Great interest was expressed by the literati to witness the presence of these two poets in their town. In the meantime Mr. Read had telegraphed for rooms, and now "expectation was doubly sure." Upon the morning of his arrival a crowd gathered in the court of the hotel to receive them, and to witness the meeting of the poets. Mr. Longfellow was there to welcome his friend, and as Mr. Read alighted from his carriage, met him with open arms in a fraternal embrace.

The charming group of Mr. Longfellow's three children, painted by Mr. Read under the name of "*The Morning Glories*," is well known from copies and from photographs.

In 1847 Mr. Read issued his first volume of *Poems*, containing some of the most beautiful gems ever penned.

In 1848, a second volume appeared, entitled "*Lays and Ballads*."

In 1850, Mr. Read for the first time left his native land, and proceeded to Italy, where his hopes and aspirations for the beautiful were to be crowned with success, and that fond dream which woos Genius to her classic shores, to be more than realized. He made some stay in England, where the high reputation which his poems had already gained, brought him in contact with some of the most gifted men in England.

In 1852, an illustrated edition of his poems was published in London, meeting with the most favorable reception from the English reviewers; the "*Athenæum*," and other leading periodicals uniting in their tribute to the American poet.

In 1857, a volume entitled "Rural Poems," was issued from the Press of the Longmans. This also met with favor. Of this collection, one of the London periodicals gives an extended review, from which we quote the following:

"It would scarcely be thought that under a title so humble and unpretending as 'Rural Poems,' there should be found a virgin vein of such true golden ore as has been opened to us in these pages. Thoughts both lofty and heroic, an imagery at once noble, masculine, and beautiful, are interwoven with a diction singularly sweet, and accompanied by a rhythm as felicitous as that of Coleridge. The 'Sculptor's Funeral' is a fragment worthy of Tennyson."

Again we read of this selection and their author:

"Buchanan Read, the poet-painter, passed through Paris last Saturday on his way to Rome. A selection of his shorter miscellaneous poems has recently been published in London, containing among others the 'Iceberg,' of which Thackeray once said, he esteemed it among the first of modern ballads; and 'Midnight,' of which Walter Savage Landor wrote to a brother poet: 'In Read's "Midnight," America steals a march upon us. I opened the book there, and shall not close it again until I have gone through with it.'"

While in England, Mr. Read painted the portraits of several distinguished men. Among them were Thackeray, Robert Browning, and George Peabody.

In 1855 appeared that exquisite epic, the "New Pastoral"—the perfect embodiment of pastoral life; in which, with a pen true to nature, he has given the most charming pictures of rural scenes. In the year following was published "The House by the Sea." It was written at the Baths of Lucca, in a season of deep sorrow, and dedicated to his firm friend, Hiram Powers.

The paintings and poems of Mr. Read came from his hand in rapid succession. The pen and the pencil wrought so harmoniously, that in the words of Hawthorne, his pictures were poems—his

poems pictures. The charming conception of "Undine," the "Apotheosis of the Innocents," "The Culprit Fay," "Excelsior," illustrating Mr. Longfellow's poem, and many others, appeared almost simultaneously with his poems—attesting more than words, not only to his passion for those God-like attributes of genius, but to the industry which gave them to the world.

When the storm of rebellion burst over the land of his birth, Mr. Read was residing in Rome. Moved by the dangers which threatened the Union, with a God-given inspiration he seized the pen and wrote his patriotic poem, "The Wagoner of the Alleghenies." He went back to the heroic deeds of '76 for his theme, thereby to fire the hearts of his countrymen with the same ardor to *preserve invincible* that Union for which their fathers had so bravely struggled and so nobly won.

No selfish motive could detain him in Rome. Giving up the pleasant and congenial life he was leading, and the emoluments of his well-earned fame, the earnest patriot relinquished all, and returned to America—not to the peaceful land which he had left some three years previous, but to a scene of fratricidal strife and bloodshed.

Delaying the publication of his poem, he placed the MSS. in the hands of Mr. Murdoch, the eminent tragedian. Selections were made from its spirited pages, and were first read by Mr. M. in the Academy of Music, Cincinnati, for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers. The effect upon the audience was electrical; cheer after cheer, the clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, evinced their appreciation. Mr. Read was loudly called for, but not until after repeated summons did the author modestly make his appearance in the stage-box. It is needless to repeat with what enthusiasm the patriotic poem of "The Wagoner" was received throughout the land. The most sanguine expectations of its author were more than realized; slumbering energies were aroused and active energies strengthened, and the souls of the patriot dead breathed again

in their children. These are no idle words, for it is well known, that in several instances, where an apathetic spirit brooded over a community, the thrilling words of Mr. Read awoke them from their ignoble repose, re-kindled the fire of patriotism, and sent them forth to conquer or die.

Even this success did not satisfy the patriot poet. He himself took the field, and served upon the staff of General Wallace, and of Rosecrans; and while thus engaged in active duty, threw off from his fiery pen many of those war lyrics which will live as long as language lasts. During those days of bitter trial they became as household words, and will be henceforth held *in memoriam indeliblem*! Who has not felt his heart thrill at the warlike numbers of "Sheridan's Ride"—that spirited poem, striking a chord which still vibrates over the land, wherever the flag of Freedom floats? Though oft repeated, yet it never palls upon the senses, but is as fresh as when the poet dashed off those inspiring lines at the news of Early's defeat. Mr. Read's painting of the gallant Phil. Sheridan, illustrative of the poem, has called forth a tribute of universal praise.

The following incident may bear repetition in this, our meed to the departed.

In 1863 Mr. Murdoch was making the rounds of the Union, giving a series of readings calculated to keep alive the flame of patriotism. The selections were chosen from different authors, but especially from the writings of T. Buchanan Read. When in Washington, the lamented Lincoln was present at these readings, which were given in the Senate Chamber. Upon the first occasion he listened with great interest to Mr. Murdoch's rendering of various scenes from "The Wagoner of the Alleghenies," and other poems. The entertainment closed with the recital of "The Oath," which the President warmly applauded:

"In this moment, who hesitates barter
The rights which his forefathers won,
He forfeits all claim to the charters
Transmitted from sire to son.
Kneel at the graves of our martyrs,
And swear on your sword and your gun,

Lay up your great oath on an altar
As huge and as strong as Stone-henge,
And then, with sword, fire, and halter,
Sweep down the field of revenge.

Swear!

And hark! the deep voices replying
From graves where your fathers are lying:
"Swear, O, Swear!"

The next evening saw Mr. Lincoln again in the Senate Chamber. The recitations were varied, and "The Oath" was omitted from the list. At the conclusion of the reading, the President sent up a request to Mr. Murdoch that he would read "*The Swear*," meaning "The Oath," to which Mr. Murdoch replied that he would be most happy to do so, but had not the notes with him, and dared not trust to his memory:

"O, that is easily remedied," said the good President, "for I have '*The Swear*' in my pocket;" and opening his memorandum book, Mr. Lincoln drew forth the lines, and sent them up to the tragedian by Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President.

This compliment from so great and good a man, gave Mr. Read more true, heart-felt pleasure than all the celebrity which his patriotic lyrics had achieved. His earnest and faithful devotion to the cause of Freedom won for him hosts of friends among the brave defenders of the Union, both on land and sea—friendships which were never dissolved, but followed him in manly tenderness and sorrow even to the chamber of death.

In 1867, Mr. Read again took up his residence in Rome. His life was one of close application to his favorite pursuits, scarcely allowing himself that rest and recreation which his health required. All through the hot summer months, for a period of nearly five years, he worked on assiduously. The orders which poured in upon him during the winter had to be met, and day after day saw the indefatigable artist at his studio, cheered by the companionship of Mrs. Read, who as constantly took her way to the "Via Margutta," reading aloud from some favorite author as the artist sat before the easel; while from the canvas sprang forth at his magic touch, forms of ethereal loveliness. It was in such seasons of inspiration that "The Star of Bethle-

hem," "The Christmas Hymn," "The Three Marys at the Sepulchre," and the fine conception of "Abou ben Adhem," were added to the number of Mr. Read's former creations, not less lovely; as "The Spirit of the Waterfall," "The Pleiades," and many others which might be named, now in private galleries, both at home and abroad. And aside from these poetic conceptions, there were portraits to be dealt with; and of these his studio formed at all times a collection of distinguished men and women, though not always the same; they moved off to their transatlantic homes, and gave place to others. Strangers who have visited Rome, will recall with pleasure the fine portrait of the noble old Cardinal Pentine, and the charming full length of the ex-Queen of Naples, painted by Mr. Read.

There were times when the muse urged her claims; when, with that ease and grace so characteristic of his poetry, Mr. Read threw off charming little poems as the occasion pointed. And not to these fugitive gems alone did the Goddess of Poesy confine his flights. It is known that he had for some years been engaged, as his leisure and inclination prompted, upon a more elaborate poem than had marked his previous successes. Two or three cantos only were completed, when Death closed the book, and set his seal upon those sweet and holy thoughts.

In all the amenities of social life, there are few so gifted as was Buchanan Read. Courtesy and kindness marked his daily life. His dwelling was the centre of hospitality; friends and strangers were alike made welcome, and strangers became fast friends. Many there are who have tarried in old Rome, who will attest with lingering regret and pride to the pleasant hours which flew all too swiftly beneath the roof of this princely host. In conversation his words fell pleasantly upon the ear. Without any apparent effort, he at once enchained your attention. His wit was never-ceasing. His repartees flashed brilliant and instantaneous. His puns were irrepressible; they were spoken with a ready grace and fluency unequalled. It was only a few mornings before he breathed his last,

that a dear friend, sitting by his bedside, held his wasted hand. Upon one finger was a beautiful cameo ring:

"Ah, I see you have a head of Shakspeare," she said, as she examined the well-cut features of the bard.

"Yes," he answered feebly; "it is the only way I could get a-head him!"

Occasionally at those social gatherings which have done so much to make a residence in Rome pleasant to foreign visitors, Mr. Read, at the request of his friends, would recite his favorite "Drifting," or other poems, as named by his delighted listeners, giving to them that true spirit of their author, which no other reader could so well define.

In reciting "Drifting" one evening, Mr. Read *improvised* a new stanza, placing it between the second and third verses of that liquid poem:

"In lofty lines,
'Mid palms and pines,
And olives, aloes, elms, and vines,
Sorrento swings
On sunset wings,
Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings."

These lines have never before been published.

Another evening, two American clergymen returning from the Holy Land, were the guests. Again Mr. Read was called upon for a poem. He selected "Brushwood." As he proceeded, one of the reverend gentlemen appeared much agitated, and soon the large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks, for he had recently buried a beloved child. As the last lines fell from the lips of Mr. Read, he seized his hand, exclaiming:

"I will read that poem from my pulpit, if God spares me to reach my native land! It will do more good than a sermon."

"But do you think, Brother W——, that you can give it the true ring of our gifted host?" said his friend.

"I will give it *with my heart in every line!*" was the emphatic reply.

Soon after Pius IX. ceased to reign as "Temporal Sovereign" of the Eternal City, and the flag of United Italy floated from the Capitol, and from the Castle of St. Angelo, Prince Humbert, the son

of King Victor Emmanuel, came with his beautiful young wife, the fair Princess Marguerite, to reside at the Palace of the Quirinal. Fame had already made the American poet known to the Prince, yet, desiring to form a personal acquaintance with Mr. Read, he signified his intention of calling at his studio, through a special messenger.

He came, attended with several members of his Court. Mr. Read received him with that ease and simplicity of manner which so distinguished him. Passing from one to the other of the many charming creations of the artist's fancy which were scattered through the suite of rooms, the Prince expressed himself in the warmest terms of admiration, stopping again and again before "The Star of Bethlehem," irradiated by the glory of the angel appearing to the shepherds upon the plains of Bethlehem; or, pausing to admire anew the ethereal loveliness of the "Pleiades." In one of the smaller rooms his eye at once detected a bust of Sheridan, the work of Mr. Read himself, whose early predilection for sculpture now and then moved this versatile genius to try his "cunning hand."

"Ah!" cried the Prince in Italian, "that is the great General Americano—Sheridan. I know him; I saw him in Florence. Ah, it is very good—it is excellent! Will you tell me, Signor Read, the name of the artist?"

When Mr. Read, smiling, named himself in reply, the Prince caught his hand, exclaiming:

"*A poet—a painter—a sculptor!* Ah, gentlemen," to those around him, "I find we have a Michael Angelo in Signore Read."

Perhaps this was one of the most graceful compliments ever bestowed upon genius.

From this time Prince Humbert was constant in his attentions to Mr. Read, and shortly after this visit to his studio the artist-poet was invited to dine at the Quirinal Palace. The Princess Marguerite, with two of her ladies of honor, was present. Said the charming Princess, as Mr. Read was presented by the Prince, at the same time extending her hand:

"Ah, Signore Read, the Prince has the 'Star of Bethlehem' and the 'Pleiades' in photograph upon each side his dressing-glass, that he may see them the first thing in the morning; but I, Signore, have appropriated your beautiful poems to myself, for the Prince cannot read your language, and I translate your sweet thoughts to him."

Mr. Read was highly esteemed by many of the most strenuous adherents of Pius IX., although his faith in the cause of religious freedom was well known to them; and among his most agreeable associates, men of high culture and refinement, and who often joined the social circle, were those who held important positions in the Vatican Court. He rejoiced in the future of Italy. Hear his own words in his welcoming poem to Victor Emmanuel. At the fifth stanza he says:

"Italia through her hundred roads
Is marching into Rome;
She comes not as a conqueror,
But exile, welcomed home.

"For her the grand old mother
With new gladness wakes and thrills,
She garlands all her gateways,
And arrays her storied hills.

"The Palatine its laurel waves,
The Coelian spreads its oak,
While, with a shout, the Capitol
Throws down its ancient yoke.

"The Aventine o'er Tiber shakes
Its ivy banners free,
And the pines on high Janiculum
Look gladly to the sea.

"The garden on the Esquiline
A sweeter perfume flings,
And the steeds* upon the Quirinal
Leap up as they had wings."

And again, at the close of the poem, the author thus prophesies the grand future:

"At once behold brown Industry
Assails the fallow plain,
The factories wake, and commerce spreads
Her wings upon the main.

* The celebrated equestrian group upon the Quirinal Hill, said to be the work of Phidias.

"Behind its bars the press no more
Is doomed to bow and cringe;
The gate of old Intolerance
Swings on its rusty hinge.

"And Art, no longer forced to serve
At Superstition's shrine,
Brings forth a new-born retinue
To swell her royal line.

"Religion, rising from the dark,
Her chains to earth has hurled,
And simple Truth and Liberty
Untrammelled walk the world.

"*Viva! Viva! Italia!*
Her Union spreads abroad
The invincible light of Freedom
In the infallible light of God!"

The following extract is from a letter written to a cherished friend in Philadelphia, H. S. T. The letter has been published entire in the pages of the *Evening Bulletin* since the death of Mr. Read. This shows the man.

"I want to tell you now and solemnly that a deep sense of my duty to my God, as well as to my fellow-man, has gradually been descending upon me. And it is to me a source of infinite pleasure that I can look back upon all the poetry I have ever written, and find it contains no line breathing a doubt upon the blessed Trinity and the great redemption of man.

When I have written my verses, I have been alone with my own soul and with God, and not only dared not lie, but the inspiration of the truth was to me so beautiful that no unworthy thought ever dared obtrude itself upon the page. This was entirely owing to the goodness of God, who saw what was to be, and saved me from subsequent mortification and regret."

Said he to one who watched his dying bed, "*Am I in the garden now?*" Perhaps he already caught visions of that fairer land to which he was so rapidly hastening, and saw the "green pastures beside the still waters," inviting him to rest from his labors. Cleared from the film of death, his eyes might, even at that moment, have looked upon the never-fading flowers of Paradise!

In death—call it not *death*, but an entrance into a higher *life*—his features wore that calm repose foreshadowed in his own beautiful lines:

"We nightly *die* ourselves to sleep—
Then wherefore fear we death?
'Tis but a slumber still more deep,
And undisturbed by breath.
We daily waken to the light,
When morning walks her way,
Then wherefore doubt death's longer night
Will bring a brighter day?"

THE MYSTERY OF AN OLD MANOR HALL.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

IF hobbies are horses, Prudence Aubrey was the very queen of equestriennes. Her hobby was collecting, and she spent all her time and nearly all her income in giving this beloved steed free rein in every part of the country. Hobby-riding is held by Dr. John Brown to be quite as healthful as any other kind of horsemanship; and in indulging in it, Prudence had become as strong and beautiful a maiden as one might wish to see.

Regarding benevolently the feelings of

her friends, this damsel in outward equipment was delightfully modern and fashionable, but her soul was an antique. Prudence was the Nile-watching Sphinx, reappearing after thousands of years, clad in flesh instead of stone; wearing overskirts and ruffles, and dwelling in the domains of Uncle Sam, instead of Rameses.

We would like to show how her favorite mania developed in her early days in the collection of broken crockery, acorns, pebbles, scraps, and trash of all sorts, but

we forbear, remembering that in this she was by no means different from other juveniles.

Left an orphan at seventeen, having plenty of pocket-money, and liberty for the most part to do as she pleased, Prudence Aubrey set up first as an humble disciple of William Beckford, and collected everything that came in her way. A visitor of Beckford said of Fonthill Abbey that the variety of its curiosities was infinite, containing something in everybody's favorite line; so did this young woman's assortment in an humble way.

We opine that if our dear Prudence had been acquainted with that mysterious region the kitchen, she would have set up in her museum a department for singular sorts of pots and saucepans; however, a kitchen was to her a *terra incognita*.

Beginning her *omnium gatherum*, Prudence had for a while given her attention to beetles, and had gained great cards covered with shining scarabæi, neatly glued into position; she had yielded to the pursuit of butterflies, and her reward was a huge case, looking as if it held a shattered rainbow. She doted on varieties of wood, and secured them like Walter Scott, a twig here, and a twig there. She haunted bookstalls of a grimy and dilapidated character, and purchased volumes that looked as if they might be full of all manner of contagious diseases. Even human bones did not come amiss to this monomaniac; and in short, her room became such a collection of horrors, that the maids connected frightful legends with it, and could not be persuaded to spend sufficient time there to put it thoroughly in order; therefore, her only resource was, when dust accumulated, to move with all her museum to some recently renovated spot.

Pursuing still at twenty-five her chosen business of collecting, Prudence had found her best winded hobby, and devoted herself rather to antiquities than to natural sciences. Her specimens must now be as ancient as possible, and have a history of some sort, which she generally set forth in their label.

We would by no means hint that Miss

Aubrey's prizes in *bric a brac* bore the most remote likeness to that famous collection of John Allen of New York; but we aver that she had put into it as much "industry, care and enthusiasm" as did ever that venerable citizen.

And here we are forced to the mournful confession that the grand passion of our heroine sometimes verged toward kleptomania, and if she could not get her valuables by fair manœuvres, she did not hesitate long about using foul ones, believing that the end justified the means.

Prudence was now visiting in Philadelphia, at the house of her brother-in-law, John Pils, (who, we are happy to state, was most appropriately a doctor.)

It was the theory of John, as it was of the Apostle Paul, that young women should marry, guide the house, and so forth; and he was nourishing some indignation against Prudence that she retained so long her independent estate.

To express wrath in set terms to this maiden, was simply impossible; she was so bright-eyed, so merry, so deliciously unconscious of ever offending.

"I suppose," said Doctor Pils to Prudence, "that while you are here I must take you to see the Manor Hall; Anna, my wife, tells me that it will just suit you."

"I wonder if I could get any relics," said Prudence, pursuing her especial idea.

"I wish you could give up your passion for relics, Prudence; I am sure you have enough of them to satisfy any reasonable person. I would rather see you painting in water-colors, or making tatting!"

"Why did you not say, doing embroidery? Then you would have left me no loophole of escape; for water-color painting and embroidery are both ancient arts, practised by the Egyptians, and I do dote on antiquity! As for tatting, it is a modern invention, and most absurd. I am convinced that my mission on earth is to be a collector. As to the Manor Hall, what is to be seen there? How old is it? Are there any ghosts belonging to it?"

"It is two hundred years old, and there are plenty of ghost stories; every old house has them, airy nothings."

"Charming. What else?"

"Why, Nollet, the Indian chief, was buried there. Some villain has broken open his grave."

"Splendid! Are there any bones lying about, doctor?"

"Bones?" Would you carry off some if there were?"

"Surely. You have no idea of the strength of my ruling proclivity. There is a shop on Eighth street which I never pass without breaking the tenth commandment, and only the window glass prevents my breaking the eighth."

"You are far gone indeed. Unless you take care you will end your days in a lunatic asylum. You ought to marry, Prudence; and, speaking of this, your sister tells me that you have kept a gentleman, Mr. Walford, waiting for three months for your reply to an offer of marriage. Now, Prudence, is that a proper, a kind, or a respectful way, to treat any man?"

"What does he bother me for, then," said Prudence, with an accession of pink in her round cheek. "Don't he know perfectly well that my whole soul is set on getting together a fine museum, and that I am so busy looking up curiosities that I cannot stop to determine whether I like him or not?"

"No; there is not a man living who would appreciate such a ridiculous state of mind."

"Tom, does," said Prudence; "he is as much of an antiquarian as I am."

Doctor Pils laughed aloud at this antiquarian, wearing little boots of the legitimate "pebbled goat," and whose white arms were set off with flowing sleeves, delicate Honiton, and gold bracelets.

"I don't mind if I tell you how I became acquainted with Tom Walford," said Prudence; "it was quite in my line, in fact an affair of a skeleton, old bones, and all that."

"Really, I am honored by your confidence," said Doctor Pils, settling himself to hear something which promised to be more congenial than the general line of Miss Prudence's observations.

"A year ago," began Miss Aubrey,

carefully studying the pattern of her lace, "I was visiting in a part of Ohio where there are mounds; real mysterious, unexplainable mounds. I went to spend the night with a friend, and met at her house an old gentleman, who, singularly enough, discerned my taste for antiquities."

"Prudence," cried the doctor, "it is a lovely afternoon, let us walk over to the Manor Hall, while you are telling me this exceedingly interesting story."

"How do you know that it is interesting until you hear it?" demanded Prudence, tying on her hat.

"All love tales are so—even the loves of antiquarians," replied the doctor, and, as they set out on their walk, he added, "I see nothing singular in that old gentleman's discovering your pet idiosyncrasy; you are forever making it known; you no sooner open your lips than out comes something to indicate this—this remarkable mental bias."

"However that may be," continued Prudence, amiably, "this old gentleman informed me that he could tell me where to find a great pleasure. An Indian mound had been opened on an adjacent farm, and he understood that relics had been discovered in it. The excavations had been made the preceding day, as I understood, by an elderly man, living with the land owner, who was happy enough to have mounds in his possession. The old gentleman further acquainted me with various singular facts concerning mounds. He said to open one is merely a respectable way of committing suicide; the Vandal who thus disturbs the monuments of the past immediately dying. My hostess combatted this theory by mentioning people who had opened mounds and lived; but the old gentleman made it plain that those were exceptions and not the rule. He also told me of axe heads, bits of metal, isinglass, spear points, and shells, found in these tumuli; and stated that a large one had been opened in Marietta, Ohio, in the centre of which was a huge lump of clay, lying as the hub of a wheel, from which burial places diverged like so many spokes; this lump of clay being broken,

was found tenanted by a living toad, which *howled* its dissatisfaction at being disturbed in the sleep of centuries."

"Howled?" cried Doctor Pils. "A toad *howl*?"

"My friend objected, as you do, to the expression; but the deponent remarked that, 'if it didn't howl, it *breathed*,' and he had it in his hand. We see, then, doctor, that a toad in a mound is the true antitype of the famous Sleeping Beauty, so much be-sung and be-written by poets and fabulists. Our informant told us, furthermore, that his brother became owner of this toad, for which he would not have taken five hundred dollars; my hostess, like yourself, lacked antiquarian instinct, and protested that she would not give five dollars for the oldest toad that ever existed. This remarkable sample of *Batrachia* was stolen from its proud possessor."

"A great pity," said the doctor, drily.

"I thought so," returned Prudence, frankly. "I would have liked the opportunity of stealing it for myself. Of course I was anxious to see the mound, and, as no one at my friend's shared my curiosity, I went alone next day to the place indicated. The mound was some twenty-odd feet long and high, by fifteen wide. There was a large stump on the summit of it. On the west of this stump the explorer had begun his trench, making it some eighteen inches wide, and carrying it down the side of the knoll. He had struck upon a stone arch, and from thence widened his trench to three feet, so that one could walk in it easily; he had then removed part of this ancient mason work and laid bare a cavity, in which some unknown sachem had been, like the toad, asleep for some hundreds of years.

"When I reached the mound all was perfectly quiet. About the opening lay shells and bits of bone; the place was evidently deserted. I had come in my most compact array, intent on explorations, and I determined to penetrate these recesses, if perchance I might get a valuable souvenir. An opening from the beginning of the trench descended perpendicularly, and was a sort of skylight

to this queer old tomb. I took my hat in my hand, gathered my dress close, and went down into the dwelling of the dead. I had hoped to see a ghost, the spirit of the defunct chief, bewailing his desecrated ashes. Instead of this I found a stwart young man, comfortably seated on the spot whence he had removed the skull. I regret to say that this explorer was solacing himself then and there with bread and cheese.

He made me welcome. I sat down where the toes of the ancient had crumbled to dust, and having inspected my fellow-searcher after relics, found that he was a good-looking and most attractive gentleman. Doing the hospitalities of the tomb, he offered me bread and cheese, which I ate in a spirit of harmony. I made known what I had come for, and he explained that he had been boarding at the farm for the sole purpose of opening mounds. We exchanged a list of our curiosities; he showed me how he had found the skeleton, lying due north and south, and that under the skull lay a heap of small charred bones, as of some animal offered in sacrifice. He even gave me my choice of fragments among the bones he had collected.

"Of course I saw that he was a kindred soul, a cognate of the ancients. We have since been the best of friends; have shared information and specimens, and got on delightfully until he began to make love to me."

"Indeed!" said Dr. Pils. "Well, this is a story of love and dry bones, sure enough. It is very fitting that you, forever grubbing among reliquaries with their tokens of the past, should find your lover in the grave of an Indian chief. Take my advice; leave your collecting mania, and marry."

Prudence shook her lovely head.

"He is every way eligible; good morals, good manners, good family, good fortune; but I had about made up my mind to die a spinster, possessor of a world-famous museum. Besides, doctor, you know during the tulip mania in Holland, marriages were made with the sole view of bringing divers rival bulbs into one family; and I have wondered whether

Tom Walford does not want my *collection* as much as he wants me."

"Jealous! jealous! as I live, of these very *disjecta membra* which you have been at so great pains to gather," cried the doctor. "But, Prudence, I am horrified at your cool manner of mentioning rifling graves and gathering bones."

"Satan reproving sin!" laughed Prudence. "Who but a doctor is guilty of studying his fellow mortals in the shape of *cadavera*?"

"That is for the sake of science," protested Doctor Pils.

"~~So~~ am I laboring in behalf of science," said Prudence. "But now, if my antiquarian instinct does not deceive me, we have reached the entrance of the old Manor Hall."

The doctor held open the great gate for Prudence. She began at once a swift but critical examination of the premises.

Here is ~~obviously~~ a fine opportunity for hinting ~~at~~ a presentiment. But adhering strictly to truth, we can only chronicle that no coming events cast their shadows before upon the jubilant spirits of our Prudence.

The doctor walked on by himself, muttering:

"Bless my soul! If that is not an innovation on the popular idea of a love story; finding a lover in a tomb, eating bread and cheese! And she thinks he is after her treasures of antiquity! Well, few as pretty girls would take such a perfectly humble view of the affair."

"Doctor!" cried Prudence, running up and pulling at his coat sleeve, "do look at these bricks in the walk; there is such a queer mark on every one."

"They were brought from England. The mark, as you will see, is the impress of the maker's hand, as he turned the bricks when they were in a soft state."

"Only to think," said Prudence, "here is the imprint of a hand that has been dust these hundred and fifty years at least. How each of these cheap things has outlasted its maker. I wonder if he thought that he was leaving a trace of himself, to be seen by so many eyes in so many years!"

"Probably the brick-maker was not given to romancing," said Doctor Pils.

Prudence stooped down, and put her little hand into the ancient mark; it didn't fit.

"And look at the door step," cried Miss Aubrey, "it is like three millstones of different sizes, piled up and bound with iron. How many feet have gone over those great stones; little children and old people; beauty, virtue, deviltry incarnate; brides and pall-bearers; besides all the revolutionary heroes, doubtless. Ah, see that woodbine, it looks nearly as old as the house!"

Prudence twisted off a twig, and put it in her waist-ribbon.

"There, this is a real English holly, brought from the ancestral home beyond the water." She put a sprig with her woodbine. "What ranges of sheds, offices, and granaries; everything for substantial comfort!"

Doctor Pils rapped on the back door; it was opened by a peony-faced woman, the tenant in charge, who readily consented to show them over the house.

This first room, which may have been the kitchen, was wainscoted to the ceiling with oak panels. The visitors passed through a hall to a longer room, the old dining saloon; thence to a front parlor, where was a huge iron fireplace for wood, with an iron hearth sweeping into the room like the half of a mill-wheel. Between this chamber and its counterpart, occupying the other half of the house front, was a large square hall, wainscoted, and having a brick paved floor, worn smooth and shining by the tread of feet. All the windows had cozy seats built in them.

We cannot say whether or not Prudence thought that one of them would just hold herself and Tom Walford, sitting to discuss the antiquities of the habitation.

"Would you be pleased to walk up stairs?" said the peony-faced woman.

The stairway was very broad, winding up into the third story. Said Prudence:

"It is wide enough for a lady in full dress to come down escorted by her cavalier. Let us imagine how those old-time

dames looked in wide hoops, brocaded petticoats, and long satin trains; hair powdered and puffed over a pillow; down cushions in their sleeves, short waists, low, square cut necks, high-heeled slippers, and clocked stockings; jewels in plenty, as became ladies of high degree; necklaces, rings, buckles in shoe and belt, and watches round and large as ordinary turnips. No oriole, though! The lace, too, I should like to have seen it; if I had been rich enough, I think I would have taken to laces, like Mrs. Bury Pallisser! Then the gentlemen in wigs, short swords, knee-breeches, red, blue, orange, and white; ribbons, frills, and buckles. O doctor, don't you believe that this old house at night is full of the gorgeous apparitions of these fine people of the olden time?"

"If it is, I would not like to sleep here," said Doctor John, with gravity.

"I would, of all things. Ah, I wish I could stay here of a night, all alone by myself," cried the hapless Prudence.

The second story contained five rooms, and the large hall, from which the broad, memory-thronged stair-case ascended still. In the two rooms on the left hand were large chimney pieces, and fireplaces set about with small square porcelain tiles, each bearing a Scripture scene, in blue and white.

To Prudence these tiles were enchanting in their very hideousness. They had no more perspective nor artistic merit than Chinese productions; the legs and arms of the figures were put on in hardy defiance of the profession of Dr. Pils; Dame Nature would never have recognized a particle of landscape or vegetation. Here, to the contemplative eye of a dreamer before the winter fire, were set forth Samson slaying the lion, and David demolishing Goliath; the fall of Dagon; the amazed Balaam and his rarely gifted ass; Gideon and his fleece; Jephtha meeting his child; Ruth gleaning; Absalom swinging by long locks, causing one to wonder why he did not cleave them off with the sword hung conspicuously at his side; Judith holding Holofernes' head; Isaac meeting his wife; Jacob falling in love with a

hideous Rebecca; frightful old elders, with blue eyes, admiring a blue-haired Susannah; Daniel, in blue, before a Nebuchadnezzar who was a veritable Bluebeard; and Elijah by the brook in the blues indeed! Such were these precious tiles, and they awoke the cupidity of Prudence Aubrey.

The second of these fascinating fireplaces had lost some half dozen of its ornaments, and Prudence surreptitiously sounded the porcelain squares to see how firm they were, and examined the dividing lines. In the third room the tiles were plain white china.

Up now into the third story; here was the old-time linen room, suggesting goodly piles of sheets and pillow-cases laid up in lavender, dozens of fleecy, rose-bordered blankets, and pairs of French counterpanes, awakening housewifely instincts. Here still were queer and unexpected windows, each having the inviting seat, where one might rest and view the landscape. There was the housekeeper's room with its closets, and servants' dormitories in plenty. A stairway in the wall went up to the roof, where people might climb who desired a wide out-look.

The house having been explored, Prudence and her brother-in-law returned to the garden. Its beauty had departed. There were some unclipped evergreens, some long depressions where paths had been, a rotten ruin once an arbor, scrawny rose bushes, half wild descendants of royal flowers. Verily it was the Icha-bod of parterres!

"Doctor," said Prudence, when the door was shut, "I mean to have a tile."

"But how? They are all fast, and none of them yours."

"I'll break one off some day, see if I don't."

"But that would be sheer vandalism."

"All the same, I'll have one, sure."

"What! plunder the place, after the kindness shown in permitting us to visit it?"

"I cannot live without one of those tiles. A blue tile is at present the object of my life."

"Well, I *am* amazed. The family graveyard and vault lie just on the brow

of this hill, on the other side of the garden fence; I had meant to go there; but in your present frame of mind you would be ready to desecrate the last home of humanity."

"Certainly, for a blue tile, or anything else worth having in a museum," retorted Prudence, moving with alacrity toward the spot indicated.

"Mark my words, Prudence," said her brother, following, and speaking with the solemnity becoming a prophet, "if you continue this desperate and unreasonable pursuit of curiosities, you will one day meet some terrible misfortune."

"I dote on the terrible and on tiles," said Prudence.

"Consider, you may incur a judgment such as has turned people's hair white in a night," said the doctor, intensifying the pathos of his tone.

"That's better than having it get white by degrees. Transition states are odious. It would be worth while to be very aged, it is distressing to be growing old. The hair in those tiles is indigo blue. I'll have one!"

"Prudence," cried the doctor, in the manner of a judge delivering an obituary notice to a prisoner at the bar, "do be warned in time of the dangers of self-will."

"Doctor," said the young lady, standing on her tiptoes in front of the sage, and dancing along backwards, "doctor, hear me! A blue and white tile out of that front room chimney is indispensable to my future happiness. You may talk of reason; what is reason to a fixed resolution? You may talk of contentment with present possessions; contentment is a vile experience compared with the glowing ambition of a true collector! You may talk of what you call honesty; what is honesty compared to a blue and white tile for one's private museum? Nonsense; I will not hear of it!"

Then Prudence turned, waved her little fist toward the old Manor Hall, and apostrophized the unconscious peony-faced woman, "A tile, or your life!" As she did so, she came to a stand against the iron fence of the garden. Beyond this lay a substantial stone wall, old, smooth,

without a cranny open, rounded on the top, and as high as the eyes of Prudence, even when she stood on tiptoe. However, there was a gate, and the doctor had the key, borrowed of the human peony.

The graves of a household. You could trace the marriages and intermarriages of this family as easily on these white head-stones as you can follow up noble people in the book of the peerage. The brides who had blushed, the babes who had laughed and cried in the old Manor Hall, had come here at last, laid asleep in narrow beds under "low green tents."

Thus, one by one, the inhabitants of the Manor Hall had been carried out of the familiar doors, across the garden, and laid down here within a stone's throw of their kindred yet in the flesh. The song, the laugh, the echo of voices in the home forever floating out over those who should hear and reply no more.

"Some," said the doctor, "would think it melancholy to have their dead buried so near them. It would shadow their golden summers to see the grave-stones glimmer through the rose blossoms. You, sister Prudence, are not likely to have any ultra sentimentality about it, if you can make love and eat bread and cheese in graves."

"As to that, doctor," replied Prudence, "a great mound, the relic of an unknown race and age, does not appeal to one as do other burial places. Indian mounds and Westminster Abbey may be called the two extremes of mortuary structures, and both are looked at as, in some sort, curiosity shops. But," and Prudence's face grew grave and tender, "I do like to see graves of a family made near their dwelling. These white head-stones do not have for me the terror they convey to many."

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who hopeless lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!"

Doctor Pils had reached a flight of stone steps going down the abrupt side of the hill on which this small cemetery

had been laid out. He gave Prudence his hand to assist her, and passing around an enormous tree, they came to a low arched door-way, and immediately entered a large vault. The floor was the damp earth; in the mason work of the ceiling were set strong hooks on which, perhaps, to hang lanterns, but the labors which would have required the light were ended forever. The vault was so large that at least twenty persons could have stood in it to watch funeral obsequies. On either side three flat stones set in the wall showed where coffins had been sealed up. The central niche on the right had been the burial place of the Indian chieftain, Nollet, and here some heathen had removed the stone and made an excavation, whether with the result of finding coffin or bones, cannot be known. The great tree outside had sent a root across the opening thus laid bare. Prudence reached her arm into the cavity, but felt only the moist chill earth.

"Come," said the worthy doctor, "it is damp in here, and you have seen all that is to be seen. Let us go; you have visited a very old family mansion, and may weave whatever romance you choose about it, although it has not afforded you a relic."

"It will do that, though, before I let the matter drop," said Prudence, setting her lips firmly. "I shall have a tile."

"The pursuit of—let us say tiles—under difficulties, may result in great trouble," said Doctor Pils.

"Nothing venture, nothing have," retorted Prudence; "and I tell you that I value my curiosities in proportion to the trouble it costs me to obtain them."

If that were the case, the blue and white tile was about to prove a treasure indeed.

If Prudence had said she would do anything, that formed an ample reason for doing it. She had a resolution that mocked at obstacles in matters great or small.

The Sphinx has stared the Nile out of countenance, and puzzled all humanity for ages; if Prudence had avowed herself ready to do the same, she might probably have accomplished it. Instead

of any such mighty resolves, she had now merely set her mind on secretly obtaining a blue and white china chimney tile.

The following day she explored her sister's establishment, and possessed herself of an old *case-knife*, with the half of the blade gone, which she laid up in readiness for a return to the Manor Hall.

Doctor Pils, retaining a philanthropist's interest in her love affair, privately besought her, a few evenings after, to set the heart of Tom Walford at rest, by a letter, inviting him to come and receive a favorable answer to his proposal.

"I can't worry over that just now," said Miss Prudence; "not until that tile is safe in my possession."

"Now Prudence, if that bit of china is all that stands in your way, I'll get you one; I can go to the owner of the Manor Hall, or to the tenant in charge, and beg or buy one."

"That would never do," said Miss Aubrey. "What if you should be refused? I said I meant to get one for myself, and so I shall; I am making my plans. If you bought one it would rob the curiosity of half its interest."

"Have your way, wilful woman," quoth the doctor. And her way came in a wholly unexpected manner.

A party of friends were promised at the doctor's for a visit, and a few days after their arrival Prudence gave them an animated description of the Manor Hall, and proposed that they should visit it on a pleasant afternoon. It was a day when her brother-in-law was unusually busy; his wife went with her guests, and the enthusiastic Prudence was the head and life of the party.

Prudence was in royal good spirits; she had elaborated her tile-procuring plan, she had her knife in her pocket, and she would go home and flaunt her trophy in the face of her brother-in-law. But after that, why he, most persistent and provoking of men, would begin about Tom Walford again! Well, and if he did, there were two or three things Prudence could say about that; besides very likely the best end of all would be to answer "yes" to Tom. He had some very good specimens of antiques

in his museum, said this plausible Miss Prudence to herself, by no means admitting, even in her own mind, that it was Tom Walford the man, rather than the antiquarian, who dwelt in the thoughts of Miss Aubrey.

Prudence had made a plan and she had prepared for a contingency. If her plan failed in any point, she was ready, like a good general, to turn defeat to victory. To help matters, she had on the way to the house, been extolling the glorious view from the roof.

Miss Aubrey first led her friends to indulge, like Hervey, in a meditation among the tombs, thus giving them a chance to immortalize themselves, as he had done. They simply read the names and dates, and chattered like swallows. In the vault they cried out against the dampness, and hinted of goblins; the dearest wish of Prudence at that instant, would have been accomplished, if a goblin had appeared. She got all of such apparitions she wanted within the next twenty-four hours.

When they returned to the Manor Hall, Prudence amiably remarked to the Peony, that as she knew the house she would escort the party over it, and save Peony the trouble of going up stairs. She meant boldly to break off a tile, binding her company to silence. Perhaps the warder of this castle surmised a design against her china, for she stoutly asserted her willingness to accompany the visitors to the very roof.

Be it remembered that this woman and her husband, a farm laborer, lived alone in three of the first-floor rooms of Manor Hall, and Mr. Peony being about his work, madame, his wife, remained during the day sole garrison of the ancient mansion.

As the strangers ascended the wide staircase, Prudence lingered behind, her hand in her pocket touching the broken case-knife, and the thought paramount in her brain that she *would* have that tile before she left the Manor.

Undoubtedly she got it. But how, O Prudence, how?

When the second and third stories of Manor Hall had been explored, Miss

Aubrey's friends made ready to go up for the famous prospect from the house-top. Prudence tarried until all, including Mistress Peony, were on the stairs.

"Prudence!" cried her sister Anna.

"Go on," called Prudence, cheerily; "I will not go up to-day, I have a fine seat on this window-sill."

No sooner was the coast clear than Prudence flew down stairs, and entering the front room, applied her knife to a square of porcelain, whereon was depicted the stoning of Stephen. The proto-martyr was of the same cerulean tint as the sky and the angels waiting to receive him; he was being plentifully treated to huge masses of indigo, thrown by Pharisees, who were very blue, as indeed they should be, over their future prospects. Prudence got this precious bit of art off entire, put it and the knife in her pocket, and hastened up the stairs to the window seat she had mentioned. Unfortunately she saw a recess with a door leading from it—a queer, cobwebby, ill-looking nook, just the grimy hiding place for mouldy treasures of antiquity! Foolish as Fatima, Prudence resolved to carry on her good deeds in Manor Hall by exploring that closet. She found herself in a long cell running into the thick wall; there were some empty shelves high up, and on one a brown heap that seemed to be made of two or three ragged and dog-eared duodecimos.

Perhaps some long-forgotten family journal, diary of hopes, loves and disappointments, now blessedly laid asleep in in yonder vault. Perhaps an ancient housekeeper's book, with old-style recipes, bills of fare, expenses, wages, purchases, showing how they lived, how they entertained their friends, and what viands they set before General Washington, old Ben Franklin, the Marquis La Fayette, false Arnold while he yet stood well, and such notables as Alexander Hamilton, Lord Stirling, and Greene, with all that other band of worthies whose faces or signatures we may see in the historic State House.

Standing on tiptoe to get at these treasures, and to do her justice, fully expecting to ask Mistress Peony to allow

her to examine them at home, Prudence heard her gay comrades descending the stairs.

Not liking to be caught in the closet and laughed at, Miss Aubrey impulsively pulled the door shut. The party heard it, but thought it was the wind's work.

They came down calling Prudence.

They concluded she had returned to the first floor.

Prudence was quite silent, intending to let them go on, and then follow them.

When the laughing group had passed out of hearing, Miss Aubrey, having secured the dusty books, tried to open the closet door; she could find neither latch nor handle! She felt all over the door and wall; not a protuberance so big as a nail-head presented itself.

In nervous excitement she felt again and again, wildly remembering the men of Sodom, blinded by the angels, and unable for a Syrian night to find the door they sought. She strove to shake it, but that wretched panel, firm as the wall, would not move.

She cried out at the very top of her voice, but she felt the sound shut in by those thick walls returning on herself. She knocked on the wall, but that was folly.

She wondered if she would soon smother in this cell, and frantic at the idea, she stepped along its length and breadth. There was air enough, such as it was; it was indeed no worse than the black hole of Calcutta.

She was sure her friends would return to look for her; her strained ears seemed to catch faint echoes of her name sounding here and there. She "called aloud," as eagerly as that singular boy, Casabianca, but like him, got no satisfaction.

Weak and trembling at this new experience in her curiosity-hunting, Prudence sat upon the closet floor.

Then it came into her mind that she had engaged to spend a night with a friend on the other side of the city, and had warned her companions that she could not stay too long at Manor Hall, or she would be late for the car which was to take her to fill her engagement.

How often had she started away on

visits without informing any one of her intention; now they would think she had done the same thing again, through her false notions of independence, and had hurried away without the grace of asking to be excused.

Ah! this is what happened to people who did not heed the rules of society; they got shut up in closets, and nobody cared!

Perhaps if her company returned with Anna, easy in their minds about the erratic Prudence, Mrs. Peony might come up stairs and hear her calls.

But had not this woman said that she never went about the Manor alone, "being timorsome of uncanny sights supposed to be there," and that sometimes for three weeks or a month, she never penetrated to the second story; and here was Prudence, in a dim closet on the third floor! It would be the most natural thing in the world for her relatives to give themselves no trouble on her behalf for the next two or three days; she was so accustomed to go here and there without rendering any account of herself.

In that hour of distress Prudence resolved never again to behave after that fashion; she would make her plans known, and teach people to take an interest in her whereabouts.

"If I were married," thought the miserable Prudence, "I would know my husband would look me up at once; he would never leave the Manor until he found me."

To be sure, she had in her pocket two musty books and a tile, but what is a china tile to a person suddenly incarcerated without the comfort of a jailor, the benefit of *habeas corpus*, or any expectation of even so much as the least morsel of prisoner's fare, or any other viands.

Prudence began to calculate how long she could hope to live without food, drink, or fresh air. She called to her mind the painful experience of the lovely Venetian bride, who on her wedding-day accidentally shut herself in a big chest, where she turned to a relic, and was found some two hundred years after, a choice collection of bones, precious stones, and mouldered velvet.

Would some antiquary of a hundred years hence penetrate this closet, make prey of Miss Aubrey's remains, and carry a joint of her finger, a bit of her watch-chain, and a malachite button from her gown, as treasures for his museum? At such direful thoughts the usually lively and dashing Prudence Aubrey beat the immoveable door until her little fists were bruised, and screamed until her musical tones were hoarse as the croak of a raven.

We, not being imprisoned with our heroine, may go down stairs, and hear the party wondering mildly over her disappearance, concluding she had found it time to hasten to meet her friends; remarking that Prudence "did such singular things;" Mrs. Pils gently wishing that "she didn't do so;" and one and all leaving the Manor Hall, and going home in a comfortable state of mind.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Peony sat on the doorstep, to darn a huge black stocking, and her thoughts partaking of the lugubrious hue of her work, she mused thus:

"Well! may be that young lady *did* go off home alone. But I have heard of a ghost in Manor Hall, that spirits off people to the vault, and buries 'em. So now! there's ghosts and ghostesses mayhap, and more queer doings in this world than people like to make mention of. I heard a deal about this place before I came here, but I must say for Manor Hall, that I never saw nor knew a thing in it out of the common line. If I had, I'd leave. O yes, I hope she's all right; I expect she is. I'd *know* it, if I saw it."

Meanwhile, good Mrs. Peony was careful to keep on her outer step in the sunshine, and in hearing of passers-by, until her husband came from work, and she had then to rattle among her pots and pans, getting supper.

All this time Prudence was in durance vile, above stairs.

Shut up for two hours in a darkness like the ninth plague of Egypt, Prudence had exhausted herself by calling aloud, and by pushing against the door. She now sat with her head on her knees, and through her excited brain hummed all that she had ever read or heard that bore on her present condition. The old song of

"The misletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch graced the old oak wall,"

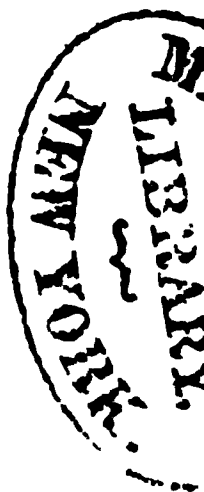
wailed in her head like a dirge. The beloved legend of childhood, of Fatima the venturesome, and Sister Anna watching on the parapet for help, came to her in every minute particular. Miss Aubrey's sister Anna, instead of looking for aid, was doubtless now discoursing sweet music on her piano, and edifying her guests with the strains of

"On yonder rock reclining."

But even in her misery, Prudence was ready to be just, and admitted that this negligence was rather her own fault than her sister's.

Prudence had read of the Waldenses in their famous cave; indeed she had meant at some day to go to Switzerland and break a bit of rock from that memorable spot; but she was fain to consider herself worse off than these heroes of the faith, because they were many—she was alone, no one to solace her in misfortune. Then, there was the account of a hundred prophets in a cavern, in the land of Israel; but Obadiah visited them, bringing food; no one would come to her. People had been lost in the catacombs; others had wandered into the Mammoth Cave and never came back; some had been cast on desert islands and had met worse luck than Alexander Selkirk; but was it not far more bitter to be imprisoned in a dark closet, in reach of help, and yet beyond the possibility of it; to count one's days and know them few, each more wretched than the one before, and ending in a horrible death; to die of thirst, even while hearing rain patter on the shingles; to choke for air while the winds were souging about within three feet of you; to be hidden from sunlight while it burned the roof above your head; to starve within a furlong of waving corn and blushing fruits!

Misery made Prudence dull and half unconscious for a while. Then she roused herself and considered that she must have been at least twenty-four hours in the closet. It was time to do something; she would not die without an effort for freedom. She stood up,



and reaching high and stooping low, felt over the walls of her prison. She spent some minutes trying to wrench the shelf from its place, but could not move it, as it was so far over her head; the base-board proved equally obstinate. There was a nail in the wall, which, with a feverish desire to do something, she worked out and put in her pocket, a receptacle where she was wont to store away small possessions, in the fashion of a school-boy. The nail clinked on her tile. In these two hours the value of that curiosity was wonderfully lessened. Another long fit of despondency indulged in, lying on the floor. O for Tom Walford, that famous man, who could penetrate into the heart of an Indian mound and unearth a skeleton! Why had she not married Tom? Then she would not have been imprisoned like this, with no one to care for it.

Ah, she had hugged her idea of independence and self-sufficiency; she had prated of women's rights; what use of claiming women's rights for a small muscled creature, who could not get out of a closet when she was shut in!

What had this closet been made for? Was it built for the timely restraint of refractory servants or children? or had it been predestined and made, two centuries ago, solely for the destruction of Prudence Aubrey, maiden antiquarian? Brother John, your warnings have all come true.

Then, as drowning people think of everything, Prudence thought of her precious museum, about to be scattered to the four winds, no one mindful of its value. She had not even time to make a will, bequeathing it to Tom Walford. But what would Tom do with it? He would go and marry some yellow-curved creature who had no soul for antiquities, and Tom's romping children would tear her treasures to pieces. The little Hindoo gods would get their heads broken; the bones would be scattered; the remnants of mummies would go into the dust-bin; the Aztec remains would be built up in play-houses; the papers and parchments of the days of Elizabeth would be tied over the mouths of preserve jars! She must

make another effort. Prudence was as given to efforts as Mrs. Chick.

She started up and went about her prison on tiptoe, feeling the walls. Why, here was a hole, far up in a corner where a bit of plaster had been broken. Prudence thrust in her hand and it went against a chimney. She made her boots and dress into a bundle that she might raise herself a few inches by standing on it. Thus elevated, she broke off scraps of the wall and flung them down by the chimney space in the partition. Then she got three bits of loose brick, and dropped two of them, rattling as they went, every sound waking a thought of calling attention, and so escaping. The third morsel of brick she kept, and for half an hour hammered the chimney monotonously; it sounded like spirit-rappings, and Prudence, as she hammered, kept thinking of those manifestations; satisfied that no spirit ever had such need or right to rap as she herself.

Finding the hammering ineffectual, Prudence laid her quarter of a brick on the floor and sat down to rest, and to anthemetize the sound sleep of toilers like Mr. and Mrs. Peony.

Too tired to reach up to that hole again very soon, Prudence then took the brick and, as she sat, beat a tattoo on walls, floor and base-board.

Then she had an inspiration. She leaped up, clasped her hands into the broken place, by main strength pulled herself up until her mouth lay at the opening, and then she shrieked down it, varying her screams, trying every note in the gamut of agony and despair. What sounds were then in that chimney! It was enough to terrify even Prudence herself. A pack of starved wolves on the scent; a leash of sleuth-hounds in full cry; a grand chorus of all the owls that ever hooted; a full orchestra of asses; the bellowings of Polyphemus; the unearthly noises of the harpies; limbo let loose; the black air full of demons, drawn back to the abyss by some infinite decree; all these seemed set free in that wall and chimney, evoked by the larum of Miss Aubrey.

Prudence might have been willing, in

the circumstances, to pursue this study of acoustics indefinitely, but she was limited by the failing of her strength. There came a moment when she could no longer hang on the wall, shrilling into echoing space, and she dropped exhausted upon the floor. Now she became stoical in the excess of her misery. She placed her bundle for a pillow, laid herself down, decently composed her clothing, and folded her arms over her chest; she had, for the time, made up her mind to die, and she meant to do it as soon as possible.

But death does not come obediently at the beck of strong young people, who have lived moderately, kept good hours, had a hobby to ride, and have ridden it in the open air.

Mental and bodily exhaustion delivers such happy persons over to a semi-consciousness which they may deem precursor of death, but which is really nature's restorative process.

As Prudence lay thus, she lost knowledge of her present position; she was in the Manor Hall, but no longer in the dark closet. The partitions had melted away, she had the range of the house, it was night time, and all the spirits that throng old houses and are invisible in the day, were out in full power. The house walls became transparent; one could, at a glance, see all that passed without and within. Round and around the mansion went a sturdy figure in a blouse, leather breeches and wooden shoes, with a cap on his head. He bent down, laying his thick horny hand in the print in the bricks—it filled them exactly; then he laughed, and with marvellous ease turned the imbedded bricks, and lo, another hand print was on the under side, and he laid his fingers in it, chuckling, and left that side uppermost for the coming day. Thus this ancient brickmaker had been preserving traces of himself for two centuries. Prudence wondered if they did so at the Pyramids, and what singular multitudes thus thronged the mighty cone of Cheops.

A little maiden of eight summers, an old-style child, in a stiff gold-colored brocade, with high red-heeled slippers,

tripped along the walk, and stopping at the woodbine, touched its root. Then under her fingers it dwindled into a little slip just planted, and before her sweet eyes grew swiftly as Jonah's gourd, and draped the southwest corner of the Manor Hall. Then the little maiden returned to an upper room, laid by the gold brocade and the high-heeled slippers, clad herself all in white, and with a lily in her hand went meekly over the hillside and down to the vault doorway. There some gray-haired retainers in black laid her in a niche, walled up her grave, and filled the vault with sobs; but there was singing in the air overhead.

After this there stood at the vault door a tall dame in black, who had forgotten how to smile. She visited much the holly tree, and gathered its thorny leaves, and berries like blood drops, valuing them more than flowers, and used them to deck her room on Good Friday. This woman in black had no heart; she had buried it with the little maiden who planted the woodbine; and by-and-by those retainers unsealed the burial place, and laid her in with the small maid, and there were no sobs in the vault, but the singing went on overhead.

Then all the mansion blazed with wax candles; there was a feast spread in the dining saloon, and guests crowded in the parlors; the brick-paved hall was full of gentlemen wearing swords, cocked hats, wide shirt frills, and very gay attire. An upper room opened and a sweet perfume of many rare essences stole out, precursor of a most lovely bride, who outshone all the maidens who escorted her. Prudence saw how her rich lace veil swept to her feet; how her train was lined with white velvet; how she had necklace, zone, bracelets, and ear-jewels of pearls set in yellow gold, and on her bosom glowed a diamond, as if a star had lost its way and taken refuge there.

Prudence noticed how the prim garden was illuminated; how the guests feasted, danced and congratulated. She wondered if this woman's future would be as bright as her bridal.

She had time to see. Phantom nursemaids began to carry spirit babies about

the house; the bride, grown older and more demure, put costly caps on these baby-heads, gold chains on their necks, and gold bands in their sleeves; gave them coral and silver rattles to play with, kissed them, and was proud of them. But the babies, one and another, went through the garden, over the hillside, and nestled down under the grass, seeming to court rather the brown earth than their mother's bosom.

By-and-by a pair of quaint twin babies came; had no drawings to the hillocks so near at hand; trotted about merrily, grew and grew, were man and woman at last, and when the whilom bride and groom sat wearing cap and spectacles at the side of the wide fire-place, these younger two brought home one a wife, and the other a husband. But by the time another spectral nurse and babe appeared, the strong young man was carried in, wearing a blue coat with a bullet hole through the breast, and making no tarrying, was taken out the further door, and hidden in the vault beneath the hill.

Prudence saw the heroes of old time, the men who projected and established the Republic of the West. She heard them utter fears which were never realized, and hopes which have become realities. She saw also plenty of red-coated men, who fought very well for their king, but not so well as men who were spurred on by absolute certainty that they must conquer or die.

Under the oldest trees, wandering on the hills, regarding the Manor Hall with a melancholy but not an angry gaze, she saw also the lithe figure of a famous Indian chief; he loved his paint and feathers, his bow and arrows, and all his wild life and attire; but he yielded little by little to the example and persuasions of his pale-faced friends. He brought them game for their table; he smoked his pipe by their fire; he looked with tenderness on their children. He, too, was carried with all due respect, and buried in the family vault with those whose name he had assumed.

And now, as the elfin hours of their life grew shorter, these shades of the past crowded faster and closer about the

scenes of their living in the flesh. Each spectre in his part and act revealed the darling ambition and even the crowning moment of his life. Some rattled on the stairs, some ran along the paved ways; scholars studied unused books; mock wines glowed in impenetrable glasses; the venerable furniture was painted on the air; and one saw the dark mahogany, the gilded claw feet, the polished lacquering; even the stiff Dutch pictures lingered in spectral order on the walls.

Up and down, over the garden, through the woods, into the bed-chambers, and even into the closet where Prudence lay in semi-trance, they came, caring nothing for her.

Miss Aubrey saw that instead of being built and reserved peculiarly as a pitfall and trap for herself, this closet had been the rubbish corner of the house. Old books lay on the shelf, old shoes were piled in the distant angle; tarnished coats and gowns hung on the wall; boxes of unfashionable hats and bonnets; canes, whose owners had renewed their youth by passing through yon vault, and now trod a world where they needed props no longer—all these were put in this closet; and here young people and children came to ferret for garb in which to perform charades and tableaux. These goblin juveniles never touched the real bundle under Miss Aubrey's head, but they trampled over and on her, without seeing or oppressing her; and they heaped the garments they were assorting over her, and Prudence could smell the faint odors of musk, camphor, and red cedar, in which they had been kept. She heard these young folk making love, and she observed with a twinge of conscience, that the maidens were more gracious than she had been to Tom.

Now at this period, all unknown to Prudence, the tip of the Manor Hall chimneys caught the first faint streak of the summer dawn, and on a neighboring barn roof

"The cock his crested helmet bent,
And down his querulous challenge sent."

At once the gray-beard retainers who

waited at the vault dropped their shadowy spades and picks, and melted away; the singing grew mute in the air overhead, the choir had been drawn upward to the fading stars.

The garden settled to its loneliness and decay; the figures in the open air ceased their ghostly toils and vanished. The walls of the Manor House resumed their pristine impenetrability; the haunted halls and chambers grew vacant and silent; sprite after sprite departed, the house was like a hearth where the coals have died out, and even the ashes have been swept away; it was lonely, cold and still, a deserted habitation.

But though it took but a little time to accomplish this spiritual hegira, it was done gradually. The rooms were dismantled and shut up, the supernatural tenants went one by one, leaving it abandoned, just as it had really been left, by slow stages, by marked degrees; and as the last ghosts went out they went diverse ways, and a dark cloud filled all the house.

The darkness, the chill, the strange silence startled Prudence like an electric shock. She leaped to her feet, feeling that she had been imprisoned in the Manor Hall a full week, and expecting to find herself wasted, feeble, famished. She was hungry, that was certain; she was also frightened, but calmer than when she was first shut up. Being cold, she put on her dress and shoes. Then she quietly considered what to do.

People cast on a desert island have always a ship to supply them with the comforts and luxuries of life. They have gold and gems to awake the avarice of the reader of their fortunes, and tropic fruits which cause every one to wish to be shipwrecked.

Prudence in the Manor Hall had only her pocket to rely upon; but thanks to her unknown fairy godmother, that pocket was inexhaustible.

Prudence in the darkness unloaded her pocket, and felt its contents.

Two worm-eaten books.

She laid them on the floor.

That fatal tile.

She put it upon the books.

The broken knife.

Blessed fates! she might cut through the door. O, to be able to know the weakest part.

The nail she had twisted from the wall.

That might help the knife; and in addition, there were nine steel hair pins in her hair.

Her handkerchief.

That would do to wipe her eyes, if she had time to weep.

Three letters from poor Tom Walford. O dear!

A box, a metal box, with a roughness at either end. A box of matches! Joy, joy! what a thing is a pocket.

"I will be systematic," said Prudence. "I will sharpen this knife well, ready for use, on the rough side of my tile, and on the sole of my boot. When I am ready for work, I will light a match, and burn one of those envelopes of Tom's letters. I will twist it tight, and it will burn the longer. I must also be careful not to get on fire. How frightful to burn to death in this closet! I have three envelopes, and I can burn the letters, too, if need be. Tom won't care. I'll treat Tom right well if ever I get out of this!"

All this while she was sharpening the broken knife and twisting the envelope into lighters, and now finding herself prepared for work she struck a match and ignited her humble torch. A careful examination of the door showed where the latch was screwed upon the outer side. Prudence thought if she could cut through here, even a narrow slip, she could lift up the latch by means of the knife-blade or a hair-pin.

"I'll never go anywhere without a good sharp pocket-knife, after this," muttered Miss Aubrey, with a loving reminiscence of several such edge tools lying in her trunk. She fixed her hard twisted bit of paper in the crack of the door, and it lighted her dimly as she worked. When it was out, she toiled on in the dark for some minutes, then sacrificed another envelope. The door was thick and hard, the knife wretchedly dull, and the hand that wielded it far from skilful.

As Prudence began to work for her deliverance, she peeped at her watch; it was four o'clock.

"I wonder whether it is to-morrow or next day, or how long I have been here?" she sighed.

The envelopes went to black dust; the letters followed them; if she ever got out, Tom Walford could write her some more; if she died a prisoner, nothing beyond that mattered very much. The matches one by one disappeared. So did the dismal duodecimos which had wrought so much trouble.

True to her prevailing instinct, Prudence did not burn these books until she found that one was a ragged Virgil, printed in the present century, and the other, an Iliad of but a year or two older.

They were not antiquities, fortunately. If they had been she might have clung to them somewhat longer.

At last, by cutting and breaking, prying off splinters and using all her strength, she penetrated the door, she felt the knife-blade go through, she peeped into the hole and found a gleam of daylight.

But she had not come at the latch. However, with a ray of light to tell where to keep on cutting, and a broken place to start from, she got on bravely, making havoc of the door, and finally she put forth a bent hair-pin, touched and rattled the latch, but could not lift it.

She clipped and cut in the right direction now, and presently got her finger outside.

There; in a moment the work was done, she pushed up the heavy latch, the door swung open as easily as it had closed upon her, and she was standing in the hall.

With freedom, our Prudence regained all her equanimity. She was herself again.

She dusted her dress, smoothed neck-tie and collar, directed her attention to the appearance of her hat and gloves, refilled her pocket, not forgetting the tile, and lamented that the battered classics had been sacrificed in her behalf.

She then went down the stair-case, wondering what the pair of Peonys would think of her unexpected appearance, and what would be a felicitious mode of explaining her recent adventure.

Manor Hall was as still as a tomb. Not a sound. Mistress Peony must be milking, and her husband off at his work, said Prudence. Again she consulted her watch, it was six o'clock.

Six o'clock of a dewy, shining, fragrant, mellow summer morning.

No one in the house, and Prudence opened the back door. It did not strike her as singular that she had to unbolt it.

No one about the yards.

Prudence went into the house again.

"They are off early. It is a mile to my sister's, and I have had nothing to eat since yesterday noon. I am starved. I must help myself, and pay what the treat is worth afterwards."

Prudence washed her face, smoothed her hair, felt much refreshed, and hungrier than ever. No one had appeared, so our damsel in distress speedily found the pantry, and it proved to be well supplied.

Bread and butter, rounds of pink corned beef, a pan of gingerbread, and a basin of milk covered with cream. Prudence applied herself to these viands as harmoniously as she had to the bread and cheese wherewith Tom Walford had initiated his love-making.

Thus restored to life and its comforts, Miss Aubrey did not like to depart leaving Mrs. Peony's house unlocked and her cupboard plundered; therefore she sat on the doorstep whereon that good woman had rested to darn black hosiery, and waited to see if some one would not come.

It was a glorious day, and Prudence, after her night of wonders, was in a happy frame of mind. A halo of romance rested softly over this old mansion, a tender grace was upon yon dwelling of the dead; she mused on all the visions of the darkness.

Suddenly she became conscious of rude sounds, and looking up, saw Mr. and Mrs. Peony approaching their habitation through a lane. The warden of Manor Hall bore a knotted club; his wife, modestly behind him, was armed with an umbrella: a heavy Irishman in a red shirt swung a poker; his wife was weaponed with a broom: a negro closed the

line of march with a scythe in his hand and a ferocious expression in his eye, though his lagging steps might have betokened cowardice.

Prudence Aubrey wished herself at home.

The party drew near, and stopped, bewildered at the sight of the lady on the door-step.

"Why, Miss! it is early you are here," cried Mr. Peony.

"Did you see nothing?" screamed his wife.

"What should I see?" asked Prudence.

"Luck be to you! The Manor Hall is haunted, sure enough," exclaimed the Irishman.

"Such a night as we spent!" cried Mrs. Peony; "we would not live it again, or we'd be all dead men, me and me husband. O, Miss, they warned me, but I did never believe the half of it. Now I do—O, I do!"

"But what is it? Please explain," said Prudence.

"It begun in the evening, when once we were fairly set down quiet, and the chores done up. A noise like a wood-pecker, maybe, and a thrimbling of the wall, and a wee, faint cry like.

"Sure now, *that* was the wailing soul of a poor babe, unbaptized—mercy upon it!" said Mrs. Peony's neighbor.

"Well, from that it just went on," continued Mrs. Peony. "Sometimes a shriek quite plain, that made me blood run cold, and knocks, and so on. It sounded overhead like, at first."

Prudence began to have a glimmering consciousness of what this courageous couple had heard.

"Finally," said Mrs. Peony, looking apprehensively at the house, "it got into the wall side."

"What got in?" asked Prudence.

"The ghost, Missis," explained the negro; and Mrs. Peony, nodding her assent, proceeded with her story.

"There's been a murder in Manor Hall some time, I know, for it went rattle, rattle, rattle, rattle, like the bones of a skeleting dropping to pieces. Ah, evil deeds will out! Then the rapping began. Says me man, 'Speak spirit, if

you must,' and it rapped, and rapped. Says I, 'in the name of Peter, Paul, and all the saints with Moses and the Baptist, are you in trouble, spirit?' And it rapped and rapped."

"Very likely it *was* in trouble," said Prudence, grimly.

"Then, me man, he rose up and said the Lord's Prayer, and that laid the spirit for a long time, and it did not rap any more. So we went to bed, but fearsome, to be sure."

"Well you might be," said Patrick.

"Pity you had no holy water handy," said Mrs. Patrick.

"A murder, sure enough," said the negro.

The tone of horror deepened through Mrs. Peony's speech.

"We went to bed, and by-and-by we heard a cry; a long, horrid scream—O, it sounded, you can't tell *how* it sounded."

"I think I can," said Prudence.

"Ah, but Miss, this was a death wail; a fearsome shriek from an Evil One—such sounds! filing saws and firing cannon, and dogs with tin pans on their tails, and crazy cats, all made in one, would never equal it. Me man, he rises up, and he says:

'Peter, Paul, Luke and John,
Acts of 'Postles every one.
Bless the bed that I lie on.'

Then it hushed up for a minute, and we two were a-dressing as fast as we could. Then it began again, Miss, *such* yells. The hair would have riz on your head with terror. We just ran like wild creatures, Miss, over to our neighbors here. We locked the front door as we went, and I was just done out, and like to die when I got to safety. Millions of money, Miss, would not keep me in this house over another night. We have just come back by daylight to move our goods. And oh, Miss, you sittin' there so innocent like, on the very step of this awful place, I just wonder you're left alive—and, and, me door is open! O, I won't go in—I won't, I won't. It is a ghost, sure enough. No—I'll never go in, not for all the goods in wide creation!"

"I wonder I am alive," said Prudence, calmly. "I was left up stairs shut in a closet yesterday, when our party visited the house. The door closed fast, and kept me in. Those noises you heard I made, trying to get some one to come and let me out. I got my breakfast just now in your pantry, ma'am, and there is pay for it."

Prudence reached home as the family were finishing breakfast, and had the satisfaction of being regarded as a heroine.

"What are you doing?" asked the doctor, finding her busy in the library about noon.

"I'm writing to Tom," said Miss Aubrey, with defiance of something in

her tones. "I mean to have one person who will care and know whether I get lost or not."

"And what is to become of that tile?"

"I shall have it set in gold, sir, and present it to Tom in lieu of my miniature!" exclaimed our damsel.

"Since your love affair was inaugurated in a tomb, with the concomitants of bread and cheese, I recommend that the denouement be a matter of magnificence, with church services and French millinery," cried Doctor Pils.

Prudence rested her head on her hand, and said, softly:

"I wish I might look as beautiful as that Phantom Bride whom I saw last night in the old Manor Hall."

AMONG THE HEMLOCKS.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

THEY stir, and all the air is thronged with sound,
Vague, subtle, immemorial litanies
Harped to the hollow winds and chilly stars
Before the axe along these valleys rung,
Or man had wandered to these nameless shores.

Just over where their huge arms meet, the sky
Stoops with a smile to kiss their bearded crowns
As if in their rough, rugged forms it saw
The children of a common Father's care:
A sigh comes quivering from the long, deep vale,
The dim, mysterious vale that sleeps below,
And round the splintered crags that jut half way
Up the steep mountain side, I hear a moan.

Above, around, how dim and vast they spread,
These awful arches of the fanes of God!
I stand beneath their whispering roof in awe,
And shudder as I pause to look behind
For fear that I may meet some pale, sad face,
Some melancholy and grief-smitten eye
That has been dust for many a long, long year.
What are these mighty groves, these dusky paths,
And tapering columns on whose mossy sides
The chisel never sounded? Are they woods
No more? fields where the deer may rove and browse
Whilst the sly panther, crouching just above,

Glares through the evening gloom in act to spring?
 Are they but timber—rafter, post and plank?
 For this alone hath God sent wind and dew,
 Wild flowers to gladden solitary nooks,
 And planted, just beneath the floating clouds,
 These mighty groves and glimmering colonnades—
 That He may cram the miser's hand with pelf,
 Fence the rank corn-fields of the dull-eyed clown
 And shut the north wind from the libertine?
 In these cool shades is mystery supreme,
 Though men may come and go and heed it not.
 A spirit broods among these hoary trunks,
 And glimmers through these giant boughs, and breathes
 Round these strange flowers whose painted chalices
 Shine from the faded leaves and tangled moss,
 Too fine for mortal sense. There have been those,
 Dreamers, it may be, by the groves and streams,
 Watchers of amethystine clouds that flock
 At eve to weep around the dying sun—
 Who taught that every plant and flower within
 Its living substance hides a conscious soul.
 It may be but an idle dream, it may
 Be more; all greatest truths at first have been
 Despised, rejected by the atheist world.
 The lily breathes, and we may sometimes see
 A halo trembling round the tulip's crown
 That comes and vanishes like a spirit's robes;
 There is a sweetness in the light that tints
 A violet up-looking through the gray,
 Dry grass that clothes a sunny April bank,
 But faintly seen by men's untutored eyes;
 There is a rose within a rose, a tree
 Within a tree, of which but doubtful hints
 In this poor life flash inward through the dull,
 Crude barrier of flesh that clogs the soul,
 And blurs the eyes that ought to track the stars.

Beneath the stillness of great forest domes,
 By vernal streams whose loamy banks are sharp
 With tusk-like, brindle erythroniums,
 Where the brave blue-bird flashes from his cell
 Scooped in the gleamy sycamore, I feel,
 More than in human homes and crowded ways,
 Where trade is keen, my immortality.
 I hear the tremble of a golden wind
 Run up the chequered, glimmering labyrinths
 Of the far-spreading multitudinous boughs;
 Or, lonely, in some sunny dell, I pause
 Before the wonder of a flower, to reel
 Beneath the pressure of the Infinite.
 A thirst is kindled in me when I meet
 An orchis in a dim and silent wood
 Waving its spicy thyrses of milk-white flowers;
 One draught of whose wild, sensuous beauty fires

My heart with a supreme undying thirst
For that ethereal fount, that crystal spring
Which bubbles up, all silver-sanded, deep
In the mysterious windings, unseen cells
And under-depths of every living thing,
Pale, wayside violets, weeds and kingly pines
That nod all night and whisper to the stars,
Wind-flowers that tremble o'er a snow-drift's rim,
The day-break pageant and the sunset gates.

Boughs wave in boughs, lilies in lilies droop,
Whose roots descend for moisture, food and light,
Into the World of Spirits. We can feel
An inward glow, a fragrant June-day warmth;
We whet the eye and stretch the hand to seize
The cluster earthly hands have never touched,
The rose that is not sered by early frost,
The lily beaded not with earthly dew;
The vision fades, the beauteous phantom flies;
Our hearts grow dark, we hold a rustling husk,
A meagre handful of earth's common sand.

The awful mystery that wraps all life—
Who parts its mighty folds? Is there a cloud,
A bird, a tree, a hue, a face, a shape
Outside the plastic, teeming human brain?
Is there an outward fact, objective world,
Or are the men we love or hate, the things
We call rock, mountain, river, snow or star,
But the fantastic beings of the mind,
Frail as the mist torn by the Autumn crags,
Light, unsubstantial shapes we cannot trace
To their dark birth-place in the central deeps?
O, this we know,—Eternity may rain
Its years upon us till the Summer leaves,
And gray sea-sands shall fail to tell their sum,
And we shall not see God, shall never look
On the white forehead of the Infinite.
No painless cycles of unending years,
No dawn-burst on those everlasting hills
Where Death and tears are unremembered dreams,
No kiss of gales that bend the golden tops,
Of groves that trickle with the myrrhs of God,
Can give, although we walk on gold, the eye
To draw unto our feet the Absolute.
O, chase away that fond and awful thought!
God's face we never, never shall behold;
Reason may trace the golden, mystic cord
That ties the vast world-systems to his throne
And draws the planets to his burning feet,
But words and hues and shape reveal not God.

But let not thought perplex. One dreamful hour
In this balsamic breath of brier and fir,

Let me float down upon the pleasant stream.
How grandly these old branches heave their arch
Above my path—a dark, green canopy
Scarce pierced by sunbeam! Shadows vast and brown.
Drop through the intertwining boughs, and lie
Like sleeping giants on the huddled knolls,
And wrap the mouldering logs and mossy stones,
And this cool rivulet that prattles down
To gladden the dim vale. No carpet shines
On floor of Eastern king so royal-rich,
So softly fair as this green robe that spreads
Far as my vision goes. My gentle friends,
The waxen heath-flowers and the nameless plants
That spring not save in these dim solitudes,
Await my coming with a smile, and seem
To hear my stillest footsteps as they sink
Into this tufted floor that yields like wool.
The pyrola sends up its frail raceme
Of milky blooms that scatter a faint musk
Along the aisles. The glossy wintergreen
Plants on the graves of these slow-mouldering trunks
Its little groves that shine in endless youth;
And sturdy clusters of the prince's pine
Sprinkle the twilight's long and wavering robes
With their green glimmerings. Mitchellias
Climb o'er the roots and draw their thick festoons
Around the mossy swells and hide their bright
Red fruit in the club-moss that spreads o'er all
Its rigid network. From the rugged arms
That brace this tangled roof the lichen trails
Its long gray banner, and the hobble bush
Whose broad leaves wear beneath a fulvous down,
Whitens the shadows with its Summer snow;
And o'er the hollows leans its broad flat cymes.
The orchis, that sends forth two unctuous leaves
Close to the ground, large, glistening, orbic, smooth,
And lifts a little wand of pale-green flowers,
Welcomes me to its still and shady nooks.
In hollows of these aged trunks the owl
Hides her rude nest and rears her young, and when
The moonbeams, trembling in, fleck all the ground
With bars of ashen shade and silver flame,
Shivers the silence with her midnight cry,
Whilst the warm suns of June make gay the vales
With oxeyes and the hills with kalmia flames,
The dazzling tanager from Mexico,
And crested grosbeak flash along the boughs
Like fallen stars. The harsh and garrulous jay,
A bold cosmopolite, bends the topmost twigs,
Looking as if he had fallen from the vault
That just above him glows, so blue he shines!
And when the sun upon the Western hills
Burns low, and up these stately avenues,
And through these rocky gates thick-garlanded ..

With vine and fern, and blood-red columbine
Walks like a god, and meshes every bole,
And whorl, and twig, and ledge, and moss-hemmed pool,
In the warm tangles of his yellow hair,
Then from the inner shades floats out that most
Divine, most clear and silvery-sound of earth,
The hoarded sweetness which the hermit thrush
Pours to his mate upon her hidden nest.
How unlike this that other, riving sound
Which comes, the sharp, denouncing yell of steam!
What temple hath not man despoiled and razed?
On these majestic trunks the axe shall ring,
Until they rock and thunder to the fall;
These archways grand, ærial symmetries,
These noble columns, domes and oriels green,
Shall crack and shrivel in the humming fire;
The flames shall pluck these tender orchis wands,
And these tall rocks, so tufted, plumed and green,
Glitter like pyramids of naked bones,
And toss from their bald brows the Summer hail.

Yes, even here that gaunt, cold shadow stalks,
To which all other shadows are as noon,
The awful spectre, Death. Beneath these leaves
That moulder in the rains are mouldering bones,
And eyes that open not. The Indian brave—
The tiger in his heart—smeared, painted, plumed
To look the prime of fiends fresh-loosed from hell,
Here met his mortal foe; met, grappled, fell
Mangled and gashed, and smoking in his gore.
They heaped above his bones, of faded leaves
And crumbling mould, a nameless, sylvan mound,
Over whose surface moss and feathery ferns
Spread a green mantle. Those fierce-flashing eyes
And swarthy limbs now shine in other hues,
And wear another form. The savage died
And rose again, to live in fronds and flowers,
A peaceful, purer, fairer, gentler life.
The hairlike fibres of the hardy heath,
And burlier tangles of the beech and fir
Creep down and find his ashes; these, brought up
Through millions of attenuated cells
Into the fair and wondrous realm of life,
Smile from the gilded evening primrose flower,
Wave in these giant oaks, these whispering firs,
Whose crowded branches hide the noisy crow,
And this rhodora's flame-like blooms that glow
Above the plashy brook. So Nature round
And round in her relentless circle runs,
Upbuilding, undermining, changing all.
The reddest rose feeds on the dust of kings,
Or of the rose that withered from its place,
Yet in its flushing prime and noon of bloom,
The fungus-spore sprouts in its musky heart,
And death is but the snow-cold side of life.

The subtle, sensuous, philosophic Greek,
An atheist worshipping the beautiful,
Shuddering, beheld that wintry shadow fall
Across his foaming bowls and chill the young,
Light steps that to the silvery sound of reed
Or harp, through all the purple Summer pressed
The bladed velvet of Arcadia.
He loved the fair bright world, its streams and clouds,
And stars and flowers; he said, "It is *my* world."
Its fountains, faces, shores to him were dear,
And dear the music of the leaves and waves;
The lifeless marble flashing into life
And form beneath the sculptor's wondrous touch;
The glory of the sea green-islanded,
Olympus of the gods, the sacred grove,
The battle-hymn, the feast and feverish game;
And when that spectre rose upon his path
Rolling a blank and frozen night before,
He shuddered. Morning there was none for him;
World, roses, Dryads, Bacchus, all were gone!
So death to the mercurial Greek was hell.
That awful shape with stealthy footstep walks
These ancient groves, and yet I shudder not,
For here are sweet wild flowers, all bridal smiles,
All bringing some dear message from their home
In those far Gardens never trenched by spade;
And through my heart a still, Eolian breath
Of breezes rustling the Ethereal palms
Flows, whilst the birds are singing overhead—
A sound that strays from some green island moored
In those blue deeps that welter round the stars.
And I have passed another high, sweet hour
Amidst the woods, the fresh, bright things of God,
With God have walked his solemn temple-aisles,
Calm in the circle of His inmost calms;
Have felt the pulses of the gentle earth,
And heard her guardian spirits from the rocks
And round hilltops that whiten in the wind,
Call to each other o'er the drowsy vales.
Along the simmering flats below me shines
The whiteness of a robust buckwheat field,
And, creeping o'er its waste of honey-snow,
Up the long valley blows a Hybla wind.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS IN SUMMER.

BY EDWARD L. WILSON.

WHITHER? Ah! that is a question, short but imperative, which all who are able to get away from the noisy city during the heated term, begin to consider as soon as the lovely arbutus and the spring beauties appear in the wildwood, or even as soon, perhaps, as the crocuses peep out through the snow-crust. And it is a query, too, that presses upon all such persons until it is decided and settled and the matter all arranged.

With the man of family it is, Whither shall I take my wife and my bairnies during June, July and August, where they will have enough of fresh air, green grass, and general discomfort to make them enjoy their own comfortable home the other three-quarters of the year, and where I can relieve my toil daily, and sleep amid the sounds of the locusts and the owls, and the buzzing of the beetles and the glistening of the glow-worms?

Whither? Ah! how many winding lanes and columns of the *Ledger*, or the *Herald* or the *Post*, must be traversed before this question is settled satisfactorily.

With those whose responsibilities are less numerous—the newly married and the over-worked clerk, and all who aspire to something beyond the other—the question looms up just as persistently and haunts them until it is settled—whither?

Isn't it aggravating? But do you not know that there is a way of settling it forever? It will take a year or two to do it, but I *know* it can be done. First go *everywhere*—Cape May, Long Branch, St. Paul, Trenton Falls, San Francisco, Yellow Springs, Niagara, Yellowstone, Saratoga, Lake Superior, Adirondacks, Washington, (not in hot weather, if you please), and where not, and then—and then, no matter whether you have the "hay fever" or not, ever after go to the

White Mountains—go once, and you will never ask yourself *whither?* again. You will always have some of the symptoms, but then they will all wither when the dear, delectable, delightful White Mountains loom up in your memory.

It was some time before I could find out the secret. My good friend, Mr. B. W. Kilburn, "the White Mountain Photographer," whom I have told you about—and his goodness—before, and with whom I have had so many glorious times in the "White Hills," often says—when we are together watching the glories of a sunrise, as it awakens the cloudlets and sends them blushing from their hiding-places in the cool shadows of the ravines, or the great clouds as they race and scud along, seemingly trying to see which can reach yonder mountain top and scalp it first—"well! I never—I *never* saw the mountains look as they do to-day!" It was, as I say, a good while before I could understand him, but now I can, and I will reveal it to you. *The White Mountains never look twice alike*, and what my friend Mr. Kilburn says so often is always true. I know it. I have seen them in mid-summer, in mid-winter, and in the autumn, when they were clothed in tints such as none can imagine who have not seen them, and each day in each season the scene changes. When you once learn to love them and understand them, our query becomes impertinent, and you do not even give it consideration.

A few years ago, when I first began to be considered fanatical on the subject, sympathizing friends on the road to Whither, would say, "*What! Not to the White Mountains again?*" Now they say, tranquilly, having become resigned to my insanity, "*Well, I suppose you will go to the White Mountains, as usual.*" I confess to a weakness in that direction.

The best way to go is to take the most direct route. Our enterprising railway companies have arranged many pleasant "excursions," but you will want all your time at the mountains, and will be sorry for it if you potter on the way. Do not allow a reduction of the fare to induce you to stop everywhere as you go. The favorite approach is *via* Littleton, although many go *via* N. Conway. If by the former, arriving at Littleton, stage-coaches will be found waiting at the depot. Be the first to apply to the driver for a seat on the top, for you can see and enjoy so much more. If you are enterprising, you will secure this privilege by telegram.

You will probably arrive at Littleton about 5 P. M. Arrange it so you do, for then your drive to your mountain hotel will be during the pleasantest part of the day. As you leave Littleton you begin to ascend, for you are approaching the glorious mountains, and in a short time will be gliding along over the well-kept romantic mountain roads. It matters but little to which hotel we go first, for you must go to all. Whichever path you select, you

"Cannot err
In this delicious region."

We will, however, journey together to the Profile House first, it being eleven miles from Littleton, nearer than any of the others. Now we are in the very midst of the forest, creeping upward and onward. The smell of the evergreens invigorates us, and the rustling leaves lull our senses as we proceed. The mixed medley of wild songsters, small and great, fills the woods, and now and then a frightened flock dashes almost against our coach. The falling nuts, and the crashing branches, and the saucy barkings of the squirrels, all add to the charming sensations we have while the breezes drive out upon us the smell of the wild-wood, and we at once begin to glory in the scene about us. At each opening we catch glimpses of the noble mountains, whose bases we seek, "so near and yet so far." By this route we see the highest ranges first, for we have

a full view of the whole extent of the White Mountain Range, and also the grand outlines of Mount Lafayette and its neighbors. In due time we reach the delightful little village of Bethlehem, bringing to mind Bethlehem of old, where *He* trod the well-worn roads to reach the mountains where He was wont to go to pray.

From Bethlehem we have a magnificent panoramic view. The whole horizon is fretted with mountains standing in great defiles, such as would delight the most enthusiastic artist with their beautiful lines, or dismay the most precise general with their utter carelessness. If you have plenty of time, you will never regret spending a few days at Bethlehem before you form a closer acquaintance with the great immovable mounds which stand there for your pleasure and contemplation. There are good hotels there, and pleasant drives, but even without these you will receive as much as the heart can take in, if, "sitting down," you "watch" them "there," and do nothing else.

If we proceed we soon reach the Profile House, which is situated in the Franconia Notch, just while

"The forest glows as if
An enemy's camp-fires shone
Along the horizon,
Or the day's funeral pyre
Were lighted there.
Edged with silver and with gold,
The clouds hang o'er in damask fold,
And with such depth of amber light
The west is kight,
Where still a few rays slant,
That even heaven seems extravagant."

The Franconia Notch is probably the most attractive of all the passes in the White Mountain region. It is about half a mile wide and five miles long. The Profile House is a very fine one, located right at the feet of Mount Lafayette in front and Mount Cannon on the other side, while Eagle Cliff towers up fifteen hundred feet in front with its bold defiles of bristling evergreen bayonets, always pointed unyieldingly heavenward, except when the wild winds of Lafayette come down upon them and make them

bend to his sweet will. A grand museum of rock studies and dashing waterfalls is to be found here. They abound, no matter hardly which way you turn. You get here all the wildness and freshness for which you came. Your cup overflows with intermixed sublimity and grandeur, and wonder and awe take possession of you as you contemplate the rugged rocks and their perpendicular naked sides, or the débris driven by the frost to their bases, or the evergreen forests which overtop them, or the climbing birches and maples and spruces and pines, or the dashing spray as it sings merrily, leaping over their sun-parched and frost-wrinkled brows, or their wondrous forms, as they start up before you at every turn, or the beautiful combination of the whole. O, it is charming here!

About a mile below is Echo Lake, whose clear waters enchant you as you float over them in the cleanly boats kept there for you. Fail not to visit it often, and on each occasion invest in a small portion of gunpowder, that your reveries may be broken by the firing of the cannon on the shore, which you will find in charge of an individual who will always pleasantly accommodate you. O, what an awakening of echoes follows! And as they answer and answer and answer back, you readily imagine that the mountain tops must be falling upon you, and that the lovely lake will be filled up with the frightened rock as it comes thundering down. Across Echo Lake, near its outlet, is a nameless mountain, which you can climb, and from which you may obtain some grand views.

Further down the road, however, you will find a greater treat. Watch closely, and on the right you will see an opening in the forest. Enter, proceed, and you find yourself ascending an enchantingly wild way, but whose romance is broken by a decayed corduroy road. If, mayhap, some returning traveller has cast his alpenstock aside, treasure it, for you will have need of it. Be faithful and go on, and, in due season, without much trial, you will reach the summit of Bald Mountain. From this point you have a magnificent view of the valley far beyond

and of the whole Franconia range. This you must not fail to see, and if the view be obscured the first day, try it again, for there is nothing else like it in the region.

Mount Lafayette you must ascend by all means.

Not far on the other side of the Profile House is Profile Lake. Before you reach it you discover on the left, by the roadside, some very inviting rustic seats. You accept the situation, and looking up, first behold the "Old Man of the Mountain"—a "great stone face," which hangs upon the cliff before you. It is formed of three separate sections of rock, and resembles the visage of a benign, patient old man—a piece of sculpture older than the Sphinx. It is one of the greatest attractions here, and can only be seen perfectly from one place. You associate with it Mrs. Browning's eloquent passage:

"Every age
Through being held too close, is ill discerned
By those who have not lived past it. We'll
suppose
Mount Athos carved, as Persian Xerxes
schemed,
To some colossal statue of a man:
The peasants, gathering brushwood in his ear,
Had guessed as little of any human form
Up there, as would a flock of browsing
goats.
They'd have, in fact, to travel ten miles off
Or ere the giant image broke on them.
Full human profile, nose and chin distinct,
Mouth muttering rhythms of silence up the sky,
And fed at evening with the blood of suns;
Grand torso,—hand, that flung perpetually
The largesse of a silver river down
To all the country pastures. 'Tis even thus
With times we live in—evermore too great
To be apprehended near."

Profile Lake is lovely always, and you must not forget to see the trout pond, with its thousands of "speckled sides," who will show you their charms for any small crumbs you may toss them.

But I am spending too much time here. We must take conveyance and visit the wonderful Flume—a rocky gorge cut through solid rock by the persistent waters, and midway hangs pendant a huge boulder, arrested in its "wild career" down the valley by the rocks between which it is wedged. This place one should visit several times, for its

wonders cannot be taken in at once. The Flume House, near at hand, is a new one, just opened. There are other attractions near it, among which is the "Basin," a great cut in the rock, almost round, into which pours a troubled stream of amber-colored water, so clear that one can see the bottom of the basin plainly.

But we must return to the Profile House, pack our luggage, and away to the Crawford House. If you can make the journey on a moonlight night, you will learn what it is to be enchanted—nay, you will feel it. The roads are excellent, through the wilderness of trees almost wholly, and altogether indescribable. The Crawford House is situated near the gates of the celebrated White Mountain Notch, and about a mile from the base of Mount Willard. It is an excellent hotel. I have told you how it is here in winter.

We have lingered so long in the delectable "Franconia Mountains" that time and space will not allow details now. Let me say that here is much to bewilder and delight one, and I can only name the places which you must see. Of course you will ascend "Mount Willard," for from it you have a glorious view of the "Willey Valley" below, (which I also described before in a *Winter* article,) and of the whole range of mountains about you. Take time to make the ascent on foot. It will be experience for you. Carry some water or cold tea along to refresh you, for you cannot handily find any up there. Also, if you feel strong, carry up a few boulders of say fifty pounds weight each, for it is a delightful sensation to send them thundering and crashing among the trees down the side of the mountain. Of course you will walk down through the "Notch;" climb up to "Pulpit Rock;" ascend "Silver Cascade;" ride or walk down to the "Willey House;" visit "Beecher's Falls;" climb up to "Elephant's Head;" kiss your hand to the "Old Maid;" coo to "The Baby," and sing to the "Tea-Pot," for all these are the pleasant things about the "Crawford House." There is a bridle path from this place to the summit of

"Mt. Washington," and if you are fond of mountain-climbing, there is a chance to enjoy it fully.

If not, in the morning early we take the coach and ride over to the foot of "Mt. Washington," arriving at "Marshfield," (named after Sylvester Marsh, Esq., the inventor of the Mt. Washington railway,) in time to make the ascent by the railway, which pushes up the mountain side at a rise of one mile in three.

The ascent is grand and terrific, but not in the slightest degree dangerous. No accident, with loss of life, ever occurred here. You should not only ascend, but descend "Mt. Washington" by this wondrous railway, for the sensation is as different as the magnificence of the views you see.

A walk of eight miles down the carriage road will take you to the "Glen House," but as I have not yet reached so far, I must tell you about the journey thither another time. I mean to go, but I cannot "do" these mountains in the short way. If you can secure the services of Mr. Thos. Colhane as your guide, consider yourself favored. He is amiable and experienced. You can find him at the "Tip Top House," staff in hand, ready to take you down amid the depths, or up to the highest rocks on the summit. But if we are to return to Littleton we must be about it, for the little engine is screaming for us to "get aboard."

One word and I will relieve you. If your means are such that you cannot afford to spend a long time at a high-priced hotel, you need not be debarred from the full enjoyment of the White Mountains. There are numerous houses near to the hotels, erected for the purpose, where sojourners may find pleasant rooms and good living at prices ranging from \$6 to \$10 per week. Among these the "Lafayette House," kept by good Mr. I. Spooner, is one I can recommend. It is four miles from the Profile House, and commands magnificent views of the mountains. You will be happy there. Conveyances are also supplied at reasonable rates, and thus you have the most

independent way of enjoying yourself. Of the people in that region I need not say a word. Their generosity and carefulness to make their guests enjoy themselves is proverbial.

Whither? To the delectable White Mountains, of course:

"The mountains piled
Heavily against the horizon of the North,
Like summer thunder clouds."

"SONGS OF DEGREES."

BY REV TRYON EDWARDS, D.D.

SUCH is the *title* or *inscription* over *fifteen* of the psalms, from the one hundred and twentieth to the one hundred and thirty-fourth, inclusive.

It should have been, not "*A song of degrees*," but "*A song of ascents or up-goings*;" for they were the psalms that were chanted or sung on the periodical journeys or pilgrimages to Jerusalem, at the times of the great yearly festivals of the nation. On such occasions the people were said to *go up* to Jerusalem, in reference both to its physical and moral elevation; for the city was not only on the highest ground, but was their civil and religious capital, the residence of their highest rulers, and the appointed place for their national worship.

Several explanations have been given of this expression, "*Songs of Degrees*." Some have supposed it referred to their peculiar excellence, as "a song of songs" would imply the most excellent song; others, that it is in allusion to the tune to which they were set, or the instruments to which they were sung, or to the raising of the voice in the chanting or singing; while others have suggested that these Psalms were intended to be sung during the return from the Babylonish captivity, which is called *an ascent* by Ezra, (vii. 9); but this is at once seen to be incorrect, from the titles which ascribe four of these psalms to David, and one to Solomon. Another idea has been, that the expression, "*Song of Degrees*," has reference to the fact, that sometimes the clause or phrase in one verse is repeated, with an addition, in the next, so as to form a kind of climax or progression in the words, as well as the ideas of the psalm. But

this peculiarity is found in only one or two of the fifteen, so that it could hardly be supposed to give a title to all. And still another idea is that of a tradition of the Rabbins, which speaks of these psalms as sung by the people as they ascended the fifteen steps, (seven on one side and eight on the other,) mentioned in the fortieth chapter of Ezekiel—the steps that led from the court of the women to that of the men. But, apart from the intrinsic improbability of the tradition itself, several of these psalms are evidently not intended to be sung in the temple at all, but rather on a march, or in the progressive advance of the people.

We are brought back, then, to what is probably the true idea, that they are "*songs of ascents or up-goings*;" pilgrim songs, sung by the people as they went up, from every part of the land, to worship in the Holy City. Accordingly, Herder interprets the title, "*Hymns for a journey*;" and Alexander speaks of them as "*Songs of the periodical journeys or pilgrimages to Jerusalem*;" and a late English commentator calls them "*The pilgrim odes of the Hebrew nation*." This last-mentioned writer thinks they were designed to keep up the remembrance of the captivity and of their deliverance from it: the first five referring to the captivity itself; the next nine, to the restoration and return; the next two, to the re-peopling of Jerusalem; the next, to their unity and union as families and a nation when restored to their fatherland; the next, to their faithful acknowledgment of God's goodness by the earnest performance of their duties; and

the last, as a kind of general doxology and expression of joy and praise that again they could go up to the temple and worship there. In this view they contain and impress the great lessons of history and of God's wonderful dealings with the nation; and chanted or sung as they were, three times a year, as the people went up to their great solemn feasts, they repeated from year to year and from age to age the story of God's providence toward them, and the marvellous and merciful way in which he had led them like a flock.

These songs or psalms were evidently composed at different times and by different authors. Four of them are expressly ascribed to David, and one to Solomon; while the remaining ten are supposed, by Hengstenberg and other scholars, to have been added after the restoration, and all are so arranged as to be adapted to the

times when the later ones were written. In the entire series the ideal speaker is Israel or Judah, considered as the Church or chosen people of God. And alike in the wail of distress, or the peal of thanksgiving; in the expression of confidence, or the prayer for Divine help and direction, God's overruling providence is acknowledged, and glory and honor and majesty and power are ascribed to his name.

Such be our spirit, in our up-going to the Jerusalem above! At every step of the progress of our pilgrimage, let us recognize God's providence, and rejoice in his guidance, and acknowledge our dependence on him, that at last we may come safely to the Mount Zion above with songs and everlasting joy upon our heads, having obtained joy and gladness, where sorrow and sighing shall forever flee away.

MY PIE.

BY KIEFF.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

I SUPPOSE I may justly call it "my pie," because as nobody else ever saw it, nobody can dispute it with me; indeed, as I never even saw it myself, I might be tempted to call it "my ghost of a pie," only that the term "ghost" seems to indicate a previous existence, and my pie never had any existence at all as a pie. But I am afraid this is metaphysics! Perhaps I had better begin my story at once.

I was just married, just established in a pretty little house, where the furniture was all new, the spoons very bright, the towels very stiff, and the happiness very great, I thought, in spite of the torments incidental to that condition of life. I was, according to custom, provided with two "incapables" below stairs, in whose hands I saw things ruthlessly put to uses Providence and I had never intended them for. I saw my best soup-tureen taken to hold water for washing the parlor

windows; I learned the wonderful effects of fire upon meat and vegetables, the disasters attendant upon the over rash employment of brooms and brushes, but I was not cast down; youth and good spirits carried me through each day's worry, or rather what each day seemed to intend as worry; when the edges of our beefsteaks curled up darkly at me, when the vegetables swam freely in the watery area of our soup, when all the raisins in a boiled pudding held a meeting at one end, when the flavor of soda came to overcome all others in our hot cakes, I only laughed; I would be no fretful housewife! I would make my husband's home happy with cheerfulness.

Although not going all lengths with the authoress of a cookery book, who argues that a clean table-cloth and a smile constitute domestic felicity enough for any man, I yet, in the excess of my ignorance, believed in the absolute po-

tendency of good humor. Before many months I learned my error. Becoming alarmed at the state of moody despondency into which my husband seemed to be falling, I decided to make a change. So I timidly got up a quarrel on a trifling pretext with the incapables, and in a few days was relieved of their presence, being first made to listen to their opinion of me, which was by no means a complimentary one. I remember wondering that, holding me in such estimation, they should betray so great a degree of ill humor at leaving me.

I was then induced by the advice of a friend, to engage a person who called herself an experienced cook. She was tall and thin, with smooth thin gray hair, a white apron, and a grim smile. She kept her sewing for leisure hours in a salt-box, and wore at those periods of recreation, which were very many, a thimble with no end to it. For the up stairs department another incapable was secured; incapacity up stairs not being quite so injurious as incapacity down stairs.

I think a sense of our unfitness for our respective conditions was a bond of union between Sarah and myself; and she was so very cheerful, so evidently a "smiler" like myself, that I could not help liking her. I undertook now "to see to things" more up stairs, than I had been in the habit of doing, so we made mistakes together to our hearts' content. But the other person, the experienced cook! How that woman ruled me! I tremble in imagination now, when after the lapse of years, I recall those days. Whatever I proposed, she opposed. I gradually became as wax in her hands.

She had stringent rules for the arrangement of dishes, and for the discipline of my kitten, for the cooking and eating of certain things on certain days of the week, which to my innocent ideas of "anybody-have-anything-he-or-she-may-want-at-any-hour" kind of house-keeping seemed to me hard.

We had an interview every morning, to which I looked forward with dread. She always withered me, first, with her calm cold smile, and then gave me her

orders for the day, which I took humbly, and never disobeyed. If I sometimes ventured to suggest something, she always had most excellent reasons why it could not be done; and as everything was well done, I had no apparent cause for complaint. We lived by rule, but I felt the yoke. Our tea hour was earlier than it had been, and to this day I look upon an early tea as the height of domestic tyranny. I remember lying awake at night, wondering if there would ever be any deliverance for me. I remember a horrible waking dream of myself, grown old and thin, gray and bent, but still under the dominion of a woman, older, thinner, more gray, more bent, wearing that white apron and that thimble, and oppressing me with that smile!

One day, one clear sunny April Wednesday, when my husband was absent for a short time, there occurred a Fireman's parade, that thing of joy to the maid-servants of America. My tormentor was anxious to see it, and I, in my hypocritical kindness, proposed that she and Sarah should take the whole day for it, assuring them that I could get along very well alone at home, there being plenty of cold meat, as well as other edibles in the house.

The coast once clear, how free, how happy I felt! I actually sang on the stairs. I went into the kitchen to rummage, (what a truly feminine word is *rummage*!) I felt a little guilty as I did so, and yet I could hardly avoid wishing to inspect the condition of a kingdom once mine, now cruelly usurped. Everything was in order and spotlessly clean. I of course was careful not to displace anything, as I opened drawers and closets.

Casting my eyes around, I saw a wooden board hanging on the wall. What a vision did that board open to my fancy! My tyrant seldom allowed us to have such a thing as a pie. Why not make one myself whilst she was out?

Being sure of several hours to myself, I determined to undertake it. I had some stewed apples which would do exactly, and I would immediately set to work at the crust. I had often seen cooks do this, why could not I do it?

It looked easy, and "what man has done, man may do," is a grand old saying. Laying the board upon the table, I sought for the mysterious article which cooks call a roller, and free-masons on horseback a truncheon, and paused.

Here I concluded I had better find a cookery book, and opening one of several which I owned, at page ninety-ninth I found:

"Weigh an equal quantity of butter with as much flour as you judge necessary."

But I had not the slightest idea of how much flour I judged necessary. After some deliberation I filled a pitcher with flour, taking that as my standard, and weighed it. It weighed a pound and a half. Though that did not seem a great deal of flour, it involved the use of what I thought an inordinate quantity of butter, but no matter.

"Sift the flour."

But the flour, I found, had a decided objection to being sifted, flying aggressively in my face. When there is butter on your hands, and flour on your face, your equanimity is disturbed. I knew there was flour on my hair, and I felt it in my eyes.

After some labor, behold it sifted.

What next?

"Roll the butter into it."

I, with difficulty, rolled a small part of the butter into it, and then thought I would consult cookery book No. 2, as my early efforts with this one were not particularly successful.

Cookery book No. 2 said, on page seventy-sixth: "Cut up three-fourths of your butter well-worked, divide it into four parts, put one-fourth into the flour;" having some in it already, I added as much more as would make it about a fourth. The "well-worked" was a riddle I did not attempt to solve, so I let it alone.

"Mix into a stiff dough with cold water, touching it as little as possible." But how in the world am I to do that, without touching it a great deal? Well, I rolled, and cut up, until, by degrees, the flour, which had had the mastery as yet, began to disappear, and the butter

got in the ascendant. It seemed to be, "this time you win, next time I win" with them. "In the multitude of counsellors there is strength," said I, so now for cookery book No. 3.

Here I found: "Use three pints of lukewarm water." To combine these two methods, and to reap the benefits of each, having used cold water before, I now poured in a little which was boiling hot. "Roll out three times, and dredge each time with flour." I did not know the precise meaning of "dredge," and as there is nothing like mathematical accuracy, even in cooking, I went up stairs to consult Webster's dictionary. I found:

"Dredge. A drag-net for oysters."

"Dredge. A mixture of oats and barley sown together."

"Dredge. To sprinkle flour on roast meat."

This last was the nearest solution. Passing a looking-glass, I beheld myself as with powdered hair, which struck me as becoming, and plastered countenance, which is not at all so. There were traces of that pie, I know, left on that Webster's dictionary, inside and out.

In the kitchen again, I "dredged" lavishly. It is so easy to dredge, but it obliged me to help myself to a great deal more flour. Then I "worked" it, and hard work it was. I found it necessary, too, to keep a back ground of flour on the board, or else the obstinate mixture refused to leave it. My wishes went for nothing. At last it occurred to me that absorbing flour in that voracious way, my pie might need more butter. So I took more. I was reckless now, and continued rolling, working, flouring, turning. Very nice work is all this, except that it seems to lead to nothing. "Repeat this eight times." I must have repeated it eight hundred times!

The oftener it is rolled and buttered, the lighter it becomes," said cookery book No. 1.

"This is a beautiful puff paste," said No. 2, encouragingly. It is very pleasant to be encouraged.

"Double it up," said No. 3. I doubled it up. By this time, the mass, by dint of adding alternately flour and butter,

had increased to proportions of enormous size. Then it would not come off my hands. In desperation I got a knife to scrape them. I have heard of human blood in sacrifices. I am sure there was blood in that puff paste. O! how that tough, much-worked material stuck to me everywhere! I felt my shoes slippery with it. I saw it on the dress I wore. I put my hands into water. It only became a more obstinate paste. But my naturally good spirits sustained me. No matter, I will get some dishes, and how beautifully I will notch and ornament the edges of my pie. It shall be several inches higher, and so beautiful . . . I climbed up on the dresser and brought down some long-unused tin plates, each one inhabited by a family of the little silvery, fish-like creeping animals to be seen in all dressers, and for which I have never heard a name. I tried to haul ("haul" is the best word) my "light paste" up to the side of one of these. I could more easily have hauled a "light dragoon;" he might have been amenable to reason. It could not be made to come. I pulled harder. It resolutely and with almost human obstinacy, moved slowly off. Perhaps it wanted "more flour." More flour did no good. "More butter" was equally powerless; "more working"—no better luck! When I tried to move it again, it split asunder, like Europe, Asia, Africa, and America on the map of the world!

Here was a state of things. I paused to take a calm view of the situation. As this puff paste, (of the propriety of which epithet I began to have doubts,) actually refused to mount the side of a dish, which is really asking very little of it, it is evident that it never will, never can become pie crust; and if it would, are there not yet all the mysteries of baking to surmount? If mere dough conquered me in this manner, there is no knowing what humiliations an oven might not have in store for me. And it was getting late, too. Suppose I burn it all!

I always was a person of quick resolves. And burn it I did, throwing it, with a

savage, revengeful joy, bit by bit, into the kitchen fire! Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and various little pieces which did for the Malay Islands and Polynesia.

O! how it blazed and roared! I was afraid I had set the chimney on fire! I thought the engines would come! . . . What if the whole Fireman's Parade should arrive and demand admittance! But, no, fortune having tried me so far, spared me this.

I looked around me; the table, the board, four chairs, the roller, the clock, the range, the scales, plates and saucers innumerable, bore the traces of myself in glaring white! Now for soap and a scrubbing brush! How I cleaned, until everything was once more in order. If I had been poisoning the dinner for a large family, I could not have worked harder to efface the marks of my crime! A well known knock at the gate admonished me of the arrival of the boy from a provision store, who came for orders, and most opportunely gave me a chance to replace the butter and the flour I had surreptitiously used.

When my mistress returned with her young companion, late in the day, I was able, despite some inward trepidation, to meet her with a calm exterior, and I do not think she ever suspected anything.

Years have passed away; little feet have worn away the brightness of all those carpets; little fingers have left their marks on the paint then so new and fresh, and on the paper then so spotless. "Love the gift" has become in course of time, "love the debt." The usual amount of variation has fallen to my lot as to housekeeping.

My tyrant, not long after that, to me, memorable incident, left us suddenly, to our great relief, in order to take charge of the fate and fortunes of an elderly shoemaker, she being his "second venture." Her position has been filled by more than I can count, but among them all I have never had another "experienced cook."

Let me add, that I have entirely surmounted the mystery of making a pie.

DAY-DAWN.

BY ANNETTA DARR.

THROUGH all the night of moaning wind and rain,
I struggled sternly with my heavy grief,
And writhed beneath a constant, sullen pain,
Which scorned to find in tears a weak relief.

Night passed; and when one feeble ray of dawn
Stole through the blinds, I shuddered as with chill;
For day would bring its new vexations on,
And the old grief was all unconquered still.

I had no heart to meet the wakening day,
While hope and faith were swallowed up in night;
And so, all wearily, I turned away,
Loathing that brightening gleam of mellow light.

But still it brighter grew and nearer came;
Fell like a benison upon my head,
Waking new life with its pure touch of flame,
That told of skies whence every cloud had fled.

Then, with my heart grown stronger, I arose
And opened wide the shutters, and looked forth.
Behold! "God made himself an awful rose
Of dawn," and light and joy were on the earth.

For all the storm had gone. From stately hills,
Enrobed in silvery mists, from meadows broad,
From dark, cool forests, and from murmuring rills,
Ascended one glad anthem—Praise to God!

With forehead lowly bended, in my shame,
I questioned with my heavy, doubting heart:
E'en so God's light awaits thee; rests not blame
With thee, that thou dost bid the light depart?

How hast thou clung to darkness and to pain,
While He has sought thee out in many ways?
Thy voice is silent in the vast refrain,
While things inanimate resound with praise.

Still lowlier bowing, tears gushed forth at length—
Tears, blessed tears! that cooled the fire within.
"Father!" I cried, "O, give thy tired child strength,
Strength for the day, and pardon for my sin."

The kingly sun came through the gates of gold,
And all the darkness of my night was gone;
A boundless peace like light around me rolled,
For in my heart bloomed God's sweet rose of dawn.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

PRACTICAL AUNT DEB.

BY MARY E. DUNBAR.

CHAPTER I.

THAT day, dreaded by most school girls, had arrived—"Composition day." The subjects had been "given out" on the Friday previous, and now it was Wednesday morning.

A few had lengthy essays on the seasons, and though the subjects were treated in the abstract, they were, for the most part, voted masterly productions—ourselves rendering the verdict.

Others had selected the illustrious in history, from Adam down through the vista of years, until modern worthies had been reached with a like artistic touch.

There were a few of the number, however, who had not as yet so much as selected a subject, and were quite undecided as to which would be the better way—to write upon the arts and sciences, or give the whole thing the go-by, by having a "horrid headache."

Our teacher was a "bran' new" one, and this was his first term in our "deestrick," as Deacon Wilks informed us, though he had taught several terms during his college course, being self-educated. That he was college "larnt" went a great way with the deacon, who not having had a classical education himself, looked upon those who had enjoyed such an advantage as almost superhuman.

Mr. Pierce, the new teacher, was to board with the deacon—and how we all envied Delia Wilks, the deacon's daughter, the advantage she would enjoy over us—educationally—as her father had spread the intelligence far and wide that the "Latin and Greek that that man knowed

was awful; he could speak in either language as fluent as of it was his mother's tongue."

It may well be inferred that this walking encyclopædia inspired us with an awe befitting the occasion, nor were our fears allayed by the tragic manner in which he laid down the rules for our guidance.

"I want it to be distinctly understood," he said the first day of the term, "that the miserable boy who "stood upon the burning deck," is never to be mentioned in declamation or otherwise, in my hearing, as the fact of his presence at that conflagration, has been dinned into my ears at least once a week for the last four years." Then, turning to the girls, said: "And as to compositions, I hope to hear something besides the seasons, or George Washington and the hatchet story, or the peppergrass, either, for that matter;" then concluded his remarks by saying, that he hoped we would each adopt "Excelsior" for our motto, and called upon all in favor of these things and this motto, to signify it by rising—at which all arose, from the "big boys" in algebra to the urchin in his first rudiments—each determined to be guided by "Excelsior," whatever it might mean, which was by no means clear to all, though of course it must be "right," we reasoned, or so great and learned a man as Mr. Pierce would never have recommended it.

Mr. Pierce was a tall, lank, sharp-featured, dark-complexioned man, with a long thin nose, pointed chin, narrow but rather high forehead, and small deep-set

eyes, which seemed to read one's thoughts. His lips were thin, and his mouth expressive of firmness, though his smile was bland, and his teeth even and so white as to fairly gleam; but the peculiar way he wore his hair, standing bolt upright, together with the keen eyes, gave him such an ascendancy over us as to cause him little trouble in the management of his school. We all thought he could not have had a more appropriate name; and Bessie Hill said, "she could have guessed it at once if she had been asked."

Jenny McDowell and myself had selected "The Father of his Country," as a fit subject for literary treatment, Mr. Pierce's lecture to the contrary notwithstanding. We had read to each other our gushing effusions, and finally decided to submit both to Aunt Deborah Eastbrook, the maiden aunt with whom I dwelt—to be revised and corrected according to the rules of grammar and rhetoric, with the mental reservation that they were really as nearly perfect as merely human compositions usually are. Jenny had read an extract from the biography of the great man, so that hers was merely a synopsis.

For myself I had no great fancy for such reading; I greatly preferred "Robinson Crusoe," or the "Arabian Nights;" then I had heard or read somewhere, that nothing lies like history, unless it is biography, so I felt that I could not get greatly out of the way, even though I drew a little freely on the imaginary.

Aunt Deb had examined Jenny's, pronouncing it quite a fair beginning for a young girl. Then came mine. I had entered into the most minute details of Washington's early life, as I imagined it to be, from various accounts and legends, and though the hatchet was a great temptation, I wisely forebore. I gave a glowing account of his rising genius, his voluntary retirement from the world for the study and contemplation of nature—of his rustic sweetheart; of their correspondence when, as it sometimes occurred, he

must absent himself for a little season—giving one or two of the precious missives publicity—described minutely his Mary's auburn locks and mild blue eyes, of their trysting place, and finally, of their vows of eternal constancy.

Then I sent him off to the wars, where he waded through gore, and often when faint and bleeding after the fray, had, in the absence of ink, written in his own blood impassioned words, which, after all, but dimly shadowed forth the deep, true and abiding love glowing upon the altar of his heart for her only. Of course these missives caused the recipient of them days of anxiety and nights of torture.

After the "stars and stripes" once again floated in the peaceful breeze, I permitted him to return and claim his bride, his first and only love.

His father, in the meantime, having passed away from earthly cares and emoluments, my hero succeeded him in the presidency under the title of George the Second, to which high position he elevated his "wild flower."

There, surrounded in time by a numerous offspring, they lived many happy years, retiring to "Vernon's shades" only after the glitter of earth had ceased to charm.

"So that is your 'True Story of the Life of Washington,' is it?" Aunt Deb said, with a merry twinkle dancing in her hazel eyes.

"Aunt Deb, how does it answer the purpose?" I said, not deigning to notice her peculiar expression.

"Well," she answered, after a brief pause, "as a composition it will do tolerably well for a school girl; but as a historian, you rank very low indeed. To begin with—Washington, it is said by persons supposed to be versed in such things, never was wounded; never wrote sanguinary letters to a rustic sweetheart; never had a rustic sweetheart to whom he plighted his troth—and never wedded her, for the same reason.

"He did not succeed his father as Presi-

dent; his father never aspired to that honor; Washington was never a father, save to his country and two step-children, having wedded a beautiful and very wealthy young widow."

"Aunt Deb!" I exclaimed, almost crying with vexation, "Don't say anything more; what is left after your overhauling? I might just as well burn the thing up and have done with it. What if all history were subjected to such tests as you apply? I think there wouldn't be many sizeable books left."

"Which would be all the better for history," she added.

"And historical novels?" I said interrogatively.

"A few primers," was the sententious reply.

"But really," I said, reverting to my unfortunate composition, "What am I to do? To-morrow is composition day, and it will be impossible to write another, with all I have to do besides."

"O, that can be easily arranged," she said. "Just substitute another name and title. The more unmeaning the title, the more fashionable it will be. 'What is it?' will be as good as any other; originate one to suit yourself, however."

"Aunt Deb?"

"Well!"

"Did you ever have a romance?"

"Don't be inquisitive, Tilly."

"But did you, aunty dear? Now do tell us; there's a pet."

"What for? You will be making a heroine of me next."

"No, indeed, aunty dear! I promise you. Aunty?"

"What, Tilly?"

"Were you ever?—that is, did you ever—?"

"Say on, Tilly; was I ever pretty? and did I ever have an offer?"

"How could you know my thoughts, aunty?"

"You didn't know then that I have a divining rod by which I bring hidden things to light?"

"You haven't a bit of romance in your make up, Aunt Deb."

"Women of my age seldom have."

"You are so practical."

"I have need to be."

"What need?" I was about to ask, but Aunt Deb had gone, something in the kitchen requiring her supervision.

"I wonder why she couldn't have told us if she had ever had an offer of marriage, and if she were once a belle," Jenny said after a time. "I had been pondering the same thing myself. The most vivid imagination could scarcely at any time of life have pictured my aunt a beauty, yet she is one of earth's most excellent," I said warmly. Aunt Deborah was above medium, and rather plump; her eyes were large and full, their color dark-hazel; her hair, which at some time in the past had been dark and glossy, was now thickly threaded with silver, yet fell in a profusion of natural ringlets when left to its own will, which was not often the case.

Her teeth were even and white, and when in animated conversation, her eyes sparkled like diamonds; she had a sweet smile and low musical voice, which seemed to thrill one through.

In fact her eyes and voice were her principal charms; and must certainly at some time have attracted somebody; so Jenny and I reasoned.

One morning as I was about to start for school, I was accosted thus: "Tilly!"

"Ma'am!"

"You may invite the teacher home with you this afternoon; the 'circle' meets here to-day, and we ought to show him a little attention, I suppose, as he has but few acquaintances in the village."

"Yes'm," I answered, as I tied on my sun-bonnet.

The teacher accepted the invitation, but when I introduced him to aunty, I was certain she turned pale, and trembled, yet I may have been mistaken, for I had never seen her converse with as much animation, excitement I thought, she was usually so calm and placid.

The tea-drinking and gossiping were over at last, and all quiet, as was our wont. We were sitting, aunty and I, each intent upon a book.

Aunt seemed after a time to be lost in reverie; then said, in an almost abrupt manner, "Tilly!"

"Ma'am," I answered, almost startled.

"Mr. Pierce is son of an old friend of mine."

"Indeed!" I returned; but seeing nothing very strange in the announcement, made no further remark. She then again relapsed into silence.

Two years passed rapidly away. Mr. Pierce taught three terms of school acceptably to the community; then began to read law with one of our most able and learned judges. At my aunt's everything went on in its accustomed monotonous channel. Our days passed along as if earth were not the mutable place it has been represented.

Aunt Deborah seemed her same old self, if indeed in looks she had not grown younger. She still went the accustomed rounds among her poor, attended to the cultivation of her few paternal acres, and still took the same matter of fact view of passing events.

We were sitting alone one evening in the early part of spring. A cheerful blaze lighted the little apartment; it had been a lovely sunshiny day, and through all of it the little song sparrows had been chattering in the honey-suckles at the window, flitting from spray to spray, seeking a sheltered nook in which to set up house-keeping.

Toward evening, however, it had clouded over, and the rain was now pouring down in torrents.

"Tilly!" aunty said, after she had for a long time sat in a state of dreamy reverie, "I promised you once a leaf from my personal history; do you still care to hear it?"

"Very much indeed, Aunt Deb, if you can trust me."

She then arose, and going to an *escritoire*,

took therefrom two packages of letters and a small box.

"Take these to your room," she said, giving them into my hand. "This box will perhaps answer the question you once propounded as to my youthful appearance and matrimonial opportunities. I will answer any reasonable questions suggested by either."

"As if I would ask any other, aunty."

Aunty smiled, as if such an event was not improbable.

Not wishing to be too curious about aunt's private history, I compelled myself to silence during the remainder of the evening, though I would gladly have been enlightened on more than one point.

I was not sorry, therefore, when the hour came for retiring, for aunt, after giving me the letters, had seemed forgetful of my presence. I was not long in opening the box, after securing my door. It contained two pictures; one represented a lovely girl in the first flush of early womanhood; the other, a noble-looking man, some years her senior. These miniatures were elegantly painted on ivory, the colors retaining all their original brightness, and I found it difficult to realize, that they had not recently come from under the hand of the artist.

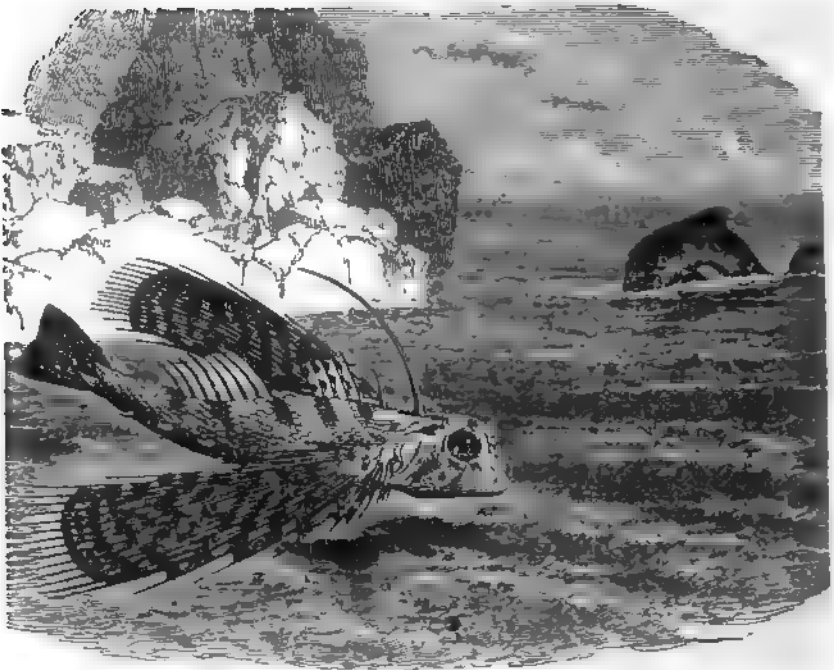
Could it be possible that this had ever been a true representation of Aunt Deborah? Yes, it must be true; there was the same expression of eyes and features. The original of the other picture I had certainly never seen, and would hardly dare ask, lest it should come under the head of what aunty styled unreasonable questions. Having finished my inspection of these, I reverently laid them in their box, and opened one package of the letters—those directed in a bold, manly hand, to "Miss Deborah Eastbrook," and what was my surprise to find the signature identical with that of our old-time teacher, "Benjamin Pierce;" yet they bore a date in the past anterior to his birth, I was certain. It now recurred to me that aunty had turned pale at sight of our teacher,

yet he bore not the slightest resemblance to the pictured face I had been contemplating; yet the inference was plain,—our teacher must be a son of this lover of my aunt's.

This much settled, if not quite satisfactorily, I at once proceeded to the perusal of the letters, every one breathing words of tenderest affection.

[CONCLUSION NEXT MONTH.]

THE FLYING FISH.



THE Flying Fish of the accompanying cut, is one which voyagers do not see in the Atlantic. It is the Flying Gurnard of the East India seas, and differs from its relations of the Atlantic ocean in being less gracefully shaped, but much more gayly colored. Its scientific name is *Dactylopterus Orientalis*. On the wings are spots of rich brown, while some of the brightest colors of the rainbow are seen on parts of the body. The spines are a curious feature, and are doubtless intended for defence. The eye is large, and altogether the creature, though small, looks

ferce and formidable, though in disposition it is timid, and in nature harmless.

The Flying Fish met with in the warmer portions of the Atlantic, is the *Exocoetus Volitans*. The pectoral fins, with which the fish sustains itself a few moments in air, are more triangular in shape, and not so fan-like as those of the oriental specimen.

Neither of these two species of Flying Fish have wings, in the proper sense of the term; what answers the purpose is only an expansion of the usual pectoral fins. With these they flutter or skip, rather

than fly. They skim the summits of the waves, and rarely prolong their flight more than a hundred yards.

Young voyagers are always delighted at the novel spectacle of a shoal of glittering Flying Fish, sometimes hundreds and thousands in number, gleaming in the sunshine. It is a wonderful vision, and one almost imagines that the mermaids are out, sending before them in throngs the silver doves of the sea, and ready to surprise you with some new fairy vision.

Their flight is so rapid that sharp-eyed sailors cannot see the vibration of their

wings. Their course often swerves from the direction of their leap from the water, which shows that they can use their tails and fins to steer by, after they have lifted themselves from their natural element.

It is probable that their power of vision is defective, as they often fall on the decks of passing ships. Their foes are the bonitas and the dolphins. These pursuers are often caught by the sailors with the aid of a hook, whose shaft is ornamented with fan or fin-like appendages, to resemble a Flying Fish.

A PHILISTINE CITY.

BY J. M'N. W.

EVERY reader of the Scriptures is familiar with the name of Philistine. The Philistines were descendants of Ham, the third son of Noah. Some suppose that they were originally the "Shepherd kings," who were expelled from Egypt after four hundred years of power; their name means strangers, and from them the land of Canaan is called *Palestine*.

During the times of Abraham and Isaac, the patriarchs of the Hebrews were firm friends of the Philistine kings; but four centuries later, the Israelites, coming to conquer Canaan, found themselves engaged in a warfare with their olden allies, and often the people of the Lord became the slaves of the heathen.

When Samuel dwelt, a godly and honored youth, in the Tabernacle, and Eli was high priest, the Ark of God was captured by the Philistines, and carried in triumph to their own country.

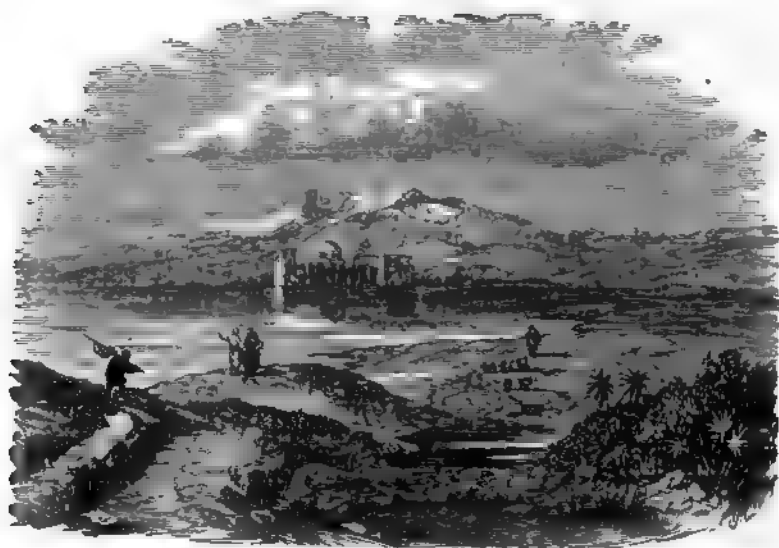
The much-prized trophy was put in the glittering temple of Dagon, the fish-god, and every child has heard, wondering, how in the night unseen hands flung Dagon down, compelling him to do unconscious homage to the Lord of Jewry.

To save their hideous deity, the men of

Ashdod sent the mysterious Ark to other cities of the Philistines.

Of this notable old town, Ashdod, we would say a few words. The city was famous for the beauty of its site; a broad plain of unusual fertility sweeps in a wide curve about the base of a low, gently-rounded hill; here stood the royal city, looking from its eminence down upon a bright, miniature lake. The hill sides were terraced, and beautified with gardens, olive, fig, and pomegranate orchards and vineyards. Above and among these rose temples, towers, palaces and homes, the pride of a rich, warlike and wicked people.

Ashdod, in its exceeding beauty and abounding wealth, defied the might of Israel, and of Israel's God. But "except the Lord keeps the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." The traveller may now go to Ashdod, and write, "how art thou fallen" in the dust which covers its ruins. Every splendid dwelling, every goodly palace and heaven-scorning temple has crumbled into ashes. A vile hamlet called *Esdud*, which is a mere collection of mud huts, lies strangely embowered on the eastern slope of Ashdod's long famous



ASHDOD, OR AZOTUS.

hill. Here is fulfilled what the Lord prophesied by the mouth of Zechariah, "I will cut off the pride of the Philistines."

While the plain and the valley are fertile as of yore, the glory has departed and only desolation reigns. The restless sands of the Mediterranean are yearly drifting inward, and with sure, solemn step advancing to bury the fragments of former glory, the flowery beauty of nature, and the miserable hut of the modern dervish, in a common tomb.

At the southern base of the hill of Ashdod, as seen in the illustration given above, the ruins of an old khan, and a broken down mosque, stand beside the pretty lake. Near these are broken columns and pillars, sarcophagi of white marble, and fragments of carving and statuary, remnants of the day of Philistia's pride. As the prophet foretold, this warrior city has become a fold for poor men's flocks, and straying among the ruins, the Bedouin shepherds feed their sheep.

The tribe of Judah were ever unable to conquer Ashdod. Nehemiah, after the seventy years of captivity, found it still unsubdued, the home of a race alien from

the Jews in language and religion. Situated three miles from the Mediterranean, between Gaza and Joppa, and on the very high road of travel from Canaan to Egypt, it was a town of great commercial importance.

Tartan, the general of King Sargon, besieged Ashdod seven hundred and sixteen years before Christ. Jeremiah mentions also its siege by Psammetichus, about a century later. The Maccabees brought their divinely aided strength to bear upon the old enemy of Judah, and finally destroyed the city. After this Ashdod lay in ruins, until it was rebuilt and fortified by Gabinus, some fifty years before Christ. In the New Testament it is mentioned as Azotus, where Philip was found after the baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch on the road by Gaza.

Ruined Ashdod and the mud village that clings to the once notable site, stand as memorials of the fulfilment of prophecy, and a sign to all generations that "the triumphing of the wicked is short; he is suddenly cut off"

With Ashdod have perished Ekron, Ascalon, Gaza, Eglon and Lachish, famous

in Bible story. Gath has been entirely lost for centuries. Beth-shemesh, "the house of the Sun," has neither house nor inhabitant. All the great valley of the

Philistines, once glorified by everything that is good, except godliness, is left naked and desolate, enjoying a Sabbath of numberless ages.

OUR MISCELLANY.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

WHAT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN DONE IN THE CASE?

Old Mr. S—, a man of mark in his neighborhood and noted for his general good sense, was long troubled with a recollection of the following dream:

He fancied himself on horseback, riding towards his county town, when suddenly he saw what was evidently a spectre, standing near the roadside, beckoning earnestly to him to approach.

Educated to have no faith in ghosts, but rather a feeling of pity for those who were so weak as to believe in them, he was shocked to have his creed so rudely and irresistibly assailed, and his blood ran cold at the sight. Having, however, "a good conscience both toward God and toward man," he responded without hesitation to the almost imperative summons.

"Who are you, and what do you wish?" he inquired.

"I am the spirit of a murdered man," said the shadowy being, speaking in a soft, sad tone. "My murderer is at large and unsuspected; nor will he ever be made known, unless you—yes, you, John S—, will use the means that I point out. *You are asleep, and you know it*; but will you promise that, when awake, you will carry out the plan I now give you?"

He promised; and the spectre, after giving him a plan of procedure, as magistrate, which seemed to him reasonable enough, slowly disappeared. On awaking, he began to muse:

"This is a very unusual dream. I acknowledged myself to be asleep, and with

that knowledge promised that, on awaking, I would, as a magistrate, carry out a certain plan of operations. Now, shall I keep the promise?" He mused again, "I am bound by a *spirit*, bound by a *dream*. That is the extent of my obligation. Does it amount to anything? Pshaw! I wonder at having allowed myself to be troubled for one moment. But, certainly, it was a remarkable dream."

With these reflections, he turned on his pillow, and again went to sleep. Scarcely, however, had he made his second entry into dreamland, before he was on horseback as before, travelling along the same road and approaching the same haunted spot. And there, too, stood the spirit, watching his movements, and beckoning him again to come near. Confident in his integrity of purpose, he went forward with all the boldness he could command, but with some uneasiness of conscience, and with some disquiet, too, at discovering in the spirit's face an expression that he did not altogether like.

"John S—," exclaimed that being, "you have broken your word. You promised that, when awake, you would carry out the course that I prescribed; but as soon as you awoke you decided not to do it. Will you promise again?"

He made the promise a second time, and soon after awoke. For some minutes he lay reflecting seriously upon his responsibility in the case, as a man, as a magistrate, and as a Christian; and seeing no course which his judgment would approve, except what had been before resolved upon, he awoke his wife, and told her the dream, without, however, detailing the particulars of the course

to be pursued. Being a strong-minded and practical woman, she promptly replied, as he expected.

"The dream is certainly a singular one. But would it not look very strange that you, a deacon in the church and a magistrate, should be influenced by a *dream*, of having made a promise to a *spirit*? I would think of it no more."

Scarcely one woman in a hundred, if one in a thousand, would have given such cool philosophical advice. It satisfied *him*, but it was far from satisfying the eager spirit of the murdered man.

Husband and wife had scarcely composed themselves to sleep before Mrs. S—— heard a groan of terror from her husband, and saw him leap frantically from bed. He had dreamed of being again on horseback, again passing that dreaded spot, and again seeing the spirit there. Its countenance, however, was no longer mild, but wrathful—more demon-like than angelic; it seemed actually to flash fire.

It continued to beckon as before, but Mr. S—— dared not now approach. Conscience stricken at the recollection of having twice violated his word, he put whip and spur to his horse and endeavored to dash by at full speed. But it was all in vain, both man and horse were under a spell, while that terrible looking spectre was moving after him like a bird through the air. In a moment it had leaped upon the crupper of the horse and was twining its pale arms around his waist. Mr. S—— gave a cry of horror, and leaped, as he supposed, from his horse, but awaked to find himself in the middle of his room, and his wife calling to him anxiously to know what was the matter.

A curious part of the history, he said, was the fact, that although the course of procedure prescribed by the spirit was, at the time of his promise, or rather *seemed to him to be*, plain and simple as A B C, it vanished so perfectly with the close of the dream that not a trace of it remained in memory.

Until the day of his death—for this is a veritable history—the question would recur at times with painful emphasis, "Was I not under obligation? I *promised in my sleep, knowing that I was asleep.*"

G.

The following classical dialogue, from the Greek of Theocritus, may aid in solving the question of the preceding article.

THE FISHERMEN.

ASPHALION AND A COMRADE.

The nurse of industry and arts is want;
Care breaks the laborer's sleep, my Diophant!
And should sweet slumber o'er his eyelids
creep,

Dark cares stand over him and startle sleep.

Two fishers old lay in their wattled shed,
Close to the wicker on one sea-moss bed;
Near them the tools wherewith they plied
their craft,

The basket, rush-trap, line and reedy shaft,
Weed-tangled baits, a drag-net with its
drops,

Hooks, cord, two oars, an old boat fixed on
props.

Their rush-mat clothes and caps propped
either head;

These were their implements by which they
fed,

And this was all their wealth. They were
not richer

By so much as a pipkin or a pitcher.

All else seemed vanity: they could not mend
Their poverty—which was their only friend.
They had no neighbors; but upon the shore
The sea soft murmured at their cottage door.
The chariot of the moon was midway only,
When thoughts of toil awoke those fishers
lonely:

And shaking sleep off they began to sing.

ASPHALION.

The summer nights are short, when Zeus the
king

Makes the days long, some say—and lie.
This night

I've seen a world of dreams, nor yet 'tis
light.

What's all this? am I wrong? or say I truly?
And can we have a long, long night in July?

FRIEND.

Do you the summer blame? The seasons
change,

Nor willingly transgress their wonted range.
From care that frightens sleep much longer
seems

The weary night.

ASPHALION.

Can you interpret dreams?
 I've seen a bright one which I will declare,
 That you my visions as my toil may share.
 To whom should you in mother-wit defer?
 And quick wit is the best dream-interpreter.
 We've leisure and to spare. What can
 one do,
 Lying awake on leaves, as I and you,
 Without a lamp? They say the town hall
 ever
 Has burning lights—its booty fails it never.

FRIEND.

Well: let us have your vision of the night.

ASPHALION.

When yester-even I slept, outwearied quite
 With the sea-toil, not over-fed, for our
 Commons, you know, were short at feeding
 hour,
 I saw myself upon a rock, where I
 Sat watching for the fish—so eagerly!
 And from the reed the tripping bait did shake,
 Till a fat fellow took it—no mistake.
 ('Twas natural-like that I should dream of
 fish,
 As hounds of meat upon a greasy dish).
 He hugged the hook, and then his blood did
 flow;
 His plunges bent my reed like any bow:
 I stretched both arms, and had a pretty bout
 To take, with hook so weak, a fish so stout.
 I gently warned him of the wound he bore,
 "Ha! will you prick me? you'll be pricked
 much more."
 But when he struggled not, I drew him in.
 The contest then I saw myself did win.
 I landed him, a fish compact of gold!
 But then, a sudden fear my mind did hold
 Lest King Poseidon made it his delight,
 Or it was Amphitrite's favorite.
 I loosed him gently from the hook, for fear
 It from his mouth some precious gold might
 tear,
 And with my line I safely towed him home,
 And swore that I on sea no more would
 roam;
 But ever after would remain on land,
 And there my gold, like any king, command.
 At this I woke. Your wits, good friend,
 awaken,
 For much I fear to break the oath I've taken.

FRIEND.

Fear not: you swore not, saw not with your
 eyes
 The fish you saw; for visions all are lies.
 But now no longer slumber: up, awake,
 And for a false a real vision take.
 Hunt for the foodful fish that is, not seems,
 For fear you starve amid your golden
 dreams.

HICKSITE QUAKERISM.

Few people understand and appreciate the Quakers. Some confound them with the Shakers, because of the similarity of names; but a person might as well confound mutton and button, or associate, as alike, grass and glass. The Shakers abhor matrimony, and have as a part of their public worship, a senseless kind of singing and dancing; the Quakers hold that marriage is honorable, while they abhor all singing and dancing. Unlike the early Christians and the Methodists, they never adopted the name given them in hatred and derision. Society of Friends is the gentle and attractive title which they first adopted, and by which they are still known in legal documents.

Not far from the time when the noted division in the Presbyterian Church took place into Old and New-schools, there was a split, because of doctrinal differences in some of the yearly meetings of the Friends. Considerable objection was made to the preaching of John Hicks, as not being in accordance with the Scriptures and the old testimonies of Friends. He seemed to be preaching another gospel, insisting much on mere morality, upholding Christ as our example, while he studiously avoided the cardinal doctrines of repentance, the new birth, Christ's divinity, and his death as a satisfaction for our sins. He now and then used expressions and indulged in language which led his hearers to believe that he did not hold to these doctrines. Many who had heard and known him, defended him; many preachers had imbibed his doctrines and went here and there disseminating the pernicious innovations. Finally came the separation; those walking in the old paths and holding the old testimonies were known as

Orthodox, while the others, defending John Hicks, received the title of Hicksites. It is true, that many who still believed that Christ is God, and that his death is a true satisfaction for the sins of his people, went out with the Hicksites, because they thought their leader should still be allowed to promulgate his opinions, and that the utmost liberty should be granted to all. I will not deny that there were many subterfuges resorted to by the liberal party to hide their opinions, or at least to make them appear as harmless and as much like the orthodox as possible. But in this respect they only repeat history; the heretical party has always endeavored to fortify itself in the bosom of the Orthodox church under false pretences.

Since that day the Hicksites have been diverging more and more. A few of them—the old stock—still dress in broad-brims, scoop bonnets, and plain-cut garments of the drab hue, but the rising generation has been gradually shedding the old coat and putting out a more stylish and variegated plumage. Gay birds many of them now are. In times gone by, when any one was a little awkward in the terpsichorean art, he was said to have a Quaker foot; but now, should any young amateur display especial aptitude in that direction, he is said to dance like a Hicksite Quaker. In many minds the Quaker lingo, or Friends' language, is associated with all that is sweet, winning and modest; but when you have been soundly scolded, as I have, in the "thy, thee, fourth and sixth-day parlance," you will find the sweetness vanishing into thin air, and feel that "distance lends enchantment to the view." The forms of a religion will remain long after the spirit is dead; so in some localities, your ear may be shocked by profanity mingled with "*thee*," or you may be beguiled into security by "*thy*," as my wife has been by the butcher, while he was playing a gouge game before her eyes.

I have seen John approach a blooming miss of recent acquaintance, and say, "Mary, may I claim thy hand for the next dance?" And Mary, never missing the Miss, responds with girlish affectation, "Yes, John, thee may;" and in a few moments they whirl by in the luscious waltz.

In church government the Hicksites are democratic. They have their preparatory meeting, belonging to each place of worship and in regular order up—the monthly, quarterly and yearly meetings—but no representatives are sent; each member is entitled to a seat in the highest court of the church. The higher has entire jurisdiction over the lower.

While the Orthodox are nearly as rigid as ever in discipline, the Hicksites, as might be supposed from their latitudinarianism in doctrine, are becoming more and more lax. They did not discipline the members who engaged in the late war, though they hold, theoretically, strong peace doctrines. Nor will they always disown those who choose to become married to any one of another persuasion, even though joined in wedlock by a "hireling minister."

As they have no outward sacraments, there is no ceremonial of admission; those whose parents are both members are, *ipso facto*, full members from their birth. Others are voted in. Notwithstanding their care to preserve their own, they do not increase, and in some places are dying out. There are meeting-houses where once large crowds collected to doze the hour away or to hear worn-out truths, trite sayings, as well as new-fangled hobbies droned out in a sing-song monotone, with now and then a minor cadence. Now the trees, grown large, hide the old buildings, fast falling into decay, and the congregations meet no more. Where are they? Some sleep beneath the rank overgrown grass in the graveyard hard by, their resting places unmarked, according to the stern simplicity of their fathers, save by a little mound, and here and there a low rude stone. Others do not think it worth while to go so far to sleep, or to hear what they have heard a hundred times before; it is more comfortable to take the nap at home.

They who had any life in them were attracted from the dead issues of the past by the various "isms" of the day. Brought up without proper religious instruction, unacquainted often with the most familiar truths of the Bible, spiritualism made terrible inroads in their ranks. Strong intellects were bowed, and wise men gave heed to the

silly ravings of sick brains. Some are still besotted in their superstitions; others, waking up to a knowledge of their folly, have plunged into skepticism, and a few lost themselves in the dreariest atheism. I know of no communities where the sound of the gospel makes less impression, even in the way of rousing opposition, than in one of these where the dry stubble of Hicksite Quakerism has been burnt over by the withering flame of spiritualism. The common people have given their estimate of its character in the name they give: instead of Hicksite Quaker, they call a man of this sect a "Hickory Quaker," a term which implies a conscience so tough in consequence of a life spent in open disregard of religious duties and the moral law, that the most withering denunciations of sin never ruffle its composure, nor even move a ripple on its surface.

G. W.

It is an old maxim, that "the more we notice providences, the more we shall find providences to notice." And so, if we trust in the Lord, we find it in our own experience; and find, too, that the *providence* fulfils the *promise*, "that all things shall work together for good to them that love God." We are often anxious for the future; but if we obey the injunction, "take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink," we find that God gives us, day by day, our daily bread. If we are not anxious "for the body, what we shall put on," we find that He who clothes the lily with beauty, "will much more clothe us," though we have but little faith. And so, when we are pressed with the burdens and cares of life, though our faith, at times, seems ready to fail, yet we are often—nay, *always* taught, by our own experience, that "as our day is, so our strength shall be;" that the "divine strength is sufficient for us," and "is made perfect" even "in our weakness," if we do but look to it and rely upon it. This thought is beautifully expressed in the lines that follow, which are so full of encouragement and comfort to the desponding and weary, that we gladly bring them to the notice of our readers. One who can write

so well as their author, should write more frequently:

STRENGTH FOR THE DAY.

BEFORE.

The morning breaks in clouds, the rain is falling,

And on my pillow still I sigh for rest;

But yet I hear so many voices calling

To work, by which my burdened soul is pressed,

That I can only pray,

"Strength for the day."

'Tis less a prayer of faith than weak repining,

For with the words there comes no hope, no light!

On other lives a morning sun is shining,

While mine seems but a change from night to night;

So while I weep, I pray,

"Strength for the day."

It seems so hard to walk in constant shadow,
Climbing with weary feet an uphill road;
That while my weak heart dreads each coming morrow,

And I once more take up the heavy load,
Desponding still, I pray,

"Strength for the day."

AFTER.

Now looking backward, to the long hours ended,

I wonder why I feared them as they came;
Each brought the strength on which its task depended,

And so my prayer was answered, just the same.

Now, with new faith, I pray,

"Strength for each day."

For in the one just closed, I've learned how truly

God gives us help according to our need;
Sufficient for each hour it cometh newly,

If we but follow where His teachings lead,

Believing, when we pray,

"Strength for the day."

For He who felt the load which we are bearing,
 Who walked each step along the path we tread,
 Is ever for his weary children caring,
 And keeps the promise made us, when He said,
 He'd give us, all our way,
 "Strength for the day."

MAN'S GOSPEL.

All the religions in the world may be arranged under two heads, the true and the false, or the religion of God and the religions of men. The gospel of Jesus Christ is of God, and it is the only true religion. But man is prone to invent and follow a *gospel of his own*. However destitute of faith in Christ, he is a great believer in himself; and the more destitute he is of faith in God's gospel, the stronger is his faith in his own. Because he feels the need of some kind of gospel, he knows he must have some kind of religion. It is a want of his nature which must be met. All men feel this want; and hence some of the most decided unbelievers in Christianity are the strongest believers in something else which they substitute in its place. They do not like God's gospel as revealed in the Bible; it is too humbling to their pride; it is opposed to their lusts; it interferes with their sinful indulgences. Neither its doctrines nor its duties are agreeable to them, and its way of salvation accords not at all with their views and feelings, and so they reject it. But still they must have something; their very natures require a religion of some kind, some kind of gospel, and hence they invent a gospel of their own, a gospel after man, a gospel of man and not from God. Gal. i. 11, 12.

And this gospel of man has *its creed*; for however much men may talk against creeds, it is nevertheless true that every man has a creed. They will talk about what they believe; and this, their belief, is their creed. So the gospel of man has its creed; and this creed may be reduced to six articles, though it would be easy to extend them to thirty-

nine, or even to a hundred. Look at these *six articles*:

1. The first article of this gospel relates to *its Bible*; and it denies the necessity of a revelation from God. It holds that all men are in some sense inspired, and hence that every man is a Bible to himself, and needs no special revelation from God. The Scriptures it rejects as of little binding authority. Forgetting that God, as an infinite Intelligence, is the highest Reason, and that the revelation He has given in his word must, when rightly interpreted and fully understood, coincide with the discoveries of reason, and of science too, it proudly sets up the human intellect as the judge and standard of truth, and not only rejects what it cannot understand, but what seems to it inconsistent with reason or science. Thus every man is made his own judge as to what and how much of the Bible he is to receive; and the result is that the whole is rejected and cast aside as of no binding authority. Thus man is left to form a Bible for himself; and having the inspiration of reason, as this creed teaches, he is perfectly competent to do this; and of course needs no divine revelation, no revelation from God, no gospel given by revelation of Jesus Christ, no Bible given by inspiration of the Holy Ghost. This is the first article in man's gospel—a rejection of the Bible—a denial of the necessity of revelation.

2. And the second is like unto it, for it denies the *depravity* of man, and even rejects the doctrine of depravity altogether. Human nature may be a little worse than it once was, but by no means sinful. Evil examples may affect it unfavorably, but virtuous examples will elevate it, and correct all its evils. The idea of a sinful nature is altogether discarded; the doctrine of depravity, innate and total, is scornfully rejected; and as, according to this creed, no revelation is necessary; and as there is hence no divine law, of course there can be no sin, no transgression, and the distinction between right and wrong is a vain imagination. Some things may be better than others as means of happiness; but moral distinctions are set at naught.

3. The third article of this creed denies

the necessity of an *atonement*. As there has been no law transgressed, except it may be some natural laws, which transgression brings with it its own punishment; and as, therefore, there is no law to be honored, no justice to be satisfied, and no sin to be atoned for, of course no atonement is necessary. Hence man needs no divine Redeemer to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself; all he needs is a perfect example for imitation. This he has in the life of Christ, but his death is of no avail; it was not designed as an atonement for sin, but merely to seal his testimony as a witness to the truth, and thus render his example more perfect, and more impressive and effective.

4. The fourth article denies the necessity of *regeneration*. If man's nature is not corrupt, if his heart is not enmity against God, deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, of course it follows that he does not need to be born again. This creed, therefore, is but consistent in denying the necessity of the new birth, and with this the divinity of the Holy Spirit and the doctrine of the Trinity. If no divine Redeemer is needed to make atonement, and no divine Spirit to renew the heart, then there is no place in this creed for the Holy Trinity; so that, in man's gospel, every distinctive feature of Christianity is rejected.

5. Hence, as its fifth article, this creed holds to salvation by *works*. There is in it no room for grace; its necessity is denied. Salvation is not of grace, but of works; an outward reformation and a moral life are the only needed preparation for heaven. The hopes of man must rest, not on Christ, but on himself; not on believing, but on doing; and hence he must work out his own salvation. This is a fundamental article in man's gospel; and this principle runs through the whole of it, and very consistently, too; for if one is to be saved without Christ and the Spirit, he must, of course, depend wholly upon his works; and he is a debtor to do the whole law, for it is written, "cursed is every

one who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them. He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all."

6. The sixth and last article of man's gospel teaches that there is no eternal *punishment hereafter*. Sin, if there be such a thing, is atoned for by good deeds, by reformation, by a moral life, by suffering, sorrow, and penitence; or else it is either punished here in this life, or for a limited period hereafter; so that, finally, all are saved. Some go to heaven when they die, others, when they have suffered sufficiently in the future world. But none suffer forever; eventually, all are received into heaven. A happy company!

This is man's gospel; as good without Christ as with him; as good without grace and the Spirit as with them; making heaven large enough for the race, and hell—if there be a hell—only a place of discipline and preparation for that blessed abode; while there can be no songs of praise there to redeeming grace and blood, but either to morality, to sorrow on earth, or to sufferings in hell, as preparations for eternal rest! Such is man's gospel, the gospel which is after man and of man, with no Christ and no Holy Spirit, no salvation, no atonement, no grace, no forgiveness, no anthems of praise for redeeming love! "But," says Paul, "I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by revelation of Jesus Christ." Gal. i. 11, 12.

This gospel of God, which Paul preached, is just the reverse of man's; for it takes the Bible for its guide, and it teaches ruin by Adam, redemption by Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Ghost. These three short articles comprise the whole of God's gospel: 1. Ruin by Adam. 2. Redemption by Christ. 3. Regeneration by the Holy Ghost. This gospel is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth. Believe and be saved!

W. J. M.

OUR SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

SETTING POSTS.—A correspondent of the *Iowa Homestead* says he set, in 1840, two oak fence posts, from the same tree. The one set butt end down, rotted off in thirteen years; the other is as good as ever.

SOURCE OF LABOR.—The new *Popular Science Monthly* has an article on the "Source of Labor," in which the writer maintains that the source of all the labor performed "under the sun" is the sun itself—its light and heat being, at least, the exciting cause of all the work done in the economy of nature.

COLORS IN ANIMALS.—A writer in *Nature* thinks that some animals consciously imitate the colors of surrounding objects as seen with their eyes. Thus, such changes by prawns are said to cease if their eyes are removed; while certain caterpillars are found to change the color of the chrysalises formed, according to the color of the ground in which they are placed.

ARTESIAN WELLS.—The practical uses to which artesian wells may be put, belong, for the most part, to the future. Hitherto such wells have been but a few inches in diameter. But one is being made in Paris, at La Chapelle, St Denis, which is about six feet in diameter. It has already reached a depth of over two thousand feet. If successful, it will be equal to a small river, and may introduce a new form of water-power.

ADULTERATION OF PAPER.—The *Boston Journal of Chemistry* has been analyzing the paper on which its exchanges are printed, and finds that the paper makers mix a white clay with the paper-pulp to add to the weight. Its own paper has less than half of one per cent. of this matter; that of the *Independent*, 8.71 per cent.; and that of the *Scientific American* has 14.50 per cent. As the paper sells by weight for more than ten times as much as does the clay, the profit on the clay is very large, the *Scientific American*

having to pay, at paper price, for eleven tons of it annually.

COMETS AND METEORS.—The Council of the Royal Astronomical Society, England, this year awarded the Gold Medal to Prof Schiaparelli, of Milan, chiefly in recognition of his service to the cause of science as the discoverer of the law of identity of meteors and comets, with the now generally accepted inference of the similarity of composition of all the physical world of the universe—a fact which the revelations of the spectroscope suggest, if they do not confirm.

SETTING OUT TREES.—If people setting out trees or planting orchards, would give orders to mark the north side of the trees with red chalk before they are taken up, and when set out have the trees put in the ground with their north side to the north in their natural position, a larger portion would live. Ignoring this law of nature is the cause of so many transplanted trees dying. If the north side is exposed to the south, the heat of the sun is too great for that side of the tree to bear, and therefore it dries up and decays.

GUTTA PERCHA.—Gutta percha is not at all the same thing as India rubber, though uninformed people sometimes suppose it is. It can be melted and remelted, and repeatedly remolded, without changing its properties for manufacture, or losing its virtue. It is lighter than rubber, of finer grain, and is extremely tough. In its crude state it has no resemblance whatever to India rubber in appearance, nor are its chemical or mechanical properties the same; nor does the tree from which it is taken belong to the same botanical family, or grow in the same latitude or soil.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.—Careful soundings, made between Ireland and Newfoundland in order to lay the cable, have shown that the bottom of the ocean is covered with

fine white mud, the remains of microscopic insects. From the coast of Ireland there is a sharp descent for about two hundred miles; from the coast of Newfoundland a more gradual one for about three hundred. Between these there is a vast smooth plain, the depth of water upon which varies from ten to fifteen thousand feet.

MARINE PLANTS.—It is a singular fact that the most brilliant-colored marine plants are those which live in comparative darkness. Excess of light blanches them as lack of light does earth plants.

MEDICAL SPRINGS.—Some of the springs most famous for their therapeutic virtues, like those at Baden, and some in this country, the celebrated Berkley Springs, of Virginia, for example, or those of Gettysburg, Pa., are said to be remarkable for their chemical purity—being unadulterated water simply; and the secret of their beneficial effects is found in the fact, that to those accustomed to drink impure water, as such multitudes do, really pure water is often the best possible medicine and alterative of the system.

GRAVITATION AT THE SUN.—The mass of the sun, in weight, is about 325,000 times as much as the earth. But as it is 1,250,000 times as bulky, it follows that, bulk for bulk, it is as much lighter than the earth—that is to say, its density is only about one-quarter that of the earth, and about one and a half times that of water. Hence the solar gravity, or the force which attracts bodies to the surface of the sun is nearly twenty-eight times as great as terrestrial gravity. A weight let fall on the earth drops about 16 feet in the first second; on the sun it would fall 450 feet.

AMMONIA AS A CURE FOR SNAKE BITES.—We recently called attention to the fact that as many as 8,000 persons die annually, in British India and Burmah, from the effects of snake bites. The Inspector of Police to the Bengal government now reports that of 939 cases, in which ammonia was freely administered, 702 victims have recovered; and in the cured instances, the remedy was not administered till about three

and a half hours after the attack, on the average. In the fatal cases, the corresponding duration of time was four and a half hours.

A LARGE RUBY.—Prof. Shepard of Amherst College, has just secured for his cabinet the largest ruby in the world. The largest ever known before is the size of a man's fist, but this is about two feet high, one foot in diameter, and weighs three hundred and sixteen pounds. It is not a pure ruby, but is mixed with sapphire, and was found in the mountains of North Carolina, quarried by nature out of rotten rock. Prof. Shepard heard that it was on the way to Europe, and bid enough to secure it, paying \$300 therefor, but many times that sum could not purchase it from him. Professor S. has also received from Macon county, Georgia, a sapphire weighing thirty pounds.

SEA WEED OF THE TROPICS.—The Agassiz expedition, at the latest accounts, was off Sandy Point, Patagonia. Among the scientific curiosities noted by some members of the party were immense quantities of kelp, the "Macrocystic pyrifera." This is the largest known alga or sea-weed, and grows on these coasts in from six to twenty fathoms of water, in vast beds, warning the mariner to beware a near approach, unless he wishes to be entangled in an inextricable net-work. It throws up from the oceanic depths stems of immense lengths, some of them from seven hundred to one thousand feet, the greatest development reached by any member of the vegetable race now in existence. Patches of this sea-weed were passed in open sea, with large sea-lions lying on its surface, who were apparently navigating in this novel manner with much satisfaction to themselves, and affording much amusement to their scientific observers.

THE LARGEST TELESCOPE.—The largest refracting telescope in the world is in the process of manufacture by Alvan Clark and Sons in Cambridgeport. It is designed for the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, and will cost \$46,000, one half of which will be for the object glass, which is twenty-six inches in diameter. The tube is to be of sheet steel, thirty-two and one-

half feet in length. The two glasses—for it requires two to make an object glass—weighed in the rough about two hundred and fifty pounds, and cost \$7,000, about \$28 per pound. They arrived in this country about six months ago, from Birmingham, England, and ever since the work of polishing and preparing them has been continued unremittingly. Over fifty pounds have been cut from the flint glass, which now weighs one hundred and ten pounds, and the other glass has been reduced to seventy-three pounds, and neither will vary much from these weights when finished. It is expected the telescope will be ready for mounting in 1874. Next to this, the largest instrument of the kind heretofore operated is the one owned by Mr. Newhall at Gateshead, England, the object glass of which is twenty-five inches in diameter. The largest in this country belongs to the Dearborn Observatory of the Chicago University, of which the object glass is eighteen and one half inches in diameter.

HEALTH ITEMS.

RHEUMATISM.—Some one professes to have found a cure for rheumatism. It is easily tried and can hardly do harm, even if worthless, as it consists in bathing the parts affected, just before going to bed, with very hot water in which potatoes have been boiled. Quite possibly just as much good would come from very hot water in which potatoes had not been boiled, and, quite certainly, in many cases of rheumatism neither would afford any permanent relief.

TURKISH BATHS.—Dr. Hall says of Turkish baths, that they so frequently kill people that it would be better never to take one, unless by the special advice of your family physician; and even then, it should be submitted to only when under the special personal superintendence of an educated medical man. He thinks they may be very good for dirty people, such as have not had a good cleaning off in a year; but he "never could imagine the utility of putting a decent man into a steam boiler hot enough to skin a lobster, and then filing off all his hide, to

the very quick, by kneadings and remorseless scrubbings."

READING IN THE CARS.—A medical journal accounts for the painfulness and the danger which attends the practice of reading in the cars, by the fact that the exact distance between the eyes and the paper cannot be maintained. The oscillations of the train disturb the powers of vision, and any variation, however slight, is met by an effort at accommodation on the part of the eyes. The constant exercise of so delicate an organ of course produces fatigue, and if the practice is persisted in must tend to produce permanent injury.

TEN RULES FOR KEEPING GOOD HEALTH.—Some one gives these ten rules for preserving health. Of course everybody knows that they ought to be obeyed, but please count off on your fingers as you read, and see if *you* can claim to do it: First, keep warm. Second, eat regularly and slowly. Third, maintain regular bodily habits. Fourth, take early and very light suppers, or, better still, none at all. Fifth, keep a clean skin. Sixth, get plenty of sleep at night. Seventh, keep cheerful and respectable company. Eighth, keep out of debt. Ninth, don't set your mind on things you don't need. Tenth, mind your own business.

EXERCISE.—As our grandparents were not, as a general thing, accustomed to very frequent bathing, and as they *were* a healthy folk, Dr. Nichols concludes that the explanation is found in the fact that they kept the pores of the skin open by exercise and perspiration, in the open air. He thinks that dry friction over the whole surface of the body, once a day, or once in two days, is often of more service than the application of water. A proper and judicious use of water is to be commended; but human beings are not amphibious. Nature indicates that the functions of the skin should be kept in order mainly by muscular exercise, by exciting natural perspiration by labor; and delicious as is the bath, and healthful, under proper regulations, it is no substitute for that exercise of the body without which all the functions become abnormal.

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THE HERMIT OF THE HIMALAYAS.

BY DUNCAN M'GREGOR.



VIEW ON THE UPPER COURSE OF THE JUMNA.

TEN years ago my face was set toward the Himalaya Mountains. Among the lofty peaks of Northern India lived a man whom I had long wished to see, the naturalist Wilson. A solitary priest at the shrine of Natural Science, this man lives, year after year, among almost inaccessible mountains. Over twenty years ago, Mr. Wilson arrived in India as a trooper in a regiment of dragoons. Being taken very ill, he was sent to Landour on sick leave,

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and there found surroundings infinitely congenial to him. He was a man who could look on his horse and his rifle as absolute friends, a seer of woodcraft, an intellectual kingdom to himself; what to other men was dismal loneliness, was to him welcome rest. So fascinated was he with his sporting adventures at Landour, that, having returned to England and been discharged from his regiment, this sturdy Yorkshireman resolved to return and live in a retreat where he had left more than half his heart.

To the resolute, nothing is an impossibility. Wilson worked his passage to Calcutta, and poor of purse and light in heart, cheerily shouldered his gun and small amount of luggage, and walked to the Mussouri. A fearless and tireless pedestrian, he traversed the immense district before him until he had found a spot to his mind, and in the great interior range settled near the sources of the Ganges and the Jumna, the sacred and storied rivers of India. An ardent mountaineer, quarrelling with nobody, driving no hard bargains, averse from politics, he soon gained the sympathy of the natives, and the Rajah of Teree made him a present of a tract of land. Here he built a house as a home for himself and a place of storage for his varied treasures. Here he dwells, a sort of king among the mountaineers. Far and wide his fame is spread—the *belatèe sahib*, who befriends the villagers, encourages virtue, heals the sick, and does all that he can to improve the state of the highways. Scarcely one in a million would be adapted to this sort of life, or happy in it; but here is a man eminently fitted to his place.

We pity the monks of St. Bernard, who live for three months of the year shut out by snows from all communication with the surrounding world. But here is a person who for nine months out of every twelve is almost buried in snow! The monks of St. Bernard are fops, men of the world, habitués of society, in comparison with this hermit of the Himalayas. They have a post once a fortnight; they are a dozen together; they see newspapers and trav-

ellers, and sitting about huge log fires, can sip sweet wine, crack their jokes, and tell good stories. This hermit, on the contrary, scarcely sees an Englishman from one year's end to the next; news from the lower world drifts to him months old. Kings die, empires change hands, battles decide the destiny of millions, plagues and conflagrations sweep over the world, and secure in his snowy eyrie he knows nothing of it all; his bulletin of daily news contains the haunts, numbers and habits of the goorul and the chickor, and the fights with the grim black bear. Our hermit's home is thirteen thousand feet above the sea level, and about six days brisk travel from any other white man's abode.

The name Himalaya is Sanscrit, meaning *the abode of snow*. As soon as the traveller ascends these mountain slopes, he notices a marked difference in the natives; they are lighter in complexion, sinewy and active in frame, and vigorous but ungraceful in motion; a strong contrast to the indolent dwellers on the burning plains.

In making my journey I engaged a coolie from Mussouri, named Myndar, as a guide; several friends and servants made up our party, and well-provisioned and equipped, we took our way along the mountain roads, across apparently impassable gullies, and skirting precipices which overhung infinite depths. Our mountain fare was not to be despised; we had plenty of the favorite *chupatties*, eggs cooked in an endless variety of ways, rice pilan seasoned with red pepper, and game when we were fortunate enough to get it.

Our coolie, Myndar, an experienced Mussouri hunter, shot for us a huge black bear, whose steaks and ribs made a famous addition to our fare, as in the cold night we gathered about our bivouac fire, and cooked the meat, spitted on sticks. We found also several bees' nests in the rocks, and the honey was of excellent flavor. Beside the bear, the only game we got was a "barking deer," or kakur. Bear's meat and venison, however, sufficed for our eight days' march, as we climbed higher and higher

along the Himalayan ridges toward the grand cradle of the Jumna.

The last day of our journey the road became inexpressibly bad; where there was not a hole a foot or two deep, there was a ragged rut, hidden by a tangle of briers and weeds, and where there was neither rut nor hole, there was a vile flint boulder which cut through the boot-leather like a knife, and unscrupulously larked one's shins. I account it a solemn fact that where we luckless wights went forward three steps we slipped back five, and how *at this rate* we got forward on our journey I leave it to abler mathematicians than myself to determine. One of my friends must have measured miles with his full length, he seemed prostrate on his face for the greater part of the time; no devotee making a pilgrimage to the birthplace of the god-river, Ganges, could have appeared more devout—after the Hindoo fashion.

At the great elevation which we had reached the weather was bitterly cold; brambles with preternaturally long thorns encumbered our way; spiteful twigs pushed aside as we journeyed on, sprang back and hit us little vicious, stinging cuts. Myndar in tranquil happiness pursued his course, never falling, never torn by briers nor beaten by bewitched branches, never breaking his shins, nor marking, like American heroes, his way in blood. The son of the mountains, steadfast as that singular young man of Excelsior notoriety, pursued the even tenor of his upward way.

One other affliction attended us, leeches;—write it in the largest capitals, LEECHES—they infest the Himalayas, and morning, noon or night, in the damp shady places, they fix themselves upon the pedestrian's legs, and hold on like grim death. Amid all these miseries, on the last night of our trip we reached a peasant's hut, in which I made up my mind to lodge, if by any means I might be free of leeches, and be comfortably warmed. The homes among these mountains cling to the sides of the rock like little Swiss chalets; they are built of wood, are small, and not amazingly clean, while the furniture is singularly deficient.

In answer to our hail a peasant woman appeared at the door of the dwelling; a rugged, muscular young person, who appeared amply able to defend herself and her castle. She was certainly no beauty; her thick lips and broad nose partaking of the negro type, but her skin was yellow, and her jet black hair was perfectly straight. Huge earrings ornamented her ears; she wore a striped woollen dress, reaching to the knees, below which descended a heavy skirt of brown cloth; wrapped loosely about her person, and over her head, something after the style of an Indian squaw, she wore a thick blanket woven in a herring-bone pattern, laid in stripes. She gave us no greeting, but planting her feet firmly together, rested one strong hand on her hip, and half closing her sleepy eyes, stood still as a statue, to hear what Myndar might say. Behind her shoulder peeped out her mother, a toothless old crone; while a child crowded into a corner of the doorway, gazing curiously; all three were similarly attired.

We learned that the men of the family were on a pilgrimage. This was the sacred twelfth year, when the peasants climb Nanda Devi, and all who hold out to fulfil the journey, keep a religious festival at the highest accessible point of that peak. Myndar shook his head. The women promptly declared *their* men would be of the successful pilgrims; they had reached the cliff twelve years before. Money, potent even in the Himalayas, secured me a lodging, and an addition of cheese, milk, and smoked bear's meat for our commissary.

At last we were near our goal; we were at the head waters of the Jumna, and Wilson's lodge could not be far away; he was out on a hunting tour, and we were hourly expecting to fall in with him. I pressed on before my comrades, and reached a rocky spur, where a broad panorama stretched before me; between two low ridges rolled the newborn Jumna, broad and shallow; its bed seemed a narrow plain covered with boulders rolled from the higher rocks; among and over these the young river flowed lazily, gathering strength, depth,



PEASANT WOMAN OF NORTHERN INDIA.

and velocity as it passed along. Hereaway was a line of flashing light where a narrow branch of the Jumna ran deep and clear under the darkling hills; yonder with bubble, rush, and foam it rioted over rocks, noisy and shallow. Just there I saw the man of whom I had come in search. Wearing huge boots reaching to his knees, he trudged along in

the water, his hands in the pockets of his big beaver coat, his fur cap thrust back on his head, a rifle hanging by a strap upon his back, and a long pipe in his mouth. He was out looking after some traps, for he secures his "specimens" by snares, pitfalls, hunting, and any way which serves him best.

Heartily welcomed, I felt my long tramp repaid. Our naturalist took us to his lodge, and we speedily made ourselves at home. I can scarcely imagine a greater treat than leisure and liberty to examine Mr. Wilson's wonderful collection of stuffed birds and beasts. His house was crowded with his treasures, and he has accumulated a handsome fortune by the sale of his rare specimens, his trade, through agents in Missouri, extending over all Europe. Never was there a more skilful taxidermist. Every wall, every corner was occupied with some stuffed creature. Here a big black bear, with two cubs at her feet, showed her teeth, and glared in a corner, while the cubs rolled on their backs like merry kittens. What a comfort to consider that the beasts were dead and filled with innocuous hay!

On a shelf we saw a whole row of partridges. The black partridge of the Himalayas is especially beautiful, in looks like a black-cock, and has dark-red wings, mottled with white and gray. There were also specimens of the *peura*, the *chickor*, and the snow and gray partridges. In the halls were varieties of deer, all fixed in attitudes of life; the

jungle-fowl and the loongee-pheasants stood apparently preening and ruffling in the windows; the *moonel* and the *cheer* perched on the rafters, and flocks of *kunyal* and *koklass* kept guard over our beds. Little gray goats and barking deer seemed leaping at us from behind doors and out of cupboards. Among them all sat the naturalist, with the happy look of a man who has found something to do, and is doing it; a new Robinson Crusoe, monarch of all he surveyed, surrounded by his speechless dependents. Our friend is not forgetful of the world he has left, but he turns in his conversation frequently to the new, strange world, in which for twenty years he has passed his whole time.

No hardy traveller could traverse scenes of greater beauty than are to be found among the Himalayas; the vastness and sublimity of these ranges are relieved by a wonderful variety of striking and beautiful details. The steepness and ruggedness of the pathway, the keen cold air, the wildness of the whole locality, demand other than dainty and feeble tourists, but give a man nerve, muscle, and a love of nature in all its first simplicity, untouched by art, and his trip through the Himalayas will be the glorious holiday of his whole lifetime; more especially if in the course of that trip he visits the Hermit of the Himalayas.

OUR NEW SUMMER RESORT.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.



A VIEW OF CHARLOTTE TOWN.

LYING north of Nova Scotia and east of New Brunswick, is a bright, beloved isle, for some time the puzzle of geologists. Was it worn off from the mainland by the greedy gnawing of that remorseless ocean, now slowly cutting the one island into three; or in some long gone æon did volcanic forces

fling to the surface of the waves that rock strata, whereon soil and forests have now held their empire for centuries?

After all, to us Americans, panting for a cool retreat in the heated term, these dark queries matter little; enough for us that laughing across the gleaming waters of Northumberland Straits, this old-

fashioned, restful Arcadia beckons us to come out of our heat and hurry, to its quiet, coolness, and undeniable slowness.

Making Boston our point of departure, those public benefactors, the railroad and steamship magnates, do, for a suitable consideration, open before us two lines of travel. We may go by land, or by that merciless sea, which Horace tells us only hearts of oak and triple brass can brave. There is a line of fine steamers between Boston and St. Johns, or we may go by rail, sweeping north and east, upon a newly opened route. Whichever way we take, we reach Shediac, and on a bright, late June afternoon, behold, the haven of our hopes, lying eastward still, calls us to make one more remove across the sunny straits. Forth go the travellers, sure that they have found Elysium. Two hours more, and we are at Summerside. It is true that the place is muddy, and the houses are small and unshaded, but then nobody thinks of tarrying here; let us on to the royalty.

On we go; along shores of a vivid green, such as we see nowhere else; heavy dews and frequent showers keep these northern fields and forests from parching and fading; all things look so clean and new—

"This lovely world, the hills, the sward,
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them."

Perhaps this little outer fragment of the world has just been finished—made all for us!

It is a dream that will vanish away, but a pretty dream while it lasts. We would not break the spell, but lo! we are disenchanted by a smart shower, which comes whirling down from a black cloud overhead, while all around us the sunshine lies on land and shore. We retreat to the cabin, and watch the scenery through the open windows.

At last, we have steamed out of the storm, and we receive our compensation; the sea is as blue as the sky, and all shot with sparkles of gold where the light lies on the ripples; overhead is a great rainbow, every color clear and bright; its feet rest on yon green cliff of Prince Edward's Island on the one hand, and

on the other hand, touch the verdant shore of New Brunswick; under this grand arch of seven-hued light we sail rejoicing; we have had the sign which was given to the world's second father.

Now the twilight gathers; in the misty evening the shore is only an irregular dark ridge, lying low, with home-lights gleaming along it at intervals. As it grows late these lights seem suddenly concentrated at a given point; sharp, slender lines rise against the starry sky; they are the masts and cordage of ships in port.

All is silent; there is no sound save that of our steamer's paddles. On the black pier, a dark figure or two flits uneasily along, and vanishes. Apparently we have missed our way, and sailed outside of the living world to some city of the dead. We are in advance of the season for tourists; indeed we are almost the pioneers of pleasure-seekers in this quarter; we take up shawls and sachels, and go meekly across the gangway. A little light shines here from the torches in the hold, but anon we lose it, and are delivered over to the blackness and silence. Not a hackman, not an omnibus, not a vestige of any of these harpies which prey upon the public. Evidently we are in Arcadia, and if Arcadia only boasted street lamps and a side walk, how happy we should be!

Our steamer has brought the mail. This has been flung upon a wheeled something, which now tears furiously along the narrow pier. One peculiarity of this corner of the earth is, that all the street is made for horses and their drivers; foot-passengers have only to get out of the way; no provision is made for them. If we do not make room, this rattling monster will run us down; if we step too far aside we shall doubtless, in the darkness, drop into those waters which we hear sucking among the timbers beneath our feet. However, we step as near the edge of the dock as possible, and so creep on at a snail's pace; the starlight showing us now and then the water at our side, or sliding under the broken planks. Thus we go for some rods farther, and reach the solid street, and then the hotel,

indicated by a solitary lamp swinging in front.

It is so quiet here, and the deserted parlor is so domestic in appearance, that our hearts misgive us we have entered a private house. A mild dame appears in the doorway; she has so much the air of an accusing spirit that our tongues falter in the profane demand for communicating rooms. She departs—such gentle reproach has dwelt on that matron's countenance, such condemnation of those who roam the world at nine o'clock at night asking for lodgings, that we are unspeakably penitent—for we know not what! We hear the mistress summon her maid; they confer in the hall. "These people are Americans; they would not come to a hotel and seek rooms at this unearthly hour, if they were Arcadians. They demand two rooms and three beds—communicating rooms! Only Americans make such singular demands. How strange that people do not remain at their own homes, and not traverse the world, disturbing hotel-keepers at night. This is the burden of the conference; and after an hour of waiting on our part, and preparation on theirs, these publicans announce the rooms ready. We are tired and cross, but our beds are clean, the linen well aired, and the pitchers are full of water; we have not a shadow of cause for complaint, especially as we are lighted to rest by a genuine American lamp, filled with foul-smelling coal oil.

The dock is near, and we are roused in the morning by the sounds of ferry-boats coming and going; the lading of little coast steamers, and the rattling of ship's cordage.

Arcadia breakfasts at eight, and breakfasts well. Beside every plate stands a cup half full of cream. There is no humbug about that cream, and you are to eat it on that bowl of oat-porridge set by your plate. That is the legitimate fashion of beginning your morning meal; the waiter is evidently resolved not to give you a mouthful more to eat and drink until oats and cream have disappeared in company. After that you may have delicious little trout cooked to perfection; coffee, also, as you are Ameri-

cans, and several other dishes which go to make up a satisfactory breakfast. By this time we are fairly introduced to Prince Edward's Island, and now let every man help himself. In the first place understand that there are no railroads here. You can hire a hack, or an express wagon, at a reasonable rate; and there are some places where you can go in the little coast steamers.

People who seek this island should resolve to stay some time, to get the full benefit of the sea-bathing, and the air rich with the breath of pines. He who reaches only Charlotte Town, and in a few days returns home, is sure to think his trip a poor investment. Charlotte Town offers you good meals, reasonable prices, excellent stores, and very hospitable and amiable citizens. These are admirable to enjoy for a few days, but after that, ho! for the north shore, if you would indeed appreciate Arcadia. Along the north shore you will scarcely find a stretch of two miles where there is not excellent bathing. But here let it be understood, that one does not go to Prince Edward's Island to bathe in tepid water; the foaming rollers which come trampling over these hard sands are cold, but rush into them with enthusiasm, and you come out invigorated and rejuvenated to a marvel. The beach slopes very gradually; there is no undertow, and no one could get drowned if they should try. Sharks and other monsters are unheard of. In the convenient recesses of the Red Cliffs, every one can with small trouble and expense fit up a bathing house of canvass boards, or pine boughs. Visitors are not very plentiful here, and every party may rely on pre-empting as much beach and bathing-house as they choose.

People going out here board in the farm-houses. These are built almost invariably on the edge of a dense clump of pine woods, which shall be a shelter from the fierce winter storms. Near the house you will always find a reach of *barrens*, where fuel has been cut for years; and these barrens are covered with a luxuriant growth of strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, and wintergreen.

Nobody here cuts their hay until late in August, so all summer one has the delicious scent of the ripening grass, and the red clover blooms.

Charlotte Town is famous for a race of hardy, fast-going, well-tempered little ponies, and for these are provided small low pony carriages. The judicious tourist will hire one of these establishments for the season, and the price will not be unreasonable, and take it to his boarding place. Pony will be boarded in a luxurious pasture for a trifle.

Almost all these houses are built precisely alike, and the parlor is furnished with a bed-room opening from it. These two rooms the summer boarder hires; he can make an arrangement for a private table set in the parlor, and this is the true plan for comfort. And here, for the utter amazement of all Americans, let us declare that now, and until by our tourists Arcadia has been demoralized, a family of four, two adults and two children, will be able to get board, washing, these two rooms, this private table, and the board of master pony, for—twelve dollars a week!

After this statement, a bill of fare will be at once demanded. Come then, you shall have fresh mackerel and fresh cod, veal and mutton, potatoes, eggs, lettuce, oats, and milk or cream, as you like it, good bread and tea, and execrable coffee, unless you revolt, and make it yourself. The fruits which were noticed as thriving on the barrens you will have also, but no others; as for vegetables, beyond the two we have mentioned, you will not get one, but lobster salad is at your service as often as you choose.

And now, if one is fairly settled in a clean place, with a new carpet, Windsor chairs, set exactly on line, a table that *must* stand in the centre of the room, a bed of the neatest, and a ceiling not quite low enough to bump your head against, let us see how the day shall be spent in Arcadia.

Breakfast first, by all means; one is always in a state of starvation here unless one is eating, the air gives such a terrific appetite. Come out now, threading the shadowy aisles of this pine wood,

and presently you are on the high cliff, and the sea, all shining and beautiful, is at your feet. Yonder, with broad wings spread like sails, rushing far off into the blue, behold a pair of gannets. These white villains nearer shore, who are waging war with that black and white duck, are gulls, with red bills and snowy feathers. Along the wet sand run the gray sand peeps, hunting their endless breakfast in the weeds just washed in. Out on that tongue of rock running into the sea, is a crow standing on a dead lobster, whereof he eats voraciously. Lean carefully over the red cliff, and look down; here the ducks and other little birds have made their nests in the hollows, and you see their cunning heads stretched out to look at the loved waters below them.

Along the edges of these woods you will see clusters of pale, delicate blossoms, such as in warmer climates welcome the early spring. Where the creeks run down to greet the sea, blue iris crowds a thousand evanescent blooms. Here, luxuriously throned on a fallen tree, you may watch the varied panorama of sea and shore. This way, along the swelling upland graze the cattle and horses for which the island is famous. Dotting paths and pastures are evergreens of such perfect shape and growth as would throw nurserymen into ecstasies, and each tree holds aloft its new growth, like a tall Christmas candle against the sky.

However, we came here for the sea. Turn, then, to these sparkling waters. The tide is slowly swelling in; all along the horizon you see white sails of boats and schooners, lying almost at rest. This is the fishing fleet. Every farmer here is a fisherman; he finds the prodigal waves more ready to enrich him than the long frozen earth. Early in the spring the herring swarm near shore; next come the cod, and then the mackerel. Visitors get to the island when everybody is busy with mackerel. The boats bring in from four hundred to twenty-four hundred each day; the fish are caught by hook and line, using herring for bait, and if three men bring in



COAST FISHING.

their two thousand fish in two trips, made during one day, they have had very good luck. Eight hundred and a thousand fish form the ordinary daily catch of a moderately good season.

Yonder the farm boat is coming in with its load; it may be well to go down on the sands and meet it. This shed, out of reach of high tide, is the fish-house; the machine like a hay-cutter is used to grind the herring into small bait. These dozen hogsheads hold the herring netted early in the season, while the other barrels are filled with codfish and mackerel. Behind the fish-house, on large frames, you will see scores of salted codfish drying; and behold that red cow stealing softly toward these dainties; she politely takes a dry fish by the tail, and eats it in a few mouthfuls; a second fish follows it, and more might, did not a small boy wake to a sudden sense of his responsibilities, and chase her away.

The boat is in; its keel grates on the shingle as they draw it close to shore. It is the first boat to float homeward from the gold and blue, where

"You moored mackerel fleet
Hangs thick as a swarm of bees,
Or a clustering village street,
Foundationless built on the seas.

"I take the land to my breast,
In her coat with daisies fine;
For me are the hills in their best,
And all that's made is mine."

They pile the fish alongside of the cleaning tables; they shine in the sun like a mass of shattered rainbows. Mackerel is the Beau Brummel of the sea; his vest is white as silver; his coat is now blue-black, now bottle-green, smooth and shining; his figure is unexceptionable, and about his neck he wears a collar like that of the golden fleece; in this he eclipses Beau, who probably did not have one; all the buttons on his clothes are jewels; rubies, emeralds, and turquoise shine prodigally upon him; he was very happy just now, *schooling* with some few millions of his comrades in the open sea. A short life and a merry one was his motto, and the one desire of his soul was to keep out of the way of that imperial pair of gannets. It seemed a jolly thing to eat chopped herring and

libitum; he did not know that a wretched man was *slicking* the water up above, and presently he was in a new, abhorrent element, beating off those beautiful scales wherein he lately delighted, nobody heeding his miseries now. Here he is dead and ashore, and this endeth the *idyl* of the mackerel.

Behold, there is no more space to moralize, for it is eleven o'clock, and bathing time; those bright waves, breaking into crests of foam, lure one irresistibly. Come out now into the waters, having donned a bathing suit in this little green bower. Stoop your head and listen; if you have had a fairy god-mother, you can hear sounds to which other ears are dull. Hark you, this sweet note, twined of elfin glee and human sorrow, is Lurlei singing in the Danube and the Rhine, plaining because she has not but desires a soul. All the sea is full of the longing of Lurlei—for those who know how to hear. Hark again; these are the carols of sirens, sung when the waves are calm. These ravishing sounds have thrilled in the water for centuries, ever since Ulysses passed the fatal isle in safety.

The water is so clear, that no matter how far out you wade you can still see every curl, pebble and weed on the sand beneath your feet. Great streamers and little feathery clusters of weeds drift by. Calypso, the "nymph-queen," sends them with these sighs, breathed after her lost Telemachus.

Every lover of sea-bathing comes out of these delicious waves with that reluctance and delay with which Shakspeare's schoolboy goes off to school. Still, as every one knows, life is full of compensations. If dame prudence forbids any more pranking in the water, we can speed to this strawberry-filled pasture up above the cliff, and console ourselves by feasting on small but well-flavored fruit. Even when sufficiency has put the berries out of favor, there is pleasure left you, for this rippling creek leads you by a roundabout course to the house-yard, and said creek is swarming with most lovely little pink-fleshed trout, to be had for casting a line at them. Every sensible

tourist has a little fishing reel in his pocket. Take out the line, cut a lithe twig to be ready for emergencies, and now come on; scramble through this tangle of weeds and bushes and iris blossoms somehow, catching fish as you go. When you reach home you will have your twig hung with fish, weighing a quarter of a pound *and less* apiece, but they all taste well, and mine hostess shall add them to your dinner. In ten minutes they will be smoking on the table.

This morning you saw a small boy coming from the shore with his hands full of bright green moss. That was Carigeen moss before it is ruined by bleaching. Our desert, therefore, is a pudding made of said moss, boiled in milk and sweetened. It tastes infinitely better than any of the varieties of moss you can buy at shops.

No tourist out for a summer of health-getting will be so foolish as to stay much in doors. When dinner is over, it is time to be off again. The carpet in your parlor is protected by some dozen of queer rugs. We call them the Arcadian mat, *par excellence*. They are made by working bits of cloth and flannel into coarse canvass, in patterns to imitate Brussels rugs. They are thick, soft, clean, and gaudy. Being wise, we take one of these mats over our arm, and providing ourselves with a book, depart.

Come again to these fragrant woods; here we can find a nook carpeted with soft turf, four or five firs and cedars make a green bower; the birds are not afraid of you, but feed their babies close at hand. Here one is lapped in elysium. You can spread your mat on the grass, lie down and read, take a nap when you are sleepy—it is impossible to get cold with this salt air blowing about you, mixed with the rich scent of the pines.

Read and dream the summer afternoon away; you feel that it is good to be alive; there is a genuine luxury in living. When dreamland and your book fail you, look about and read nature; learn how the leaves grow; how moss and lichens cover death with life; study the fungi that abound under the thick

pinces. Listen to the birds; hear their stories of loves, and hopes, and losses—very like your own. Life repeats itself.

"A song of a nest:—

There was once a nest in a hollow,
Down in the mosses, and knot grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim—
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow."

Such nests are scattered all along the grass; and the little birds leave them

ning smoke, or clustered about a fire made out of doors, whereon is set a pot, and clams, just dug from the mud at low tide, are boiling. You drive by the harbor, and all the bright painted ships are making for the shore as fast as possible. The French fishers, with little round caps on their heads, are pitching quoits, singing, and being jolly.

When the drive is finished, the moon is up, shining over the sea, and some



FISHING AND CRABMING.

suddenly, spread their wings, and are away, sailing up into the "heavenly blue," before we are aware. So very many little human nestlings have gotten their wings and gone!

When five o'clock comes, a bell peal will wake the echoes about you; that is supper time; not "ridiculously early" at all, for as usual we are like to die of hunger, despite that big dinner we ate lately, and, moreover, there is much to be done after supper.

When the meal is over, you must have out the pony-carriage, and spend two hours trotting over these smooth roads; watching the sleek cows go home, the sheep finding their resting-places; the French *paysans* men and women sitting on their cabin steps for an eve-

ruddy daylight is lingering still. Down to the beach now with all speed, for something is going on. Watch this busy group; they are lobstering. Here are fifty lobsters piled, struggling and twisting, on the sand. A half dozen lads, armed with mackerel gaffs, are clambering over the rocks, and seizing the unlucky shell-fish hidden in the crannies. Near the shore the boat is swinging idly on the tide, and two boys in it are fishing lobsters. We sit on an upturned dory and watch proceedings. The daylight dies; the white moonshine rests in broad tracks across the quiet sea. Those dark clouds lying low on the horizon are Atlantis, isles of our romance, and we people them as we will. Among them our hereditary Spanish

castle towers high, and plumed chiefs keep ward on its battlements.

A great fire of drift-wood is lighted on the shore, and over it hangs a huge black pot; the unhappy lobsters are flung into the boiling water; they come out red as masses of coral; the boys crack the claws on a stone, and stand eating the pink meat as enjoyably as if they munched sticks of candy. The amount of lobster they will devour in this fashion is amazing.

Life here is especially primitive. Let those who do not wish to be encumbered with fashions, rich dressing, numerous society calls, and late hours, fly here for a refuge. They will leave the luxuries, the expenses, and the fatigues of watering-place life behind. Here one gets tanned, rugged, hearty, merry. He wonders that each day is so short, and neither fears nor longs for to-morrow.

An advantage in coming to Prince Edward's Island is that one does not need to take much luggage. There are no hot days; all the season is a pleasant, spring-like weather, and spring and travelling suits, few and plain, exactly meet the demands of the situation. Books can be procured in Charlotte Town much cheaper than in the United States, and as the people here are very hospitable and enjoy the change occasioned by strangers visiting them in the short summer, there will be enough of pleasant persons to see; just the amount of society and visiting to be agreeable without becoming wearisome.

To vary the days, picnics to the barrens can be projected; as the season advances there will be opportunity for expeditions to gather raspberries and blueberries, while every wise tourist will drive to Charlotte Town to stay a few days several times during the summer.

Besides these simple pleasures, this care and *idlesse* so delightful, especially when one is rather overworked, there lies before the traveller the joy of a long excursion along the north shore. Take your pony carriage and go slowly; spend three days in going north and three days in coming back, varying your route a little. Visit the Micmac Indians on their

little island; stop at the small towns and harbors, enter the country schools—wonderful good ones are they, and not in the least afraid of reading the Bible daily—get your dinners at the farm-houses, be friendly, and every one will be friendly with you. These farmers and fishers would as soon think of essaying a trip to the moon, or turning mountebank and travelling the world with a show, as of going hither and thither to see *places* after the manner of Americans. However, being American covers a multitude of oddities. The islanders have a myth, religiously believed in, that United States people have more money than they know what to do with, that they gain it easily, *somehow*, and spend it freely, *every how*. To be perfectly candid, they trade a little on this opinion. The laundress, divining with one quick glance her patron's nationality, coolly puts an extra sixpence per dozen on his washing bill; the livery stable man is prone to accord a like favor; and the individual you board with knows quite well that an *American* will pay more, and wink at more extras than an islander.

It is human nature to take these little advantages; it may even be that in our own line of life we do it ourselves!

Some travellers are almost entirely interested in scenery; others in antiquities and curiosities, others in the people whom they meet. Prince Edward's Island has fine sea views, but for the rest, it boasts only calm, fresh, homelike English landscapes; as for ancient relics, it is entirely destitute; its settlement is comparatively recent, and its buildings are modern and very plain. It has lain outside of wars and commotions; it has had little internecine troubles, for, as everywhere else, the Romanists have striven hard to get the upper hand, have sought to drive the Bible from the schools, and curtail educational privileges. However, they have failed to succeed. Orangemen and Orange lodges are plentiful, and there is a sturdy Scotch Presbyterian element strongly established in the Principality, which will hold its own in spite of conflicts.

During the Revolutionary war a

couple of American cruisers sailed into Charlotte Town harbor. The island capital was then a very small village; its few inhabitants ran away, and the valiant crews of the Federal vessels found no one to oppose their career of victory. They captured two men who had stayed at home, and plundered the town of a small amount of property. Their valorous deed was not especially commended by people in power. General Washington ordered the immediate return of the two captives to their homes, and restored to them the property which had been carried off. Here began and ended all hostilities between the United States and this cosy little island. Prince Edward's flourished, and to-day is a charming refuge for us, when we are warm, and tired, and out of sorts generally.

The people of this island are especially moral and religious. We admit that the royalty is somewhat demoralized by trading vessels, and sells a terrible amount of whisky, a good deal of which is drunk on the premises. However, the Temperance Societies are thriving and alert, and are doing a grand good work. The Young Men's Christian Association is also prosperous; they have started a library and established themselves in a commodious building, whereof our countryman, Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, laid the corner-stone. The Methodists are strong and zealous, having established a large school, and otherwise taken their part in religious work. The United Presbyterians are very flourishing, while the Scotch kirk holds its own, and its minister seems to officiate at most of the marriages.

As for our Presbyterian brothers, family feeling compels us to say more than a word for them. They will not soon be caught napping; they bring up their children to have the Shorter Catechism by heart, sing Rouse's version, listen to sermons two hours long without once winking, relish sound doctrine, and are not to be satisfied with assertions that are not entirely orthodox. When a generation is trained in this fashion, they know whereof they affirm, they can give a reason for the faith that is in them,

and are not to be driven or coaxed out of it. They have *religious stamina*, and I wish we had more of it everywhere!

Educational interests have not been neglected in this little commonwealth. Greek, Latin and the higher mathematics are taught, and that thoroughly in many of the common schools, even in the country districts. French is also a part of the regular course of study, but this, doubtless, is because so many of the people are French, and the language is often spoken. A college with professors from Edinburg has been established in Charlotte Town lately, with considerable prospects of usefulness and prosperity. Books are more generally possessed and read by the farming portion of the community than in the United States; those published in London or in the Provinces are cheap; we remember buying of a Tract Society Colporteur a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" complete in both parts, and with one illustration, for the price of—one penny! This wonderful volume was in paper covers and very small pages, but the type was clear and readable. The long cold winters, with roads almost impassable, serve to encourage a love of reading; shut in their homes, particularly for such long evenings, the people are driven to betake themselves to books, and their strict religious education gives them a bias in favor of solid reading.

During the cold season this island is almost entirely cut off from the rest of the world. The mails reach them once a week by an ice-boat, the navigation of which across the Straits is a taste of the experiences of Hall and Kane. Passengers are of course very few, and only men; when the boat can no longer be forced among the floating ice, the crew and passengers leave it, and drag it after them across the miniature icebergs, until they come to more open water; they cross in the narrowest part of the Straits, and the passage occupies six or eight hours. When one considers the fatigue and the intense cold, it will be seen that there is little pleasure in such an expedition.

The last of May beholds the blue waters free of ice, and navigation resumed. The snow has melted away, the sharp

winds cease to whistle through the pines, and in the sunny barrens green grasses and frail wild flowers proclaim the swift approach of summer.

Now the mails bring news of the outer world three times a week. As writes Whittier:

"At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvels that it told.
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!"

Near to our country as this island lies, and possessed as it is by another government, it is pleasant to note the warm and friendly interest experienced in American affairs by all its people. We frequently hear the remark, "we are more like the United States than like England." Our political and social life are subjects of constant study among the islanders; they have lately adopted our money standard, using decimal currency; our newspapers and magazines are to be found in every house, and we have heard a Charlotte Town audience burst into hearty applause at a hint from their orator that Prince Edward's would be vastly improved by taking shelter under the American eagle. If such an annexation should ever occur, the island would shoot suddenly about a century ahead of the place it occupies to-day in commerce, manufactures and improvements; but at the same time the tourist would find high prices inaugurated; his Arcadia would become a crowded and fashionable summer resort; hackmen, hotel-runners, saucy waiters and lengthy bills of fare would abound; the easy, happy-go-lucky, *dolce far niente* life of the health-seeker in the island would be a thing of the past; somebody would invade his pine-tree covert of hot afternoons, his bathing grounds would swarm with strangers, a fast young man would race with his pony carriage in the evening, hundreds of traders would be busy in the blueberry barrens, and the little boys would

no longer have all their own way among the lobsters. *Carpe diem!* If you are going to Prince Edward's Island, go before Uncle Sam's enterprise has invaded this blessed, cool, quaint, behind-the-times Arcadia!

Now-a-days on the island Death is still an old-fashioned reaper, swaying his scythe, and Time is a gray individual with an hour-glass and a long forelock! Here one can still be pastoral, and Virgil in the *Bucolics* does not seem absurd. In a little while all will be changed; the myths of old days will have passed away, Death will be abroad doing his work mounted on a mowing machine, and Time will be a jockey on a race-horse, with an Elgin watch to note his rate of speed. There will be no more lying under trees, and fishing trout in these little streams; when you pass a school-house these French children will no longer file out and stand in line on either side of the road, bowing and dropping curtsies; in the churches the pews will be cushioned, the sermon will not exceed a half an hour, and the babies will be left at home; the Sunday-schools will have organs, libraries, black-boards, hymn-singing, annual picnics, and fewer texts and verses of Scripture laid up in memory, weapons of defence against the assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil.

Therefore, let every one who cares to see a primitive spot, and be jolly without being grand, go to Prince Edward's Island as early as may be, while our new summer resort is yet new in every sense of the word. We think that now this quiet corner of the world can grant us mental, physical and spiritual refreshing. Go watch the sun and shadow creeping over those swelling verdant uplands; seek out the homesteads sheltered in the edge of pine woods; marvel as you mark where the fierce storms of winter, hurling the salt spray against the woods have left the tall forests scathed and blackened and twisted, as if a tempest of fire had swept over them; go drive along those shaded roads, and see how at every opening the smiling ocean greets you, sparkling in the sun "beyond the level browsing

line." Whatever of luxuriant vegetation, of bright-winged birds, and glorious successions of blossoms may have been denied this northern isle, it has been bountifully dowered with a pure and exhilarating atmosphere; health breathes in each one of these strong salt breezes, which have received the added tribute of the fragrant forests.

"The traveller owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And pausing, takes, with forehead bare,
The benediction of the air."

It is true that Prince Edward's can only be the resort of tourists who have much time to spare, those who can make a long trip pay, by tarrying long at the

end of the journey. Therefore many will be debarred the very simple pleasures of a summer in this far northern island. Business and home cares will ordain that the majority of my readers shall reach this place only on the wings of fancy, guided by a rambling description such as mine. This might prove a pleasant dream for the dog-days, despite the high authority that we can never become cool by thinking of "frosty Caucasus." Business and care, duty and necessity arouse us from our reverie.

"I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears:
Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloe blooms to-day!"

MAGGIE'S RESOLUTION.

BY E. R.

"YOU cannot mean such words, Maggie! Think what you are saying! After all my long waiting—after our years of love—you turn and tell me both have been for naught."

"Yet I can only say over the same words. I can only repeat, I must not marry you."

"Must not? Who will prohibit you? There are few girls who stand as alone as you do. Who is there to say you nay?"

"For that very reason I must be more careful. If I had some one to shift the responsibility upon, I might perhaps hesitate. But having no one, I must keep the more steadily before me the single purpose of what I am very sure is my duty."

"But it is not your duty. Your duty is to go with me. Did you not pledge yourself to me two years ago? You cannot take back your word."

"But I must, Evan. When I promised to marry you everything was different from what it is now."

"How different, Maggie? Am I not the same now as then? Wherein lies this difference?"

Maggie did not answer him. A weary

look came into her face. She had gone over this same ground with him more than once, and would fain escape it now.

"Is it possible, Maggie, that you would cast me off because I do not hold certain opinions that you do?" he asked, bitterly.

"Not opinions," she answered, quickly. "They are matters of life and death to me."

"Then hold firmly to them, dear. I will promise never to interfere with you. You may believe what you will. I will not even mention the subject to you."

"Never mentioning it would be but sorry help. As long as there is this one thing we dare not touch upon, we had better keep apart."

"That is poor logic, Maggie. That you love me, I cannot doubt. That I love you, you surely know. And yet for one little difference you say we had better keep apart."

"But it is not a little difference. It ought to be everything to both of us."

"Grant that it ought to be, yet even then it should not part us. If I were poor, or ill, or unfortunate in any way, you would not leave me, Maggie?"

"No," she said, "I would not."

"Yet for an opinion, something I cannot help—because I cannot believe as you do, you are willing to."

"I must," she said, trying to speak calmly.

"This *must* is of your own making. Think a minute, Maggie. How can I help my doubts? How can I believe, if the faith is not in me? Have I not struggled for it? This faith you have never had a doubt of. Is it my fault that I cannot grasp it? And yet you tell me coldly, because it is denied me, you will deny me also."

"Not coldly," she said, hastily. "Sadly, tremblingly, mournfully—anything but coldly."

"But why tell it me at all? I cannot help my want of faith, and I pledge my word never to tamper with yours. What more can I promise?"

"Nothing more. And yet if I were very sure my own faith would stand firm, it would make no difference in my decision."

"May I ask why?"

"Because the command is very plain, and I dare not disobey it."

"Will you repeat it to me? You know I am not so well read in your faith as I might be," he said, a little scornfully.

"What part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" she repeated.

"And is that your religion, Maggie? I thought the Christian faith was one of love. That to save a soul, even a stranger, you would be willing almost to die. And yet when you think mine is in great jeopardy, you coolly leave me, quoting only a few harsh words."

"Our faith ought to lead us even to death for the safety of a soul," she answered, calmly. "Our dear Lord died for such a work. But as his servants, we are pledged to obedience. In that is our only safety. I dare not be your wife."

"Not if, by being so, you save me? Think, Maggie, by your stern belief what will be my fate if I die an unbeliever. Think also what your daily influence might do to win me over to your faith. Do you still turn from me?"

"I must," she said; "there is no help for me. A wrong act never yet worked a good result. I would willingly die for you, for there would be no sin in that. But I dare not marry you."

"You are scarcely consistent," he said, bitterly. "You would sacrifice your life, but not a mere principle, to perhaps save my soul."

Maggie was silent. Why argue over what she had urged a dozen times at least? Man's weak reason against God's truth she knew he would use, and never see its impotence, scarcely the pain he gave her.

"Maggie, think what you are giving up when you cast me off. You are so alone in the world. No friends to look to, nor claim protection from. Poverty and loneliness are hard for a mere girl to bear; and I can lift you above both. I have wealth, and far better than wealth, a heart to give you. Do you still turn from me, Maggie?"

"I can bear both poverty and loneliness," she said; "or rather I do not fear them, for I have a stronger arm to lean on."

"Stronger than mine, I suppose you mean," Evan said, coldly.

"Yes, than any man's," she answered, quietly.

"And this is the love I was so proud of winning! A love which can turn away from me, because forsooth I cannot think as you do. I might have hid my want of faith—fooled you into thinking I believe as you do. Has not my honesty some power to make you think better things of me, Maggie?"

"I thank you for it. It will always be a source of comfort to me. Yet it makes my path no less plain before me."

"How can it be plain, Maggie? It seems to me you are torturing it into such devious turning, you have well-nigh lost yourself."

"I cannot think with you; and if I do not falter, it is because the way seems to me so narrow and so straight I cannot stumble. That it separates us is a heavy cross to me; and yet," she said, as if to herself, "he that taketh not his

cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

Evan turned from her angrily.

"Be it so," he said. "No doubt you are right. The world is big enough to keep us separated, and fair enough, and gay enough to kill out all thoughts of the past. You have chosen a different path through life than mine; may it lead you to a pleasant, happy future."

He spoke very bitterly, as far from meaning his words as possible.

"God give me strength to bear my lot," Maggie said, meekly. "And, Evan, go where you will, my prayers will follow you."

"Until next year, perhaps. After then you will forget me. Good-by, Maggie; if you had loved me as well as I have you, you would never have left me."

Maggie held out her hand for the leave-taking, but she never answered him. If she had spoken from her full heart, would he have turned so suddenly on his heel and left her? They were to part; no cry of hers must detain him.

Maggie went home sadly enough. She was too lonely and unprotected not to be sure of missing a love which had shielded and comforted her for two years past. Nothing but Evan's unbelief could, she was very sure, have separated them—an unbelief she had never suspected until some few months before, and which she had struggled against with all her might, and could not turn for all her pleading. And then came the death of her hopes for this life, in the assurance that they must part.

It was impossible for Maggie not to feel the reaction after the separation. The very monotony of her quiet, simple life but added to her loneliness. One step she constantly caught herself listening for—a step which would wander over the whole earth, he said, rather than come near her. If she could hear something of Evan, know where he was, could hear what he was doing! But he seemed dead to her—blotted quite out of her daily life.

But was he? Maggie began to be conscious that some one was watching

over her, and keeping her from want. There were constant little services done for her, which could scarcely have been instigated by those who did them, nor so cheerfully wrought for only a few words of thanks. And she was suspicious that old Eunice was not half the manager she pretended to be, and that she must have found either fairy gold, or some unknown means of help.

The suspicion oppressed Maggie. She had brought about this severance with much pain and trial to them both; and it was scarcely wise, to say the least, to keep up this mutual bond of dependence on her part, and gratuity on Evan's, if they were to abide by their separation. Had she a right to keep alive, by any act of hers, his love? Better for Evan to forget her, than to come back some day, to plead anew his love for her, asserting it more boldly by this new hold he had upon her.

She had taken one bold step in the rough path of duty, and should she flinch if the next was to help her forward? So one day Maggie left her home in old Eunice's keeping, and lost herself in the crowded city. Lost herself completely to Eunice, and so to Evan, who had kept diligent watch over her welfare by the means of the old woman.

Fierce was Evan's wrath when he read the old servant's tidings. But it was useless. No storming would bring Maggie back to her old home; no imprecations on Eunice's folly in not keeping better watch, could repair her lack of vigilance.

Now and then there came a letter from Maggie to the old servant, saying she was well, and enclosing money, which showed at least she was in no need. But evidently there had been care taken that the writer should not be traced through the post office.

There was no use in watching the nest when the bird had flown. No use in hovering around Maggie's old home when she had deserted it. Restless and anxious, Evan searched for his lost love. Failing to find her, he left the country.

What his life was abroad, no one

knew. His aim was to lose himself from the knowledge of all his acquaintances as effectually as Maggie had done; and he succeeded in his endeavors.

But go where he would, the thought of Maggie haunted him. His very anxiety and fears for her kept her constantly in his thoughts. If he had been sure she was well, and surrounded with the comforts of life, he might have forgotten her, but his anxieties made it impossible.

So years sped on. Maggie's face was forgotten where it once was so familiar, and no one ever mentioned Evan's name, except now and then to wonder coldly what had been his fate.

It was a bright day in early summer, a day whose brightness was all wasted in the crowded streets of the city. Nothing was there to betoken the glorious beauty with which God had clothed the fields, except here and there the golden disk of a dandelion, which had forced its way between the bricks of the foul gutters.

Something in the sight of the dandelion must have touched the memory of one of the passers-by. She must have been country-bred, to have found anything to admire in the dust-begrimed weed. Something quite beyond the soiled beauty of its golden sun, which must have recalled green fields, yellow with its flowers, or hedgerows glinting underneath with its gold.

So engrossed was she with looking at the weed, she almost forgot to make the turn which took her away from the busy thoroughfare, and after a walk of a few short squares, brought her to a squalid part of the city. Only the very poor lived in that quarter—the very poor and the very wicked. But Maggie's errand was for good, and she was no stranger in that miserable street.

Walking along quickly, she was suddenly halted by a crowd that had gathered around the market-house. It was difficult to make her way through the dense throng of people, and she waited, hoping they would move on.

Forced to stand there, she was struck with the odd collection of people. Untidy women, carrying baskets of wilted

vegetables and stale meats, the refuse of the market, bought for a trifle, to be cooked in unsavory, not to say poisonous messes for their hungry children. Beggars were there, who had dropped their whine and well-acted part, now that it was no longer necessary to extort an alms. There was a sprinkling of decent workmen, stopping either from curiosity, or as Maggie had, finding it vain to try to make headway through the crowd. Rude children, drawn from their plays in the gutters, hustled their elders to find out what "was up;" and street loungers, city pests, found something at last to repay them for their long waiting.

It was doubtful if many or any of that host of up-turned, eager faces really knew what they were expecting. One or two men standing in a group, had caused others to join them, until the streets around were deserted, and the throng was pushed together into one living mass near the market-house.

"Is anything the matter?" Maggie asked of a woman who stood near her.

"How can I tell? If I could only wedge my basket in, I'd know quick enough. May be it's the police, they're eager for a row; or it may be a juggler with his tricks. If so, we'll never catch a sight of them standing here. There he is! He's standing on the stall. Can you see him? There's not much in the sight of him to keep us gaping this hour of the day."

Maggie looked where the woman pointed, only to see the top of a man's head above the crowd. He had his hat off, and those who were looking for some juggler's trick, must have been surprised to hear him give out a text of Scripture.

He was a street preacher, telling the crowd the oft-told tale of God's love to them. Though he spoke in a low monotone, not one word was lost by Maggie, who stood somewhat near the edge of the crowd.

The speaker must have had a wonderful insight into fallen human nature, to hold the attention of that rough, almost brutish mob, as if they were one listener.

“If any thing can touch them, it must be God's love, even for them,” Maggie thought.

Suddenly the preacher's voice changed into a louder, thrilling tone, and he apostrophized the crowd.

“Ah, my brothers, was not the cross heavy enough to weigh him down without their mockings? If you had stood there, thronged close together, even as you stand now, you're sure you'd never have mocked him. You would have been pitiful, and never cried the shameful words, ‘Away with him! away with him!’ You may have sins—you'll not deny that you have them. You may drink, curse, blaspheme, ill-treat your wives, and trick simple folk, but you'd never lend your aid to crucify the Lord! And yet I tell you, in every oath you swear, in every blow you give, in every cheat you boast of, you strike in the cruel nails, and raise the murderous cross.

“There are women here—women who were pure and good some little while ago. Women are more tender-hearted, more pitiful than we are. Have they also killed their Lord? Even they have. They have killed him by the little angels God gives them with loving arms to hang around their necks, and which they transform into the devil's imps. By the hearths they should keep pure, and which they defile with filth; by the hearts he gave them, which they have filled with hate and malice; by these, I say, they crucify their Lord afresh, and put him to an open shame.”

The woman next Maggie stealthily wiped away a tear, and then turned hastily to leave, never heeding where her basket hit. Fearing to be entangled hopelessly in the crowd when it broke up, Maggie followed in the woman's wake, finding it not difficult, thanks to the basket, though she made but slow progress. At the first corner she made good her escape into a quiet, almost deserted street. It was a relief to get out of the crowd which had wedged her in so tightly, to be free from such close contact with such ill-looking men and women.

She was not sorry she had been forced to stop and listen to the preacher. There was something in his voice that seemed familiar to her. Something which belonged to the far-off past. Just as the dandelion did, which she had picked from the gutter, because it reminded her of a certain field where they grew as thick as the stars which studded the sky. Of course it was a fancy, this recognition of a voice, for she could never have met the man.

Just then he passed her, startling Maggie a little, though it was by no means wonderful that he had chosen the same escape as she had from the rude crowd. As he passed her, he raised his hat, not in courtesy, but to catch the breeze which came freshly down the street. If the voice had seemed familiar, that action was more so. The next moment Maggie had laid her hand on the stranger's arm, and asked, softly—

“Have you forgotten me, Evan?”

“Thank God you are found at last!” he said, and drew her hand through his arm.

For a little while they walked on in silence, until Evan asked—

“Where have you been all these years, Maggie?”

“Here,” she answered. “I came here and found a place as governess. I have been in the same home ever since. And you?”

“I have travelled the world over in search of peace. When I lost you I was beggared for I had no other love. Since then life has been more tolerable.”

“Because of a higher love?” she asked, quickly.

“Even so. I was near death's door, Maggie. I had lost you in this world, and I had no hope of you for the future one. I was in a strange land, without friends. A good man found me out, and patiently bore with my doubts, for my unbelief was not more than that when I was laid low with illness. Losing you, and being very sick, softened me. Man's reason seemed very paltry when it could so easily be overthrown. Need I tell you, all worked together for my good; and, in my gratitude, I vowed to

work for God's kingdom, even amongst the vilest and most worthless."

"I have heard you," Maggie said. "I was in that crowd. I wonder I did not know you from the very first."

"You never thought of my giving such a message, dear. 'Is Saul among the prophets?' you could scarcely expect to ask. God is very good, Maggie. In doing his service I have found you, dear. You are not going to escape me now? But if you will, I'll not strive to hold you as harshly as I did some years ago."

"I have no wish to escape," she said, softly. "Only you must let me help you, not hinder you, in your work."

"There is enough for all. The world's so steeped in sin, every one must bear his and her part to cure it. You

began, too, when you held out faltering hands to hold me back from rank unbelief; and you, who never shrank from parting from your lover, rather than disobey a plain command, are worthy of the work."

In the most squalid streets and alleys of one of our largest cities, Evan and Maggie spend most of their lives, working for the poor, the wicked, and depraved. Now and then they come back to the old home, to catch health and strength for more work. There is more than enough to do, and the time seems very short to them. There is nothing to part them now, either for time or for eternity, and Maggie's resolution brought a blessing in the end, because she was faithful to her belief.

LIGHTS OF THE DARK AGES.

BY DAVID MAGILL.

VI.—BERNARD, THE MONK.

AT Fontaines, near Dijon, in Burgundy, on a small eminence of the Cote d'Or hills, is a chapel restored by Louis Philippe, which was during the revolution a smithy, and in the previous century a meeting place for the Reformed congregation of Feuillants.

In the eleventh century this was the castle of Tesselin, the yellow-haired, a brave knight, but yet conspicuous for his love of justice and his charity. In the year 1091, his wife, Aletta, gave birth to her third and favorite son, Bernard.

As Tesselin was devoted to warlike pursuits, which were then the occupation of every gentleman, to the pious Aletta fell the task of educating her children. She was admirably suited to this work, for unlike most women of rank in her day, she led a quiet life at home, only stirring thence to seek out the poor, attend to the sick, and dispense a bountiful charity. From their birth she dedicated her seven children to the cloister, believing that thereby she was dedicating

them to God. The pious training of his mother did not long continue with the boy Bernard, for she died before he had completed his tenth year.

His mother was right in destining him to the monastery, for in those days, amid the clash of arms, the cries of warriors, and the din of battle, the only spot where learning and piety had any resting place was in the convent or monastery, which, away in the thick woods, sheltered from the gaze of men, afforded an asylum to the student and the *religieux*.

After his mother's death, his friends, and especially his brothers, opposed his desire for a monastic life. They perhaps thought that his fragile frame would not permit him to be a hardy warrior, but they endeavored to foster another ambition in his breast. There was then arising in Europe a war more enticing, more fierce, and even more glorious than any of their steel-clad tournaments. They wished to direct his attention to the

study of scholastic philosophy, to metaphysics, to anything but a religious life. Dialectics was a study which just now had great attractions. In his early youth Bernard must have heard daily of the marvellous enthusiasm of the innumerable hordes of all nations, and of every class, which for four years obstinately flocked eastwards in the track of the mule of Peter the Hermit on the first Crusade. Now the disputer is taking for a time the place of the fighter, the dialectician the place of the crusader. Young Master Peter Abelard has just emerged from the Paris school as victor in an eager conflict with the great dialectician, the veteran William of Champeaux.

Thousands are now flocking to hear Abelard. Bernard is urged. Why should he not also make for himself a name and a fame like that of Abelard? But, as his biographer tells us, "the memory of his holy mother" restrained him. He became, on the contrary, more and more attached to his plans of conventual life, and not only did he wish for freedom of action for himself, but he endeavored to gain over his warlike relatives to the same course. This apparently chimerical enterprise succeeded beyond even his expectations. Men whose usual occupation was besieging castles, or fighting in tournaments, to whom war constituted both work and play, might not be supposed inclined to lend a ready ear to Bernard's ardent advocacy of the cloister. We are surprised to find that his uncle Gaudry, Count of Touillon, a wealthy landed proprietor, and a warlike knight, yielded at once. Bernard persuaded, though with much difficulty, even his eldest brother, Guido, to separate himself from his wife and join him. Every one of his brothers, though at first averse, at length yielded to his powerful solicitations.

In A. D. 1113, Bernard, with about thirty others, whom he had induced to accompany him, entered the Cistercian convent of Citeaux, in the barren wilderness of the Saone.

In making choice of this convent in preference to the wealthy and illustrious

abbey of Clugni, he showed that extreme ascetic tendency which in his after life became more conspicuous. The rule of St. Benedict was observed with exceeding strictness at Citeaux. The monks there were in a chronic state of famine; they were allowed but one meal per diem; they were never permitted to taste beef, fish, or eggs; they had to rise at two o'clock in the morning, to pray for several hours before daylight, and they went out at nine o'clock to labor in the fields, where they remained during the day.

Bernard was not daunted by these austerities, but rather aimed at exceeding them. He regarded time given to sleep as lost; he discountenanced all visits from friends; he felt no desire for food, and he occupied himself solely with the contemplation of God through nature and by silent meditation.

In after years he was accustomed to say that "any knowledge of divine things, or any facility in explaining Holy Scripture which he possessed, had been obtained through *meditation* and *prayer* among the woods and in the fields, with naught but the beeches and the oaks for his masters." Two years after Bernard's entrance at Citeaux, the abbey of Clairvaux was founded in the Bishopric of Langres, on the Aube, through the beneficence of one of the knightly friends of Citeaux, and Bernard was chosen for the responsible position of abbot of the new monastery. He was consecrated abbot by William of Champeaux, the venerable bishop of Chalons, and his connection with him here paved the way to a lasting friendship and a mutual regard exceedingly warm and affectionate.

Bernard's extremely ascetic life at Clairvaux must have proved fatal to him had it not been for the friendship of William, who obtained from the Cistercian chapter the care of his friend with regard to food and rest. Rest, however, was foreign to the nature of Bernard; and we find him soon after, though not actively engaged as many of his brother monks were, yet occupied with correspondence exceedingly voluminous and varied, giving advice and answering questions to people of all conditions, from popes to poor

women, and on all subjects, from the most fundamental questions in theology to the discussion of, Who stole a certain pig?

William of Thierry, a devoted friend of Bernard, we are told, was taken ill about this time, and he ascribed his subsequent recovery to the miraculous power of Bernard. In thus ascribing to the distinguished abbot miraculous powers, he did nothing unusual, for in those days miracles and all sorts of supernatural intervention with human affairs, induced by the prayers of holy men, were firmly believed in. Many stories are told of Bernard's miracles. It is narrated how a piece of bread consecrated by Bernard instantly cured a madman, and healed the mortal wound of a warrior. It is told that at the dedication of the church of Foigny, an immense multitude of flies greatly annoyed the audience. The saint wishing to get rid of them, pronounced against them the dreadful(?) sentence, "I excommunicate you," and next morning there could scarcely be found sufficient shovels to clear out the dead flies from the pavements of the church.

Pontius, abbot of Cluny, for several years worked great mischief, not only in his monastery, but throughout the Church; however, having been induced to resign, the celebrated Peter the Venerable was elected in his stead. There had for some time been a silently increasing jealousy growing up between the great rival monastic houses of Clairvaux and Cluny, and in the disordered state of affairs in the latter, Bernard was charged by its friends with envy, and endeavoring to detract from the just merits of their abbey. This gave to Bernard an opportunity of publishing his "Apology." In this document he defends himself against these charges, but instead of retracting anything he had said he makes severe and emphatic charges against the Cluniacs for their voluptuousness, love of display, and worldliness of temper.

He shows that repeatedly he has refused to accept into his monastery those who had fled from Cluny, and how he had on many occasions aided that con-

vent, when by an opposite course of conduct he might have greatly benefited Clairvaux. He admits that the more ascetic life of the latter had no inherent merit, and even reproves his own monks for their pride in their austerities. "The kingdom of God is *within* you."

Though he acknowledges of his own monks that "with our bellies full of beans, and our minds of pride, we condemn those who are full of meat, as if it were not better to eat a little fat on occasion than to be gorged even to belching upon *windy* vegetables," he is astonished to see among the monks of Cluny such intemperance in eating and in drinking; "economy is now thought avarice, soberness austerity, silence sulkiness." "There is," he says, "no conversation regarding the Scriptures—none concerning the salvation of souls, but small talk, laughter, and idle words fill the air. At dinner the palate and the ears are equally tickled; the one with dainties, the other with gossip and the news, which together prevent all moderation in eating. . . . Who could say (to speak of nothing else) in how many forms eggs are cooked and worked up, with what care they are turned in and out, made hard or soft, or chopped fine, now fried, now roasted, now stuffed."

We may be excused if we make quotations at some length from this "Apology," which is valuable as showing the luxurious habits of many of the monastic establishments. With regard to their drinking habits, he says: "Directly we become monks we are afflicted with weak stomachs, and the important advice of the apostle to use wine, we in a praiseworthy manner attempt to follow, but for some unexplained reason the condition of a *little* is usually omitted. You may see during one meal a cup half full three or four times carried backwards and forwards, in order that out of several wines, by a quick and accomplished judgment, one and the most potent may be selected. Have we not heard that in some monasteries it is observed as a custom on great festivals to mix the wines with honey, and to powder them with the dust of spices? Shall we say that this also is for their stomach's sake and their often

infirmities? I should say that a greater quantity, and that more pleasantly, might be drunk. But with his veins swelling and throbbing in his head, under the influence of wine, what can a man do on rising from the table except sleep? And if you force a man thus gorged to rise to vigils, you will get rather a sigh than a song from him."

But to pass on, we will make random extracts from the list of offences against humility, with which he charges these luxurious monks of Cluny. "I speak truly when I say that I have seen an abbot with sixty horses after him, and even more. Would you not think as you see them pass that they were not fathers of monasteries, but lords of castles; not shepherds of souls, but princes of provinces?" He thus criticises the art in the monasteries: "What are disgusting monkeys there for, or ferocious lions, or horrible centaurs, or spotted tigers, or fighting soldiers, or huntsmen sounding the bugle? You may see there one head with many bodies, or one body with numerous heads. Here is a quadruped with a serpent's tail; there is a fish with a beast's head; there a creature, in front a horse, behind a goat; another has horns at one end, and a horse's tail at the other. In fact such an endless variety of forms appears everywhere, that it is more pleasant to read in the stonework than in books, and to spend the day in admiring these oddities than in meditating on the law of God."

In 1130 there burst upon the religious world a ferocious battle, which spread over Europe not only threats and spiritual curses, but wide-spread desolation and bloodshed. On the death of Pope Honorius II., Peter Leonis, under the title of Anacletus II., obtained for himself, by the liberal use of a well-filled purse, the vacant chair. An opposing party proclaimed Cardinal Gregory supreme pontiff, under the name of Innocent II. Anacletus drove Innocent from Rome, and he was compelled to fly to Cluny. This papal schism affected the whole religious face of Europe, and in every bishopric and every monastery there were opposing parties, one for Innocent, the

other for Anacletus. Louis the Sixth called a council at Etampes, to consider the growing evil. Bernard's attendance was specially desired. He came, and after careful examination of the respective claims of the competitors for Peter's chair, he unhesitatingly announced Innocent as the only lawful Pope. Louis the Sixth, and Henry the First of England, forthwith recognized Innocent as their spiritual sovereign, and Count William of Aquitaine was the only considerable lord who favored the claims of Anacletus.

Bernard went to visit him, and not with supplication and entreaty, but with threats and denunciations caused him to yield. The count was terrified, paralyzed in every limb, and it was only when Bernard kicked the knight as he was lying on the ground at his feet, that he dared to ask for forgiveness.

Bernard might have boasted if he had wished, that he was the most influential man in the whole of the European church. He had been referred to by kings and prelates as the arbiter in the most important dispute in his day, and to him was specially entrusted the purity of the papal chair. Humble even to excess, yet earnest and zealous; uniting persuasion and command with personal example, his fame kept ever rapidly growing, but he retired to Clairvaux, aiming at seclusion, striving to keep himself free from the quarrels and entanglements of the outer world.

Here he now commenced his course of lectures on the Song of Solomon. Bernard preached often to the assembled monks. Almost every day, either before the early dawn, or after the hot day's work in the fields, the white-cowled Cistercians gathered to hear his discursive, contemplative sermons and disquisitions on the Song of Songs. These sermons are very fanciful, far-fetched, and so devoid of homiletical construction, that it puzzles the modern reader to see any connection between the text and the sermon.

Yet this monastery attracted crowds of even the terrible barons and men-at-arms, all of whom listened patiently to the words of Bernard, and often most unexpectedly joined his order.

There was a singular attractiveness in these men who renounced the world, recoiling from the prevalent and open wickedness spread all over the earth, stifling the consuming passions of their souls with ascetic practices, lives of devotion and earnest desire after God. The small beginnings of law and order, as well as the abstemious peaceful habits of the monks, the psalm-singing, the chiming of the bells, and the august ceremonies, exerted an influence where the most subtle reasonings would have failed. Here in the midst of his monks the great monk kept himself aloof from the world, having but little intercourse with it, save in the numerous letters which he ever kept writing. Some of these letters, especially those to the Pope, are sufficiently bold and fearless, for there was in him, and indeed in the men of his age, but little of the grovelling servility which in later times became more apparent in the adherents of the Romish church.

In a letter to Innocent, his protégé, he uses strong words in condemnation of the growing papal abuses.

What modern bishop would even to-day dare to write to the "Vicar of Christ" thus: "There is but one voice among our faithful bishops, and it declares that justice is vanishing from the Church; that the power of the keys is gone; that episcopal authority is dwindling away; that a bishop cannot longer redress wrongs, nor chastise iniquity, however great, even in his own diocese; and the blame of all this they lay on you and on the Roman court. What they ordain aright you annul, what they justly abolish, that you reëstablish. All the worthless contentious fellows, whether from the people or the clergy, or even monks expelled from their monasteries, run off to you, and return boasting that they have found protection when they ought to have found retribution. Your friends are confounded, the faithful are insulted, the bishops are brought into contempt and disgrace; and while their righteous judgments are despised, your authority also is not a little injured. . . . God's favor is not so won. For these and simi-

lar things, 'the anger of the Lord is not yet turned away, but his arm is stretched out still,' and that rod spoken of by Jeremiah which watches over our sins. Of a truth God is angry with schismatics, but he is far from well pleased with Catholics."

Meanwhile, though the northern powers had unanimously, through the influence of Bernard, acknowledged Innocent as the only Pope, Anacletus the Second, having in the south the strong assistance of the new and warlike power of the Normans in Sicily, was enabled by the arms of Roger Guiscard to retain possession of Rome, and the nominal advantage conferred by his being seated on the papal chair. Innocent was compelled to make Pisa the seat of his government, and patiently await the course of events.

But while Bernard is lecturing on Canticles history is being made. The news comes to Clairvaux that the monastery of Monte Casino, the great Benedictine head of western monasticism, had declared in favor of Anacletus, had deposed its abbot, and elected a new head, who now openly declared for the enemy of Bernard and the rival of Innocent. All plans of seclusion and of expounding Solomon must bend to the urgent necessity.

In the spring of 1137 he set out for Italy, accompanied by his favorite brother, Gerard. We are told that the devil had special objections to this journey, and as the holy man was crossing the Alps, he caused his carriage-wheel to break just upon the edge of a precipice. Fortunately the saint was preserved, and he took vengeance upon the plotter by compelling Satan to become a wheel and serve instead of the broken one, and in this awkward position the humiliated and rotatory fiend conveyed him to Pisa, to Viterbo, and thence to Rome. This is, however, a very poorly authenticated story, and by its frivolous nature shows that it is the invention of probably a much later age. As one of Bernard's recent biographers remarks, "a twelfth century miracle would hardly be so wanting in dignity as this is." Arrived at Rome, Bernard found that the steadfast adhe-

rence of the friends of Anacletus proceeded not so much from zeal as from despair of mercy if they should desert him. Bernard quietly influenced them all, so that it rapidly became apparent that the adherents of Anacletus were ready for desertion if a suitable opportunity were given. Roger the Norman was, however, still the patron of Anacletus, and with a plausible show of fairness he proposed that the advocate of each Pope should in his presence set forth their respective claims. He chose Peter of Pisa as the champion of Anacletus, hoping that he, being a renowned dialectician, would overwhelm with his rhetoric the monastery-bred Bernard.

His irresistible rhetoric pleased and convinced his friends, who as yet had not heard the other side of the question. Bernard rose and said: "I know, Peter, that you are a wise and learned man, and would that a better cause, and a more honest business engaged your attention. . . . Now charity compels me to speak, seeing that the Lord's vesture, which neither the heathen nor the Jew presumed to rend, that vesture, Peter, the son of Leo, protected by King Roger, tears and divides.

"There is one Lord, one faith, one baptism; neither do we know two Lords, two faiths, two baptisms. To begin from antiquity, there was but one ark at the time of the flood. No one will deny that this ark was a type of the Church. Lately another ark has been built, and as there are now two, one must be false, and must sink to the depths of the sea. If the ark which Peter rules be of God, it follows that the one in which Innocent is must perish. Therefore, the Eastern Church will perish, and the Western also. France, Germany, Spain, England, and the barbarous countries will perish in the waters. . . .

"God forbid that the religion of the whole earth should perish, and that the ambition of Peter, whose life has been such as is known to all, should obtain the kingdom of heaven."

The assembly was so deeply impressed with the arguments of Bernard, that they almost unanimously embraced the cause

of Innocent. All the difficulties were shortly after solved by the timely death of Anacletus, and Innocent was allowed without opposition to take the papal chair. Shortly after his return home to Clairvaux, we find him preaching an eloquent funeral sermon over the grave of his favorite brother, Gerard. In 1139, (the year following,) he was visited by Malachy, of Ireland, a wonderful man, who so powerfully attracted the attention of Bernard, that upon his death he wrote an account of him and of his work among the Irish, whom the abbot of Clairvaux supposed to be utter savages.

The early culture which had made Ireland conspicuous for many centuries previously had now almost disappeared, and the inhabitants were spoken of by Malachy as exceedingly irreligious, disobedient to discipline, and impure in their lives. They had even lost that freedom of thought which characterized them down to the tenth century, and we find even the superstitious Bernard laughing at their excess of veneration for St. Patrick's text of the Gospels, and a staff supposed to have been made by our Saviour, both of which were deposited in Armagh Cathedral.

But there was now looming up in the near horizon the first of the two great events in Bernard's life which have, perhaps, beyond all others, given his name so prominent a place in mediæval history. Monasticism had been for centuries exerting a widespread influence over the whole mental and religious development of Europe. The very spirit of which we may consider Bernard as the highest and most notable representative, was revolutionary, although professing to be conservative. The conventual discipline was in its day, though mixed with many evils, a means of good, for it raised up a class of men who were made aware that there really were other pleasures than those of the body, and who were led by contemplation, reflection, and reasoning, to face the mental and religious problems whose discussion, though it might not eventuate in solution, must have enlarged and broadened the current of their thought. The name and the fame of

PETER ABELARD* was now again spreading widely over Europe. The controversy of the Church with Abelard had now been in progress for nearly twenty years, and though Bernard, with his wonted caution and modesty, had not as yet taken part in it, we may be sure that he was not uninterested in its progress. He must have watched with wonder at least, if not admiration, the glorious career of the stripling from Brittany, who in his youthful audacity had challenged and defeated in dialectic strife William, his early and intimate friend. He must have also regarded his career as a sort of counterpart to his own. It was Peter Abelard who was set before him as the renowned scholar, when he, a youth of about eighteen, was being dissuaded by his friends from his proposed monastic life. In an evil hour Abelard had in his pride allowed himself to be entangled in the theological discussions of the Church, and he appeared as the representative of the spirit of free thought, which was as yet too weak in the number of its adherents to achieve anything of consequence. His career had been an instructive one. Gotteschalculus and Scotus Erigena, Berengarius and Roscelinus, had appeared as but faint stars glimmering darkly in the middle of the night, but now the dim dawn is appearing over the mountains of superstition and authority, and the light of reason is gaining strength. Rushing into the opposite extreme from that held by the Church, already considered a half heretic, he appears as the Prophet of Pure Reason, opposing individual judgment to the voice of authority in high places, and at the "so-called" Council of Soissons he was condemned as a Tritheist.

In the autumn of the year 1139 Bernard received a letter from his friend, William of St. Thierry, urging him to put a stop to the heresies of Abelard, who, now an old man, was considered as the head of the insurgents against the power of the Church, the friend of the heretic reformers, Peter de Bruis, Henry of Cluny, Gilbert of Poitiers, and the

still more dangerous and recent assailant, Arnold of Brescia.

William tells Bernard that Abelard is again teaching novelties, again writing about them; that across the seas and over the Alps, even to the doors of St. Peter's his new notions are carried. He sends him a copy of "The Theology of Peter Abelard," and implores him to refute it, in defence of God's cause and the whole Latin Church. Abelard, forsooth, is a critic of the faith, not a disciple; a reformer, not a learner; but you alone he fears and dreads. Such was the purport of William's letter, and he also subjoined a list of the thirteen doctrines in the works of Abelard deserving of reprobation. 1st error: He defines faith as the estimation of things not seen. 3d. He says that "the Father is full power, the Son a certain power, the Holy Ghost no power." 4th. The Holy Spirit is not of the substance of the Father and of the Son in the same mode as the Son is of the substance of the Father. 5th. The Holy Spirit is the soul of the world. 6th. Right action is possible without grace. 8th. Christ Godman is not the third person of the Trinity. 11th. We inherit from Adam, not the fault, but only the punishment of his original sin. These will give a fair view of the accusations made by William. Though Bernard was not at the time well acquainted with the points in dispute, after the Easter of the following year he devoted himself to study, and soon we find him issuing appeals broadcast over Europe, to the pope, the bishops, the kings and the princes, to assist him in repressing this arch-heretic who unites in one person the vices of Arius, Pelagius and Nestorius. Abelard, though now broken in spirit by age, disease and persecution, had still in large measure the daring and adventurous soul which had made him almost half a century ago the darling of the Parisian quidnuncs. Nor was he now friendless. He boldly insisted on Bernard coming forward and openly proving the charges which he was spreading so widely. He went to Henry the Wild Boar, the Bishop of Sens, and through him summoned Bernard to meet

* We have sketched the life and opinions of this remarkable man in "Our Monthly" for May and July, 1871.

him at the forthcoming Council. The whole world was in a state of excitement. The approaching contest was one unparalleled in its importance. The two foremost men, the great Abbot and the great Schoolman, the two prominent representatives of the great and conflicting issues of the day, were now in wordy tournament to cross their weapons and fight even a *l'outrance*. But the challenge has not been yet accepted. Bernard did not take up the glove so defiantly hurled at him. "I refused," said he, "because I was but a boy, and he a man of war from his youth." But his friends persisted; they told him that all people were prepared for the spectacle, and that his refusal would "cause to grow the horns of his adversary."

Bernard at last reluctantly and tearfully yielded. Excitement and expectation were now on tiptoe, but the collapse of the curious crowd was great when Abelard, from motives which we cannot comprehend, appealed like Paul from the lower tribunal to the higher at Rome. The meeting dispersed, Abelard's friends were dismayed at their leader's supposed pusillanimity, and Bernard's Cistercians were overjoyed at their chief's miraculously easy victory over this arch-enemy, the former dread of Christendom. Meanwhile in solemn conclave, says Bernard, (over their cups says Berengarius), the bishops condemned the opinions of Abelard. But Bernard was not satisfied with the mere fiat of the council, though in a triumphant and exulting tone he writes letters against Abelard's method of investigation. All however was of course fruitless, for the differences between him and Abelard were such as no argumentation can remove. Whether, judged by our modern standards and light, we would consider him a Socinian, or even a Tritheist, we must look at his life as valuable, as forming a conspicuous foreground on the picture of the rising love of liberty which Bernard, standing by the side of authority, was bound to suppress. Bernard, as we might have expected, was victorious; the Pope paid no attention to the appeal of Abelard, who

shortly after died at Cluny in the arms of Peter the Venerable.

It is difficult to estimate or to compare the value of men to the world, or to estimate their comparative influence for good at such a distance of time and in such a different organization of society, and especially is it out of place to compare Bernard with Abelard. This has been done by the friends and the opponents of each of these great men, to the advantage of one or the other as the individual bias inclined them, but their mutual spheres of activity were totally distinct. Abelard was a dialectician, a fighter, a man of war from his youth, as Bernard says; an innovator and a not over prudent, not too humble a reformer. Bernard was a monk, a severe ascetic, naturally haughty and even arrogant as Abelard, but with the ardor of youth abated by rigid self-restraint, he appears to the historian as the abbot, the great monastic head, and his encounters with the world only appear as episodes into which his preëminent ability rather than his wishes or his position drew him. He was a truth-teacher, an upholder of established order nevertheless, even at the risk of suppressing new truths which were not supported by authority. Innovation was with him a crime.

We must now leave Bernard with the monks at Clairvaux, who are probably listening to one of his quaint and almost grotesque, though powerful sermons,* while we look over the world, and especially to the East, and review the course of history which was quickly taking shape so as to bring Bernard once more prominently before western Christendom.

Mohammedanism had advanced with rapid strides since the day when Karl Martel for a time arrested the progress of Islam on the battle-field of Tours. The first crusade under Urban and Peter the Hermit had been an emphatic answer from indignant Europe to the insulting menaces of the Saracen. But now Peter and Urban were dead, and the bones of

* As the Rev. W. B. Flower's translation of Bernard's sermons is well known, the author abstains from making further reference to them.

marked that, says Bernard, "the cities and castles are empty, and now scarcely can seven women find one man of whom they can lay hold, and grass widows abound." (Compare Isaiah iv. 1.)

Suger, Abbot of St. Denis, was the favored adviser of the kings of France, but the France of the 12th century was by no means territorially so considerable as even the crippled France of to-day. It is a frequent error even in historians to suppose that Charlemagne was a Frenchman, that the Franks were Gauls, and to confuse their statements with regard to France under Charles the Bald with ideas borrowed from the government of the House of Orleans, or of the great First Consul. France was now only becoming France. Louis the Fat had actual power over but a small portion of modern France, but yet during the growing power and influence of his government, Suger exercised a good and a strong influence. Bernard, by his resistless eloquence, prevailed over all Europe; but Suger from first to last opposed the Crusade in the face of even the king. Seeing, however, that it was useless to attempt to stem the torrent of popular opinion, he desisted from his opposition, and Bernard, in order to conciliate him fully, caused him to be appointed regent of France in the absence of the king. The Crusaders set out, and with unaccountable foresight the royal and imperial leaders agreed to keep their forces at a distance from each other, fearing that their undisciplined hosts would quarrel and break up the expedition with their intestine strifes.

Across Europe this disorderly and barbarous crowd hastened towards the Holy Sepulchre. At Philippopolis and Constantinople they committed acts of barbarity which disgusted the neutral power of the Greeks with the western soldiery. Scarcely had the Germans left Constantinople when the French army came within its walls. The Greeks received them with outward cordiality, but they soon became tired of their depredations and excesses, and heartily wished them gone. Manuel, the Greek monarch, only got rid of the disorderly French by concocting stories of the imaginary successes

of Conrad and the Germans. Louis was told that Conrad had with little or no loss to himself slain in battle 14,000 Turks, that he had reached Iconium, and was pressing on victoriously to Jerusalem.

The French believed, and envious of the supposed good fortune of the Germans, set out at once. They had gone but a little distance when they learned that, deceived by Greek guides, the host of Conrad had fallen victims to the Turks, whose bows and scimitars and nimble cavalry, fighting on well known ground, killed like sheep the fine army of Conrad, and almost nine out of ten died on the field or in the flight. Slowly and with terrible loss Louis began his retreat across the Phrygian mountains to the port of Attalia. On these rocky peaks the pilgrims were more than decimated by stones and rocks loosened and hurled down the mountain sides, precipitating men and munitions to the abysses below. In squalor and famine they arrived at Attalia the mere shadow of the host which had so triumphantly set forth from the West. The perfidious Greeks, taking advantage of their deplorable condition, massacred the sick and defenceless pilgrims who had been left behind to recover while the main host went on to Antioch. They crowded all who had been left behind into narrow prisons, where they died a lingering death, crowded to suffocation in dungeons only equalled in modern times by the Black Hole of Calcutta. Those who escaped the Greeks rushed to the Moslem, preferring speedy death from the Turkish scimitar to the delayed torture of Greek cruelty. Thus ended ingloriously the Crusade which Bernard had so confidently preached, and from which so much was expected.

Meanwhile Bernard had been busily employed in putting down the plentiful crop of heresies which was just now springing up around him.

Though a man loving a quiet life, he seems to have been wonderfully afflicted by these ever recurring heterodoxies. As if Abelard and Arnold of Brescia had not given sufficient trouble, he now hunts a curious sect in Perigeux. They were followers of Pontius, and adopted many

of the opinions of Henry of Cluny, but to these they added the following: They believed they could work miracles by aid of the devil, (one of their favorite miracles was to put a drop of wine in an empty bottle and find it full the next day); they despised the elements in the Lord's supper. Bernard appeared among them and encountered them by working such miracles that he tells us himself that he is alarmed at his power. We cannot delay over his contest with the more celebrated and notorious Gilbert of La Poorée, a heretic of old standing, whom Abelard on the day of his trial had warned that *his* turn would come next. At Rheims he was condemned, and though, like Abelard, he had a powerful following among the Cardinals, bewildered and frightened, though not convinced, he recanted, saying: "If you believe differently, so do I. If you say differently, so do I. If you write differently, so do I?" Bernard's life-work was done. In 1153, five years after the defeat of the Crusaders, and the death at his house of his friend Malachy, in the same year with his disciple, Pope Eugenius III, the great Abbot died.

It is worth our while to delay for a moment over the character of "the last of the Fathers." a man so holy "says Luther, "that he is to be preferred before them all." Milman, when he comes to treat of the twelfth century, recognizes the importance of Bernard in European history, in his assertion that then "the Pope ceases to be the centre around whom gather the events of Christian history. Bernard of Clairvaux . . . is at once the leading and the governing head of Christendom." Milner in surprise asks the question, "Can any good thing come out of the twelfth century?" He speaks of this age as one of the darkest of the "dark ages;" he speaks of it as ignorant and superstitious in comparison with others; and we find even Robertson mentioning the eleventh century as one of the most illiterate. Maitland,* though sometimes offensively supercilious to those whom he criticises, has, amid many overstatements, much truth on his side when

he criticises Robertson, whose notes to "Charles the Fifth" are frequently extravagant. He who would intelligently judge the twelfth century aright, must remember that it was the century of the *Trouviers* and the *Troubadours*, of the Knights Templars and the Crusaders, of Richard Cœur de Lion and Frederick Barbarossa, Zenghis Khan and of Saladin, of Prester John and Alexius Comnenas, of Peter Waldo and Arnold of Brescia, of Peter Abelard and Bernard of Clairvaux.

Nor was this age an age of mere force alone, for we see in it tendencies arising out of the acute intelligence of the time, which in their development revolutionized the Church. Monasticism had in this period reached that crisis in history when, by the natural growth of the mind confined to the world of thought within the monastery, the monk, chafing against the dogmatic restraints of the Church and yearning for "something new," restless of authority, revolts against its dogmatic teachings, and introduces its own less gross but in many cases not less erroneous notions in competition with those which had been held for ages. There was as yet, however, a strong tide of opinion in the religious world which overbore these minor monastic currents, and Bernard the monk, the theologian, and the demagogue, is the most prominent representative of the spirit of authority. Like Anselm in obedience, though more ambitious, and taking a more prominent share in public affairs, though he was in reality Pope himself, and possessed the real reins of papal legislation, he ever was most diligent in execution of what he conceived to be the will of God, no matter how repugnant to his natural convictions. Though not a man of such fine abilities, nor of such gentle temperament as Anselm, he must have suspected that there was something radically astray in the system which required such sacrifices as that made by his Guido. Ratisbonne tells that by the reiterated entreaties of Bernard, Guido was induced in tears to part from his weeping and reluctant wife, and his henceforth fatherless children. Sometimes we are inclined to think that Bernard was ready to sacrifice even prin-

* Dark Ages. Maitland: London, 1853.

ciple, if he thought that by doing so he might do the Church a service. Look at the case of Count Theobald of Champagne. Louis VII. wished to gratify the love of his sister-in-law, Petronilla, for his cousin Ralph Vermandois. But Ralph was already married to the sister of Theobald, the enemy of Louis and the friend of Bernard. The king had no sooner procured a divorce and gratified his sister-in-law, than the three compliant bishops who had dissolved the marriage, were, through the influence of Bernard, suspended. The king invaded the domains of the count, and meeting with no resistance, set fire to the villages, burning thousands of people alive. Theobald sued for peace, which was granted on condition that he should obtain from the Pope the removal of the ban upon the marriage. This Bernard undertook to do, and it is to his letter requesting this that we request attention. "This you can easily do," says he, "without injury to the Church; for it is in your power to renew and immovably establish it, and thus cunning may be met by cunning, and peace be obtained, while he who glories in malice and is powerful in iniquity, will derive no advantage." Bernard was crafty; he knew men, and he knew how to use them and humor them by turns.

Though the argument which we have given above, with which he met Cardinal

Pietro at Pisa, was notoriously weak, a *petitio principii* from beginning to end, (save what was mere abuse,) such was his personal power over the people that they applauded and proclaimed him victor. But we see more conspicuously his power of appeasing the people, when the two or three hundred ragged soldiers returned from Palestine as the only remnant of the 150,000 to whom he had preached, "Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation." On the return of that miserable remnant of all that gorgeous pageantry which they had seen descend the valley of the Danube on its way to the Holy Land, the people began to murmur against and upbraid Bernard as a false prophet and a deceiver. In his "De Consideratione" he turns the tables upon his opponents, and almost succeeds in making them believe that *they* alone were to blame. "Did not Moses promise to lead the children of Israel into the promised land, and did he not fail in his promise?" "But the people were a stiff-necked people, forever striving with God and his servant Moses."

It was in the autumn of 1153 that this great Churchman, and honest, conscientious priest fell asleep in Jesus, closely following his friends Suger and Eugenius III. Like Suger, the Lord's prayer was his favorite meditation, and as he repeated "Thy will be done," his spirit departed.

A SPIRIT IN PRISON; OR, THE PASTOR'S SON.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

A REVELATION.

I MUST set myself about getting well in earnest," said the minister, as they left the convent gate, "for there is much, very much waiting for me to do."

"I hope the air will do you good," said Laurent. "It is not far, if the place is where I think it is; and if you are tired we can stop and rest. We cannot

get back much before vespers, at any rate; that is one comfort. See, Reverend Father," added Laurent, as they passed on, "there is David Chabriol, and that girl with him is surely my old friend, Suzanne Michel. What a pretty girl she has grown!" said Laurent, contemplating the unwonted spectacle with some interest.

Suzanne, who was indeed a very pretty girl, listened, as it seemed not ill-pleased,

to David, while she led by the hand her sister, a rosy little trot of five or six. David saluted the Provincial with grateful respect, Suzanne looked up blushing to receive his fatherly benediction; but as he bent to speak to the little one, the child burst into a passion of frightened crying, and ran away screaming, "Oh, the monk! the monk!"

"Naughty child!" said Suzanne, catching her by the hand; but little Louise sobbed and struggled in fright so evidently real, that there was nothing to be done but to let her go.

"Pardon, your reverence," said Suzanne, whose family were among the conformed. "She is only a child, and has heard some silly story—"

"You told me yourself never to go near one of the fathers," said little Louise, who, having now, as she thought, attained a safe distance, had turned to gaze upon the object of her alarm. "You said they would carry me away and shut me up and make a nun of me—and I won't be a nun."

Suzanne colored and looked up imploringly to Father Francis.

"You know such things have been done, Reverend Father," she said timidly; "and the children talk among themselves—but, you are a Catholic, you know, little sister?"

"Yes; till the Barbes come back and they build up the Church again," said this terrible child; "and then it will be the monks' turn to run away."

Suzanne began to cry and wring her hands.

"O, Reverend Father, she is but a child—she does not know what she says. O, we shall be ruined!"

"Nay, Suzanne, the Father will not care, I am sure," said David. "Reverend Father, Suzanne is as good a Catholic as I am."

"I have not a doubt of it," said the Father, with a smile. "But you must teach the little girl not to speak out her mind quite so freely. Never fear, my daughter, I know it is but a child's talk. Laurent, have you not a *marron* in that basket that will help to conform this little waverer in the faith?"

Now, marrons are certain cakes made of ground chestnuts and honey, brown, sweet, and altogether delectable. Louise advanced as the dainty was held out; took it at arm's length from Laurent, and retreated, evidently very suspicious of Father Francis.

"I never could understand before," said Father Francis, as they passed on, "why so many of the children seemed to be afraid of me."

The priest spoke in a troubled voice; and Laurent, who would have taken every stone out of his way had it been possible, felt most unreasonably vexed with little Louise.

"You see, Reverend Father, so many children were carried off," he said, in a tone of apology, "and their parents have taught them young to be on their guard—I know I felt just so myself when I was a child."

"And you, my son, doubtless think that to take away these children from their parents was a very cruel and wicked thing?"

"How can I think otherwise, Father?" said Laurent, somewhat indignant. "Ah, if you had seen, as I have, the poor women crying for their little sons and daughters, taken from them to be shut up in that hospital at Pignerol, or carried, they knew not where, to be coaxed or tormented into apostasy,—'Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not;' and to lose them in that way was worse than death. Surely, dear Father, *you* never would have done such things?"

"No, my son, not if it were left to me to decide," said the priest, who was sorely perplexed between natural humanity, his wish to retain the boy's respect, and the desire to defend his own Church."

"Ah, I wish they would make you Pope, Reverend Father," said Laurent.

"Why, my son?" asked the monk, who might possibly, in his time, have dreamed of the triple crown.

"Because, then I am sure we should have no more persecution, and you would take the part of the poor people against the cruel king of France—for all these

brutalities only make people hate the Church of Rome ten times more."

"The Pope cannot always do what he wishes, my son, more than the rest of us," said Father Francis, who knew very well that the Head of the Infallible Church is, in many respects, a very slave.

"But, Father Francis—" and Laurent hesitated.

"Do not be afraid to speak freely, my son," said the monk. "What would you say?"

"Only, that it seems to me that if the Pope was a good man he would at least try to stop such cruelty as has been going on in France, and here and in Italy; and, further back, did not the Pope, that was then, sing Te Deum for St. Bartholomew—and yet he calls himself Christ's vicar on earth? My Father, can you imagine our Lord exulting in a massacre of men and women and children, even if they were idolators?"

"It is indeed hard to imagine, my boy," said the monk, with a sigh. "But, Laurent, it is not only the Catholic Church which has persecuted, if you call it persecution. Do you know how the English have treated Ireland?"

"Something, Reverend Father; but I have heard that the Pope's bull gave Ireland to England, in the first place. And I only wish we Vaudois had as many privileges as the English or Irish Catholics."

"And, to come nearer home," continued the priest, "have you never heard how Calvin burned Servetus, the Arian? And your Martin Luther was not too tolerant of those who differed from him."

"We do not pin our faith upon either Calvin or Martin Luther, dear Father. They were but men, and liable to err. And if they were cruel and bigoted, they had less excuse than Father Gerome or the inquisitors; but, we Vaudois, or Waldensians, had the old purity of the

faith long before Luther's time—as our enemies confess."

"And suppose I were to tell you that when your people went to Wurtemberg to seek an asylum, a certain theologian of Tubingen, one Osiander, wrote a most intolerant letter to the duke, objecting to receive them because they were what he was pleased to call crypto-calvinists; and the theological faculty of Tubingen were bitterly opposed to them on account of supposed religious differences. It is so, my Laurent."

"Then they ought to be all the more ashamed of themselves," said Laurent, indignantly. "It is ten times worse in them than it was in the Pope; because he don't pretend to believe in liberty of conscience, and they do. But, dear Father, two wrongs do not make a right."

"This very scrupulous Doctor Osiander was the son of a Jew," remarked the priest, who some way seemed to feel a very inconsistent indignation for the folly and bigotry of Tubingen.

"I dare say," said Laurent. "Converts are always more bigoted and narrow than any one else. My Uncle Henri had a servant who had been a Catholic, and she came over to us, and when the Curé of Lucerna—he is dead now—came to see my uncle, for they were on very good terms, Anne was so dreadfully Protestant that she could hardly serve up the dinner for the good old Father; and my uncle laughed at her, and told her after she had been in the faith a few years longer she would take it easier; and once I heard the Reverend Superior say of an English lady he knew, who had been converted, that she was more Catholic than her confessor."

Father Francis, who had possibly had his own experiences with converts, could not but smile, and yet he looked troubled.

"But do you not think that any one might with a sincere heart forsake your faith for that of the Church?" he asked.

"I suppose so, dear Father," said Laurent; "but I confess I do not see how it is hardly possible, though I wish to judge no man's conscience."

"But why not?"

* It is perhaps needless to say that the burning of Servetus was not Calvin's deed. How far Calvin's influence with the city fathers of Geneva would have availed against their decree and Servetus' obstinacy, is still an open question.—*Editor.*]

them at all costs where they would grow up Catholic, and did not think that the suffering was worthy to be weighed in the balance with their eternal salvation. 'If a man love father and mother more than me, he is not worthy of me,' says our Lord."

"But was it for Him? and He did not carry away people against their wills, nor persecute those who rejected Him. And, Father, must we not look to His blessed life for our example as well as to His word? Can you imagine him sending out the disciples to steal little Jewish or Roman children from their mothers and fathers? Did he ever hint such a thing to his disciples? Or does St. Paul, or any of the apostles, in one of the epistles, recommend such a method of ensuring the salvation of little ones whose fathers and mothers were heathen, not to say Christian?"

"My son, it is not for me to sit in judgment on the matter," said the Provincial, who was far more deeply interested in the subject than Laurent imagined.

"Ah, there it is," thought Laurent, in vexation. "Even he, saint as he is, he dare not say his soul is his own. I'd rather go to the stake and done with it, than be such a slave."

"My son," said the Provincial at last, "you have said enough this morning to send you to prison, or to death, but it is to me as though it were under the seal of confession. I still hope you may come to a better mind."

"Dear Father," said Laurent, "I know that it must seem conceited and foolish in me to withstand one like you, but I cannot but think for myself; and what I have gone through has made me a man before my time. I could die for you, Father Francis, I do think. I love you with my whole heart, but I can never be a monk."

"If I had but found you at first," said Father Francis; and indeed it is possible that had Laurent fallen into the Provincial's hands in the first place, his tact and gentleness might have been found more effectual than Father Gerome's severities.

"I am sure I wish you had, Reverend Father. Not that I think it would have made much difference. But I only pain you, and indeed I would not do it for the world. It does seem as if everything happened to trouble you. I wish Father Augustine had been quiet this morning; though I was glad to hear of the good man's kindness, and of my uncle. It was just like him."

"A most extraordinary pastor is this uncle of yours," said Father Francis, smiling. "He does not seem to interpret literally the text about our Lord's servants not fighting."

"I suppose he would say that there are times when those that have no sword should sell their garment and buy one; and why is it any worse to fight with one's own hands than it is to preach a crusade?" said Laurent, little thinking of the pain inflicted by his light words. "There is the house, up there on the hillside; I've often been there, when I used to come to La Tour. The Bastias had it then, my Aunt Margaret's relations, but they are all gone now," said Laurent, with a sigh. "I must try to get the mule up, for I am sure you will be too tired if you walk."

"Do you think you can, my son? The path is steep."

"Yes, Father, if you will just leave the mule to me. You must have faith."

"Do you not govern me entirely, you foolish boy?" said Father Francis. "But take care for yourself."

The place which Father Francis had come to visit was a house of rather the better class, situated on one of the ascents between Villar and La Tour which rise into the wild crags and masses of Mount Vandalin. A flourishing vineyard lay on one side, and beyond the mountain lay a large tract of Alpine pasture rising, swell over swell, to the rocky cliffs above.

The place had fallen to the share of the convent, and been rented to a Piedmontese, one of the new settlers. The man was now lying, as was supposed, at the point of death, and his brother having come to the convent to ask for a confessor, had thought he might as well have an eye to business at the same time, and

had preferred a petition to succeed as tenant to his dying relation. The Minister was received with the same sort of respect which a Greek might have shown to Apollo, had the god condescended to pay him a visit in person.

Laurent waited outside. The place was full of sad memories for him, for he had often been there when it had been occupied by the connections of Arnaud's wife. Where were they all now? Wandering as exiles, dependent on the charity of strangers; some of them, perhaps, still lingering in prison, or perhaps among the unhappy number of those who had conformed at Turin and Lucerna, and had found by hard experience the nature of those tender mercies exercised by the wicked.

A little boy and girl came out of the house and looked very hard at Laurent, and the handsome trappings of the mule.

Laurent, who had not seen a child to speak to in so long a time, coaxed the little ones to come to him, and they were presently chatting away to him with perfect freedom, almost making him forget the sad associations of the place and time in the unwonted pleasure of their society.

The minister was detained for some time in hearing the confession of the sick man. The poor mother of the family went about mechanically, setting out the best the house afforded for the refreshment of her honored guest.

"Can you tell me anything the holy man would like that this poor house can furnish?" she said, respectfully to Laurent. "I do not know your young reverence's name."

"Why, mother," said the little girl, a bright child of seven, "he is not a monk, the young Monsieur."

"How do you know that, Mam'selle?" asked Laurent.

"Because you hold up your head and look at one when you speak; and beside, you never asked for anything, and they are all beggars."

"Hush, Lucile," said the mother, alarmed. "Pardon, your reverence."

"Nay, Madame, Lucile is right; I am only the Reverend Father's attendant. You put yourself to needless trouble, for

I dare say he will take nothing, or at any rate nothing but a cup of milk."

"He is a holy man, is he not?" said Madame Martianne, in an awe-struck whisper.

"They say," said Lucile, "that when he prays he is lifted up in the air and can fly over the trees like St. Francis. Do you think he would do it if we asked him? I should like to see him fly."*

"Lucile," said the little boy—a serious, considerate kind of child—"I don't much believe that story; and if the Father can fly, what does he want of a mule? Did you ever see him fly, Monsieur?"

"Never," said Laurent, promptly. "I should be well satisfied if I could see him able to walk."

Father Francis came out of the sick room just in time to hear little Carlino's question and Laurent's answer.

"My little son," he said, putting his hand on the boy's head, "Who has told you such foolish stories?"

"Reverend Father," said Carlino, "why should you not fly, if St. Francis did? I am sure you are as holy as he?"

Now this story of the saint, and others much more remarkable, were and are authorized by the infallible Church, and Father Francis had either to leave Carlino his belief in the saint's aerial excursions, or say that the authorized legend was an old woman's story. It was rather an embarrassing dilemma before a Protestant, and the minister wisely perhaps avoided the subject.

He made no reply to the little boy, being saved from the trouble of doing so by Madame Martianne, who with the utmost reverence besought him to take something such as she could offer, apologizing for everything, as is the custom of good housewives all the world over.

Father Francis was too truly courteous to mortify her by entire refusal, after all her pains. He took a cup of milk and a bit of bread, and as he did so, remarked:

"Your husband is not so ill as you think, my daughter. The fever has

* "St. Francis and the Franciscans," page 258. Sometimes he went quite out of sight.

taken a turn, and if you are careful of him he will recover."

"Ah, your Reverence, do you really think so?" said Madame Martianne.

"I do, indeed; but he must be careful of a relapse."

Madame Martianne threw herself on her knees at the priest's feet.

"It is a miracle," she exclaimed, really believing what she said, for Father Francis had little idea of the amount of capital the monks had contrived to make out of his merits. "I will give a wax candle as tall as my Carlino to the chapel. Ah, what am I, that such a saint should come under my roof?" and she kissed his feet.

"My daughter! my daughter!" said Father Francis, distressed at being made an idol of, and knowing well how much trouble the report of a miracle would make for him. "I had nothing to do with the matter. The fever has left him, that is all. Pray go to him, and I entreat you not to say there has been anything out of the common way in the case, or that I had anything to do with it."

"Ah, we know your blessed humility, your reverence," continued Madame Martianne. "The monks say there was a barbet at the convent; a most violent, frightful blasphemer; so possessed with the devil that he had to be chained up, and that your reverence only laid your hand on his head, and that he was converted, and became like a lamb on the instant."

Laurent hardly knew whether to laugh or be angry at this remarkable version of his own story.

"And who told you that?" said Father Francis, coloring slightly, and insisting that his worshipper should stand up.

"All the Fathers say so, your reverence," said Madame Martianne, confidently. "Brother Boniface told my good man he saw it himself, and promised to ask your reverence's prayers for him if he would give him a flask of our wine for the holy service. Did he never do it?" asked the good woman, beginning to suspect that they had not received the worth of their offering.

"My prayers most assuredly you shall have, my daughter, and I would ask for yours in return, but they are not to be bought," said Father Francis, with a look that boded no good to poor Brother Boniface.

"No?" said simple Madame Martianne. "Well now the brotherhood said that while you were with them, your good works would go to the convent; and they would recommend no one to you who did not make some offering."

"The mischief is in the people to-day," thought Laurent. "Cannot any one open their mouth but out must come something to trouble him! To think of their making money out of the dear soul's goodness!"

"You have been deceived, my daughter," said Father Francis, with dignity. "I will see that it does not happen again. My son, the day is passing; let us go. And my daughter, I command you to say nothing about any miraculous cure."

But even as he spoke, he knew how useless the command would be. Laurent, anxious to shorten a scene which he felt was distressing to his protector, brought up the mule to the door, and with Madame Martianne's blessings and praises sounding after them, the two were soon on their way down the steep path.

"Have you known anything about this matter, Laurent?" said the Provincial at last.

"No, Father; only that they have said you could work miracles. You must know they all call you a saint."

"I!" said Father Francis, half impatient, half weary. "But I will put a stop to this folly, and worse than folly. It shall go no farther."

"There!" thought Laurent, vexed. "Now there is another trouble; and just as sure as he tries to make them do anything like rational beings, or to put a stop to their lies and extortions, they will all turn against him, unless it may be Brother Augustine."

"Laurent," asked the Provincial, "did you tell the good woman or the children that you were not a Catholic?"

"No, Father, they did not ask me! O me!" said Laurent, speaking on the im-

pulse of the moment, "how I do wish—" and he paused.

"What, my son?"

"How I wish I could carry you away somewhere where you might be quiet, and not be perplexed and troubled with all these matters."

"Every man must bear his own burden, my boy," said Father Francis, sadly, "but I feel sometimes as if mine were beyond my strength. The idea of being made merchandise of in this way," said the priest, who was absolutely sick at heart with the irresistible and growing feeling that the whole system of his order was a mistake.

"But, dear Father, it is not my affair to speak."

"For heaven's sake, Laurent, speak out," said the minister, who was unusually moved. "O, if you knew the comfort it is to hear one human being speak and act without disguise, and to feel that you have one heart near you that you can trust!"

"I was only thinking, dear Father, that this sort of thing is only what the monks have always done, and why is it any worse to receive offerings for the prayers of living saints than for dead ones, or than it is to sell masses?"

Father Francis made no answer; and Laurent glancing up, was startled to see the look of weariness and faintness, the trouble and anxiety that rested on his friend's face.

"Dearest Father," he said, "do not let us talk of it any more. All you have to do now is to get well. Let us turn aside somewhere and rest, can we not? O, I wish I could take every stone out of your way."

"No one can do that, my son, no one," said the minister. "I must walk my way alone, and I know too well what its end will be. But we will rest for a little while, for indeed I am very tired. Let us turn aside into this glen, we shall be shaded from the sun."

"There is no track for the mule, dear Father. This is the Liozza Torrente, and a wild place it is—that ravine—but if you can walk, I will fasten the mule here behind this pile of stones. She will

be safe enough, and we shall find some pleasant place to sit. Lean on me, and take the staff; see I brought it with me; it is the only earthly thing I can call my own. Thanks to you and the Chevalier for it. I fear you have undertaken too much, and that I have pained you by my talk, but you would make me speak. Sometimes I almost wish I could conform, just to please you and Father Paul."

"I wish you could, Laurent," said the Minister, "but after all, that would be but a poor reason for leaving your father's faith."

Laurent could not but think this a very odd remark, but as he went on carefully assisting his companion over the rough way, Father Francis suddenly asked: "You had some little conversation with the Chevalier the day he was here, had you not?"

"Yes, Reverend Father, I went on an errand into the parlor for Father Paul just as the Chevalier was going."

"And what did he say to you?" asked the priest, with anxiety.

"He said he knew about my father, and that he was a brave man, though a heretic, and persisted in our faith to the last," said Laurent proudly.

"Anything more?"

Poor Laurent was sorely tempted to indulge in a mental reservation himself.

"He was very kind, Father, but it was only a few minutes that we were together. Ah, here is a nice place for you to rest," he said, pausing where a huge pile of moss-covered rocks rose above a little space of grass. "Here is a place where you can sit as in a cushioned chair, and this great block will shade you from the sun. Where is it that it speaks of 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land?'"

"I think perhaps you could tell better than I," said the Minister. "My son, why will you not let me know what the Chevalier said to you?"

"He said the Curé of Prali was an animal," said Laurent, throwing himself on the grass at Father Francis' feet.

"And was that all?"

"No, Reverend Father; but indeed I knew it was a mistake, and I did not believe it."

"Did not believe what, Laurent?"

"He said you had preached the persecution, and that you had sided with the French Minister, and that if you knew whose son I was, you would not be so kind, but indeed I know better," said Laurent, troubled.

"And if that were so, would you hate me?" said the monk, without looking at his companion.

"Why, Father, of course not; I should be the most ungrateful creature living if I did not love you."

"My son," said the Provincial, very quietly, "the Chevalier told you no more than the truth; not so much as the truth, probably. I do not say that I brought about the ruin and destruction of all you hold dear, for it would have been done without me, and my influence is much overrated. But I did use such power as I had toward the publishing and execution of the edict. I thought at the time I did my duty; I fear now I was serving my own ambition; but Laurent, the thought of what I have done, or helped to do, is killing me."

"But you did not know how cruel and wicked they were, I am sure," said Laurent, whose first impulse was to excuse and comfort.

"And you can forgive me—you whom I helped to make an orphan, and that in a manner so cruel! Ah, Laurent, can you think of your mother and father, and yet forgive the man who used such gifts as God had given him to help on this accursed work?"

"I do, indeed, dear Father, if you care for my forgiveness, and I am sure they would, too," said Laurent, kissing his hand. "Beside, what have you not done for me? Was I not sick and in prison, and did you not come to me, and have you not been a father to me really?"

"My own boy!" said the poor priest. "Ah! if you knew how I have dreaded to have you find out the truth, lest you should turn away from me; and you do not know it all yet."

"Do not let us talk of it more," said Laurent, who hoped that now that his protector had spoken the cause of his trouble, his mind would be more at ease.

"Is not this a sweet place, dear Father? I remember it well now, though I did not think where we were coming when I brought you here. This great stone here is over my grandfather's grave. He died before I was born, but I came here once with my father."

"Buried here!" said the Provincial, much moved, as it seemed.

"Yes, Father, he died suddenly, I have heard my father say when he was at Villar once. You know we Vaudois are not allowed to bury our dead in enclosed ground, or to put anything over their graves, and they laid him here because it was such a quiet place; and they thought this great pile of rocks would be a sort of memorial. Here it is, this little hollow in the ground."

"When did he die?" asked the Provincial, shading his face with his hand.

"In 1667, Reverend Father. He was never the same man, they said, after his younger son was stolen away and died in the hospital at Pignerol. Why, if there is not the mule got loose! Wait one moment, Father; she will start off home, and then what should we do?"

Laurent darted down the hillside after the mule. It cost him some trouble before he could catch the animal and fasten her up again, but he finally succeeded, and out of breath, came slowly toward the pile of rocks.

"She cost me a pretty chase," he said, but stopped in amazement at the sight before him.

Father Francis had thrown himself on the ground beside the grave; his head was bowed on the great gray stone, and he was shaken with convulsive sobs from head to foot. He seemed in an agony of grief, upon which Laurent hesitated to intrude. His emotion, however, was so extreme, he seemed so utterly miserable, that the boy's heart ached for him, and he came gently forward and knelt beside him.

"Dearest Father," he said, distressed at his protector's trouble, "what is it? O that I could comfort you! Dear Father," and he ventured to put his arm about his friend and draw him toward himself, "you will make yourself worse if you cry so."

The priest suffered his head to drop on Laurent's shoulder, and without rejecting the boy's caress, gave himself up, as it seemed, to the very abandonment of sorrow. Such intense emotion in one usually so self-restrained, moved Laurent himself almost to tears.

"Dear Father," he said distressed, "it is past, it is over, and you did what you thought right. Do not weep so bitterly."

"Nay, Laurent, let me be," said Father Francis, as soon as he could speak. "Even such a one as I may weep over his father's grave."

Laurent was silent a moment in utter amazement. The monk's unguarded words at once explained many things which had seemed mysterious. The priest's strong attachment to himself, his fear lest his affection should be noticed; looks and tones which had perplexed him with vague resemblances, came back to his memory, as family traits which he had noted in his father, and unconsciously practiced himself.

"Reverend Father," he said at last, "can it be possible that you are my uncle, Philip Leidet?"

"Alas! alas!" he said, "I am indeed that most wretched man! And now, you, the sole one of my blood left on earth—my own brother's own son—you despise me as an apostate."

It was with a strange mixture of feeling that Laurent heard his uncle speak. He felt for a moment as if his beloved Father Francis had been suddenly taken away from him, and that a stranger had come in his place. Then there was a thrill of delight at finding himself not wholly alone in the world, and curiously enough, a certain sense of pride in the distinction which his uncle had achieved by his talents and personal character.

"But they said that Philip Leidet died," he said, still supporting his friend in a close embrace.

"No, my Laurent. Would to God that he had!"

"Dearest Father, for I can call you nothing else, O how sorry I am that I said what I did," said Laurent, remembering his own words about persecutors

and converts. "But Father, did you know who I was when you came to me?"

"Yes, Laurent. It was by an accident I learned you were at Villar. I came there only in time to save you, and I did not mean you should ever know who I was; but I am weak, and this place, and the memories it called up, were too much for me. There, I will be myself again—Philip Leidet is dead, my dear," he said with a long sigh. "There is no one here but the Franciscan."

"And, dear uncle, I have learned to love him so well, that I almost feel as if—what shall I say?—that I could not give him up even for my dear father's brother; but it all seems so strange."

"And you will not turn away from me?"

"No, dearest Father; who on earth should I turn to? And if you thought it right to change your religion,—O Father, why would you make me say what I did?" said Laurent, who was more anxious at that moment to comfort his uncle than he was for truth in the abstract. "I wish I could help you."

"And you have no word of reproach for me—for me, whom your friends would rank with Judas? And do you remember that I gave my voice and influence for the edict by which those of my own blood and name have been banished, and imprisoned, and murdered in the field and on the scaffold?"

The Provincial wrung his hands in an agony of remorse, and his look and tone were such that Laurent almost feared he was losing his mind.

"Dearest Father," he said, gently restraining him, "do you think your kinsman would add one feather's weight to your burden? O how you have suffered, and there was no one to help you. But why did you not tell me?"

"I dared not, my darling, lest you should betray yourself. You do not know your own danger. My precious one, my poor Laurent's own boy," said the monk, giving free course for once to the feelings of his nature. "You do not know how every hour and day has knit you closer to my heart, nor how I dreaded to have you know the truth, lest you should hate

and despise me as a traitor to the cause you hold so dear. Ah, you are your father's own son. He never seemed to know, even when a child, what it was to feel hatred or resentment for any injury. O, my God! and I suffered myself to be enticed away from my home, and forsook him and my parents, for what?" And poor Father Francis, the very fountains of whose long repressed nature were broken up, gave way to a new passion of grief, and clung to his nephew's embrace for the moment, as self-abandoned and helpless as a child. For a minute Laurent felt—and felt with a keen pang—that he himself was the stronger of the two. He had looked up to his guardian

with reverent affection, believing in him, trusting him as a superior, but in that hour he knew that he had come to man's estate, and that his uncle, notwithstanding all his dignity and power of self-restraint, had not possessed that root in himself which is the essential element of strength, and which Romish, and above all, monastic training is always trying to eradicate.*

* "Utter renunciation of one's own will and judgment, (that is, to one's superiors,) is the essential perfection of a religious life." St. Francis and the Franciscans, page 172. We must say that as far as renunciation of judgment goes, we have never met with a writer who attained greater perfection than the very Reverend Pamfilo.

THE LAKE DWELLINGS OF SWITZERLAND.

BY TRYON EDWARDS, D. D.

THE more thoroughly the surface of our globe is explored, the more the wonders of the past come up to our view. The uncovering of Pompeii, the excavations at Nineveh, the researches of Stephens in Central America, and more recently, the accounts given by Porter of the giant cities of Bashan, each unfolds a story of deep interest, and full of instruction. As the Pyramids of Egypt speak of a nation that was magnificent in splendor, and knowledge, and power, even before the days of Abraham, so these and similar discoveries tell us of the numbers, and arts, and social life of generations that have long since passed away, and of whom we should have had no knowledge but for these mute and yet eloquent relics of their past existence and history.

The "Lake dwellings of Switzerland" are among the wonders of modern discovery. The existence of such dwellings in the past was, indeed, known to classical students. Herodotus tells us of settlements of this kind on Lake Prasias, or Bolbe, (the modern Takhyno,) where,

he says, "men lived on platforms, supported on tall piles, standing in the middle of the lake, and approached from the land by a single narrow bridge." * * * "Each," he adds, "has his own hut, with each a trap-door giving access to the lake beneath, and they tie their very small children by the foot with a string, to keep them from falling into the water. They feed their horses and other beasts upon fish, which are so abundant in the lake that they have only to open the trap-door and let down a basket by a rope into the water, when in a little while it may be drawn up full of fishes." And sceptical though we may be, as to the material for feeding of horses, etc., the other parts of the account are doubtless reliable.

Dr. B. F. Keller, in his "*Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and other parts of Europe*," translated and arranged by J. E. Lee, F. S. A., and published by the Longmans in London, has given us full accounts of this class of dwellings in Europe, some of them constructed far back in the ages of antiquity, (he sup-

poses thousands of years ago,) and some of more modern origin. The details, both as to the structures and their inhabitants, are minute and wonderful, and the quantity of materials for the narrative is astonishing, between 3,000 and 4,000 relics having been found on the eastern shore of the Uberlinger Sea alone. From the statements in Dr. Keller's work, and in one or two reviews of it, we propose to condense some account of these *Lake Dwellings*, which it is hoped may be interesting and instructive, making free use of the materials, and even of the language of others, for the benefit of our readers, who may not have had access to these works.*

These dwellings in the lakes of Switzerland are of two kinds; those resting *on piles*, and those supported *on fascines*, or large bundles of rods and poles. In the first case, which is much the most common, *piles*, consisting generally of whole trunks of trees, such as oak, birch, fir, willow, etc., but sometimes of split stems sharpened either by fire or by crude instruments of bronze or stone, were driven into the shallow parts of the lakes, and on these platforms were laid, on which the huts of the people were built. These platforms were for the most part of the rudest kind, consisting of layers of unbarked stems, though occasionally, as in one of the Italian lake-dwellings, they were composed of boards split out of the trunks of trees, and joined with something like care and accuracy. In some cases, the piles were strengthened by stones thrown down between them. In the case of the *fascine* dwellings, which belong to the earliest age, and are found chiefly in the smaller lakes, the erections consisted of layers or bundles of sticks, or small stems of trees, piled up on each other, from the bottom of the lake to above high water-mark; and on these the platforms for the huts were laid. These are said very much to resemble the *crannoges*, or "wooden islands," that have been found both in Scotland and Ireland.

* See Dr. Keller's work, with the notes and comments of Mr. Lee: also, the Contemporary Review for 1867.

When the platform was completed, a bed of mud, loam and gravel was laid upon it, and then beaten down firmly, either by the feet or by wooden mallets, several of which have been found in the vicinity; and sometimes layers of larger pebbles are found near the top, probably to give strength and compactness to this kind of floor. The frame-work of the huts was made of small piles or stakes, between which boards were forced in, forming the "skirting boards" of the dwelling; and the rest of the walls consisted of wattle-work, covered inside and out with loam or clay, to the thickness of two or three inches. The huts, so far as discovered, were in all cases rectangular, though huts of the same age and of kindred races, when built on land, were usually circular in shape. In size they vary from twelve by twenty, to twenty-two by twenty-seven feet, and in some cases much larger. Sometimes they are in groups of five or six standing closely together, while sometimes there is a space of two or three feet between them. They were thatched with straw, reeds, and the bark of trees. In addition to the huts for families, there were also on the platforms, stalls for cattle, and places for fodder and winter stores. Every hut had its hearth, near the centre, consisting of three or four slabs of stone; and from the clay weights for weaving, found in them, it is supposed that most, if not all of them, were furnished with looms. Portions of young trees, with the branches partly lopped off, are not uncommon in these dwellings, used apparently for the suspension of mats, tools, nets, and earthenware vessels, some of which seem to have had handles of rope or bark.

The platforms are generally at some distance from the edge of the lake, and when near the main land, were approached by a narrow wooden bridge. Some of them were fortified by palisades. The platforms are built much further into the lake in the later than in the earlier periods; and the huts are always on the side away from the land. As security against enemies was, doubtless, the reason for making and using such

dwellings, those that were thatched were placed as far as possible from the danger of burning missiles. And the fact that the bones of the wild swan, which comes to the Swiss lakes only in December and January, have been found among other relics, shows that they were occupied all the year round; differing in this respect from the Irish *crannoges*, which were used only as places of refuge in times of danger.

The number of the lake dwellings in various localities must have been very great. In Lake Neuchâtel alone, Dr. Keller mentions no less than fifty stations. These vary much in size and extent; from the eastern settlement of Moosseedorf, which covers only fifty-five by seventy feet to the twenty-three acres of Sippligen. The quantity of piles used was enormous. At Robenhausen alone, it is estimated that there must have been at least a hundred thousand. The lake dwellings are of various dates, which, for convenience sake, may be divided into the earlier, middle and later, or as some have named them, those of the stone, the bronze, and the iron ages, respectively. Not that there is any definite and sharp line of demarcation between these periods, but like geological strata, though they are plainly different, they gradually and almost insensibly melt into each other. The settlements in Eastern Switzerland were the earliest, and for the most part, ceased to exist before the second, or bronze period, or at its very beginning; while those in the western part, though beginning in the earliest age, did not reach their full development till the second period. Centuries evidently elapsed between the earliest and the latest of these settlements. In some cases, as at Nidau Steinberg, the erections were going on, and the dwellings were occupied through all the periods. Some of the settlements seem to have been voluntarily abandoned; in some cases they were evidently destroyed by fire. In Bienne and Neuchâtel they appear to have been in use longer than any where else, not being abandoned till after the Romans occupied the country, while the Irish *crannoges* were more or less used as late as the seventeenth century.

The inquiry has been raised, "What was the degree of civilization possessed by the occupants of the earlier lake dwellings?" And fortunately for our curiosity, there are ample materials for replying to the question. The men of the earliest age were both agriculturists and keepers of cattle; they sowed wheat, and millet, and the two-rowed barley, which is still cultivated in the East; nearly one hundred bushels of grain, of various kinds, were found in a single place.

All the crops seem to have been spring crops, and the tilling of the ground was of the simplest kind, consisting in tearing it up by the most crude and inefficient tools, such for instance as stag's horns, or the crooked branches of trees. They also extensively cultivated what is known as the short flax; though no traces of hemp have been found in their dwellings. Corn was sometimes ground for food, the stones used for that purpose being frequently found in their abodes; while, in other cases, it was crushed and roasted, being made into small cakes which were baked on hot stoves covered with glowing embers. Barley was used in the same way, while wheat and millet were both ground and crushed. Corn was also used for porridge; and some remains of this mixture are believed to have been found in pipkins, which fell into the lake at Meilen when the settlement was burned.

This ancient people, however, were not only agriculturists, but cattle-keepers. They had cows, sheep, pigs and goats. The dog, too, was then as now, the companion and servant of the shepherds and herdsmen. And cats, says our author, "purred by the hearth, and killed rats and mice, while their kittens played with balls of string, just as if they belonged to the nineteenth century." Remains of the horse have been found in most settlements; and they also had cows of a small species, the original stock, probably, of the *brown cow*, which is still found in the mountainous parts of Switzerland. At Auvernier and other places, a horn-shaped vessel of coarse-grained black clay has been found, having five

small holes in it, one above another, exactly similar to the vessels now used in the valleys of Jura for making cheese; and this is supposed to have been used by the inhabitants of the lake dwellings for the same purpose in their day. Swine seem to have been abundant, especially toward the close of the earlier age. And in addition to the domestic animals which they used for food, they also supplied themselves by hunting with the elk or moose, the wild boar, the hare, the stag, (the horns of which were used for tools,) and some suppose, with the bison. Poultry seems not to have been kept. A large part of their food consisted of fish, as is evident from the immense quantities of scales that have been discovered, and which seem to have been scraped off with flint flakes. The skeletons of large pikes have been found; and in some of the earlier settlements, the actual fishing nets that they used, and hooks made from the tusks of the boar. There are, also, relics of the darts, or javelins, on which they, probably, in part, relied for taking fish. Fruit, again, was by no means neglected. Large quantities of water-chestnuts have been found; also raspberries, from which the juice had been pressed; elderberries, blackberries, now and then strawberries; both the crab and large apple, pears, plums, sloes, and cherries of several kinds. Grape stones have been discovered only at Castione, near Parma, though sickle-like vine-pruning knives have been met with at two or three places. The only product of the kitchen garden as yet found, are peas, and those only at a single place.

The occupants of these early lake dwellings were not unskilled in the various handicraft arts connected with their every day life. At Waugen, where the implements and tools of bone, stone and wood are of the most miserable kind, cloth, both platted and woven, was manufactured in an excellent manner, while in other places the stone celts exhibit great skill of workmanship, some of them being highly ornamental in form and appearance. The carpenters of the second period were, of course, superior to

those of the first, but the latter were far from being unskilled or inefficient. The early pottery was rude and coarse, though sometimes finer materials and greater finish are discovered; but there are no traces of vessels with long narrow necks, like the bottles, flasks, and jugs which were so abundant in Roman times. Linen, thicker or thinner, was the principal article of dress and clothing. At Robenhausen a portion of fringe was found, with several specimens of cloth, some of complicated pattern, and all evincing some refinement of life, and even a tendency to luxury. Here, too, was found a last, precisely like those used by the modern shoemaker, except that it is not hollowed out to correspond to the foot. At another settlement near by, were found the remains of actual embroidery, and a kind of cloth resembling a coarse pattern of checked muslin. In the first period, but few if any ladies' ornaments are found; but in the second, ornamental hair-pins, combs, armlets, bracelets, finger and earrings occur; and Dr Keller thinks he finds traces of crotchet work and of needles adapted to it, even in the earliest age. There are also evidences that the use of metals was not unknown even in the earliest age, crucibles of clay mixed with other materials having been discovered, containing lumps of melted bronze, and in one case a lump of pure unmelted copper.

Even in the earliest period, of which we are speaking, there is evidence in the lake dwellings, that their occupants must have had a somewhat extensive intercourse, either direct or indirect, with other tribes or nations. Many of the celts that have been found, are made of nephrite, which occurs only in Egypt, China, and other parts of Asia. And some glass beads, found in one of the very early settlements, are of the same form and color with those found in the early Egyptian graves, and in the ancient burial places of the West, thus indicating trade either directly, or through intervening people, with the Phenicians or the Egyptians, most probably the former. And though many of the flints used in this period are like those of the Swiss Jura,

yet all the finer kinds must have been brought from France or Germany; and a piece of amber found at Meilen, apparently points in the same direction, though it may have come from the shores of Lake Constance. One great manufactory of flint instruments seems to have been on the west side of the Neberlinger Sea, where pieces of all sizes are so abundant that it was the main source of the supply of flints to Switzerland before the invention of lucifer matches. Another large manufactory was at Wanwyl, where the floor of one of the buildings had sunk a good deal, as Dr. Keller supposes, from the number of people gathered there for work, and also from the weight of the raw material heaped up there for making stone implements. Another confirmation of the trade of these people is found in the weeds of their cornfields; for the Cretan catch-fly (the *silene cretica* of Linnæus,) which is not indigenous to Switzerland and Germany, and so the common blue-bottle, (the *centaurea cyanus* of Linnæus,) the original home of which is Sicily, are found in the cornfields of the lake dwellings, thus indicating the source from which corn must have come into their hands.

What has thus far been said of the inhabitants of the lake dwellings of the earlier day, applies to a great extent to those of the second and third periods, except that there was a gradual, though slow advance in their manufactures, and that a growing skill and dexterity in flint working, and so in some kinds of pottery, are manifest in the later periods. If the races through all the periods were the same, then, from the few remains of skeletons that have been found, they appear to have been about the average size and height; one skeleton measuring five feet nine inches. From the hilts of the bronze swords already mentioned as being in the museum at Copenhagen, it is plain that their hands must have been remarkably small, for few men of the present day could use the weapons at all.

As to their language, the relics found give us no information, except that the three capital letters C. S. and I., found on an old shield at Marin, show that

they were acquainted with and probably made use of the Roman characters. As to their amusements, great numbers of singular disk-shaped stones, like what are called *sling-stones*, seem to indicate that the game of stone-hurling was a favorite with them, as it is among the Indian tribes of this country to the present day. Balls, too, from six to eight tenths of an inch in diameter, having about a quarter ground away on one side, are supposed to have been used in some kind of game. The only objects found that are thought to be connected with their religion, are some figures of the crescent moon, with zig-zag and line ornaments on one side. These however, are not found in the earliest, but only in the later periods. They are supposed to have been used as a kind of charm to propitiate the invisible powers, and to cure diseases and avert evil; and were probably placed in some open space, or over the doors of their dwellings, so that the ornamental side was exposed to view. From the fact that three of them were found in a single small excavation, and quite a number of them in some of the lake dwellings, it is probable that no house was without what they deemed so important a protection.

As to the nationality of the lake settlers, there have been two theories; one, that the earlier races were conquered and driven out by the later; the other, that they were all of the same race, the only changes being those of the gradual advance which might be expected from the progress of time and the improvement it brings. Though in some things wide differences are found between the productions of the various periods, yet when carefully examined, the points of agreement are so many and striking that they can only be accounted for by the existence of kindred feelings and habits and tastes. The similarity of the dwellings through all the periods, the gradual intermixture of bronze and iron, the shape of the celts and other implements of stone and bronze, so alike in style and form, and the various articles of pottery—all show only such differences as mark the gradual development of one and the same race,

and not the different civilizations of different peoples. And Dr. Keller's opinion is, that the builders of the lake dwellings were an early branch of the Celtic population of Switzerland, though he thinks the earliest settlements belong to the pre-historic period, and had already fallen into decay before the Celts took their place in the history of Europe. But it is difficult to settle this question, from the fact that very few remains of the inhabitants themselves have been found; and even these, not under conditions that enable us to assign them to any particular period. No traces of burial grounds have been met with, and none even of those confused mixtures of bones which are supposed to be relics of cannibal feasts in Yorkshire and Denmark. Some have supposed that the bodies of their dead may have been burned, as was the custom of the Celts in later times; others, that they were thrown into the lake, in which case their disappearance would easily be accounted for, for when the great lake of Harlem was drained, though many an engagement had taken place on its waters, the only traces of man were a few hulks of ships and some coins and arms, everything like bones having been dissolved in the water. But whatever the cause, the almost entire absence of human remains leaves us still in doubt as to who

could have been the occupants of these dwellings.

As to the date of these lake dwellings, though various theories have been advanced, nothing seems absolutely settled. Some would make the earliest of them two or three thousand, and some as much as six or seven thousand years old. But on such points we have no certain grounds of conclusion. Like the inhabitants of early Egypt and Central America, and of the giant cities of Babel, the occupants of the lake dwellings have lived and died and passed away, the ruins and relics of their abodes being the only history they have left of their origin, or numbers or destiny. They formed one of the multiplied links of our race that have served to connect the past with the present; and their work being done, they have disappeared, and the places that once knew them shall know them no more forever. Who were their friends, or who their enemies, what their social, or civil, or religious state, what their knowledge of art or science, or arms—as to all these things they have left no written chronicles to instruct us. The ruins of their frail dwellings are the only monuments they have left; and the few inscriptions we can trace upon them do but suggest a thousand inquiries to which we can expect no satisfying answer this side of the unseen world!

DR. ROLAND'S WIFE.

BY C. L.

A TRUE STORY.

THE sun was shedding its latest and fairest beams over hill and valley as the stage-coach stopped at the post-office of Edgehill, a secluded village among the mountains.

The driver jumped from his seat with the mail-bag, which he handed to a man standing at the door, who combined in one the offices of post-master, inn-keeper and merchant.

One of the passengers also alighted, and entered the store, but returned in a moment, saying with an oath as he resumed his seat, "that inn-keeper, Carver, they call him, says there's not a drop of liquor to be obtained in this village."

"A village where there is no liquor to be had!" exclaimed an elderly gentleman, on the back seat; "it must be a place worth seeing. Driver," he called,

as he arose and stepped to the ground, "take my trunk off, will you? I will stop here till you come along again."

The driver obeyed; the mail-bag was brought out and returned to its place, and the coach was soon out of sight.

The stranger introduced himself to the landlord as Dr. Roland; and then took a stroll over the village.

It was a quiet, lovely spot; and as the pursuits of its inhabitants were principally agricultural, he was particularly struck with the peacefulness and beauty of the village and its surroundings.

After breakfast the next morning he took a seat with his host on the piazza in front of the store, and made several remarks and inquiries in relation to the town, and then said: "You probably would like to know, Mr. Carver, why I take such an interest in this little village. The reason is this: I have a son, a very dear and talented son, whom I have educated in my own profession, which is that of a physician, for which he seems to possess a special calling, as it is his own choice, and he has been very successful in his practice thus far. He is all that a parent could desire except in one thing. While in college among gay and social companions, he formed the habit of using intoxicating drinks. He has tried repeatedly to break himself of the habit; but in the city, temptations continually beset him, so that he has had many falls, and I fear that he is in the downward path to ruin. It has occurred to me that if he could be separated from his old friends and away from temptation, he might completely break the cords of the habit by which he is bound. This village, where nothing that will intoxicate can be found, seemed to me just the place for him. Can you inform me, sir, whether a physician could obtain any practice here?"

"You are just in time, Dr. Roland," replied Mr. Carver, "for we are without a physician now, and are very desirous of obtaining one. For though our late Dr. Smith said it was 'too distressingly healthy' here to support a physician, and he must try somewhere else, we do not wish to be without one altogether. Our

villagers have agreed that if they could find a good doctor who was willing to live with us, they would answer for his receiving an income equal to the salary we give our minister. It is a small salary, but living is cheap here, and much of his time could be devoted to anything else he might like to engage in."

"Well, Mr. Carver, I will urge Charley to come up here, and I assure you he can bring with him the best testimonials. Nothing but this accursed habit keeps him from the highest success; and if you will use your influence for him, and give him your assistance, you will receive my lasting gratitude."

"I shall be very glad to do all I can for your son, you may be sure, Dr. Roland, and I hope he may be induced to come among us. Yet I believe that when Satan has once bound a man in the strong bonds of intemperance, nothing but the Almighty power of God can completely break the chain. Absence from temptation, or a strong will, may seem to set him at liberty for a time, but in an unguarded hour he will find that he is still ensnared. But that power is 'stronger than the strong man armed;' it will be imparted to all who implore its aid, and by it they will be surely kept, not only for time, but for eternity."

"I do not know as to that," said the doctor. "I only know I wish Charley had as strong a will as I have. I could always drink moderately, but he is so easily persuaded by others. However, I will send him, if I can; and as I said before, if you can cure him, you will place me under great indebtedness to you."

A few weeks elapsed, and Doctor Charles Roland was located in the quiet village of Edgehill. A pretty white house, shaded by trees and shrubbery, one room of which was used as a library and office, became the home of himself, his young wife, and their two little boys. The young doctor was delighted with the place and the people; and they were equally pleased to have such an accession to their circle, as the intelligent and very agreeable young man who had come among them.

His wife was not nearly as well liked. She seemed to consider herself entirely distinct from the people of the village; she dressed in a style that quite astonished them, and would take no interest at all in any of their concerns or pursuits.

"Why, Clara, what is the matter now?" exclaimed her husband, as whistling merrily, he entered the sitting-room, and found Mrs. Roland, with her face buried in a sofa-pillow, weeping bitterly.

"I should think you might know without asking," she replied; "you seem to think it is nothing to have brought me from all the enjoyments of the city to this lonesome place. There is no one here I care to know, and nothing going on, and I am just as homesick as I can be."

"I am sorry you do not like it here, Clara, for I think it is far pleasanter than city life," said the doctor. "Let me tell you how I have spent the morning. First, I went to see Mrs. Mildred, who has the consumption. I could not do her much good; but it is pleasant to any one confined to one room to see a visitor occasionally, and have a social chat. She inquired particularly about you, and said she would be much gratified to have a call from you; so I told her I would bring you the next time I came."

"You need not have told her any such thing, for if there is one thing I detest, it is going to see the sick."

"Never mind, Clara, I can excuse you to her. I made two or three other calls; stopped at the store and had a good, sensible talk with Carver, who is a real fine fellow; and then had time for two hours' reading in the library before dinner. There are many subjects I wish to investigate, and I have an excellent opportunity here for reading and writing. Since dinner I have been having a frolic with little Ed and Charlie, who are as happy as can be in the yard with Maggie; and I had just come to say good-by to you, before I went off after some of the mountain-trout, which they say are so plentiful a mile or two up the brook. Would you not like to go with me? the

day is so perfect, it is too bad not to be out enjoying this golden sunshine, the delightful air, and the fields and woods."

"Go fishing! Charles Roland, I do not know what you are thinking of since you came up here; indeed I do not wish to."

"Well, what can I do for you, Clara? would you like a drive?"

"There is no pleasure in driving where there is no one to be seen; and besides, I have too much sewing to do. With such an income as you have here, I shall be obliged to do everything myself. I did not expect ever to come down as we have done; and you need not expect me to be contented with it."

Dr. Roland's face flushed; consciousness that his own evil habits, and feebleness of will to overcome them, had been the cause of the frustration of the hopes and expectations that his wife had formed of wealth and high position in the city, and this thought closed his lips. Yet he could not help feeling that a true wife would have encouraged and assisted him in his earnest effort to overcome "the sin that so easily beset him." He was, besides, charmed with the beauty and peaceful pleasures of the new scenes into which he had come, and would gladly have had Clara participate in such pure enjoyments. Disappointed, vexed and ashamed, he took his fishing-rod and went silently away.

Clara rose from the sofa, wiped her eyes, and sitting down by the table worked diligently on a scarlet dress for little Charlie, which she was embroidering with white. She was an industrious and skilful worker, and the silken leaves and flowers grew rapidly beneath her fingers.

Eddie and Charlie came in, tired of their play, and wishing to stay with mother awhile, but she sent them back to Maggie, telling them she could not bear their noise.

Presently the gate opened, and a middle aged lady, who lived in the neighborhood, came up the walk to the door of the wing-room where Mrs. Roland was sitting.

Clara would have bade Maggie excuse

her, if Mrs. Merry had not immediately seen and nodded to her, so that she had no opportunity to do so.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Roland," she said, as she threw back her sun-bonnet, and took her knitting-work from her pocket. "I saw your husband go off with his fishing-rod, and thinks I, 'I know that little young thing must be lonesome up here on the hills, away from all her friends; may be she'd like to see a neighbor.' So I put away the jacket I was mending for my Harry, took up my knitting-work, and came over for an hour or two. Our folks come to tea at five, so I must go in time to get it ready for them. I hope you will like living up here, Mrs. Roland."

"I cannot say that I like it so far, Mrs. Merry. It is very different from the way I have been accustomed to live;" and then Clara, glad to have a listener to the recital of her sorrows, told of her uncle's house where she had been brought up; of her large circle of fashionable acquaintances, and the elegant style in which they lived; of her fondness for large parties, and visits among those of similar tastes with herself; and ended by describing how different and how very trying to her feelings were the new circumstances in which she was now placed.

"Did you live at your uncle's after your marriage?" inquired Mrs. Merry.

"No; we have always lived at Father Roland's; he thinks all the world of his Charlie, and of the children. Charles always cared very little for the things that interested me. I have often told him I believe he would like to have me always at home. But I could not endure such a life; so he would go to his friends, and I to mine."

"But you loved home better after your children came, did you not?"

"I never was fond of children; I was not accustomed to them, for uncle and aunt adopted me, because they had none of their own. I am not strong enough to have the care of children; though I do love to see them dressed prettily. I always keep a nurse for them."

Mrs. Merry felt a deep pity for the young woman before her, who was thirst-

ing for the "broken cisterns" of earth, when only the "Fountain of living waters" could satisfy her need; and whose views of life were so contrary to the pattern set before us in the word of God.

She lifted her heart upward for guidance, and said, "I think, Mrs. Roland, if you will only try to think so, you will find more real happiness in our quiet little village than you ever experienced before. Our ladies are very kind-hearted, intelligent and social. We have tea-parties, where there is music, lively conversation that is not unprofitable, and other pleasant diversions. We have drives and excursions to several places of interest around us; picnic parties to the woods, berrying parties, and sails upon the little lake not far from here. We find pure enjoyment in these scenes of nature, which bring us very near to our Father in Heaven, instead of leading us far away from Him, as the pleasures of the world do. Then we have plenty of good books, periodicals, and a Lyceum. We would be very glad if you and the doctor would join with us in all these things, as well as in the higher pleasures of our church services."

"The doctor can do as he pleases, Mrs. Merry. I suppose he will be delighted with such things. He has little sympathy with me, or he would not have acted so as to be unable to live in town; it vexes me to think of it."

"It is very sad that it is so, Mrs. Roland, but you have a noble work given to you to do. If you give him your sympathy and your assistance, I believe he will thoroughly reform, and make a very useful man, and a devoted husband and father. God has given us all work to do, dear Mrs. Roland. He did not make us to be mere butterflies, showy and useless, but has given us high faculties and talents with which to love, and glorify, and enjoy, and serve Him.

"Perhaps He saw that you were not faithful to the duties He had given you to do, and so He placed you in new circumstances, where you could begin anew. He begs you to come to Him for pardon and peace, repenting of your sins, and trusting in His dear Son our Saviour.

He has given you a blessed work to perform, in helping your husband raise himself from the sins into which he has fallen, to the eminence of virtue and holiness; in bringing up your sweet little boys in the fear and love of God; in guiding your domestics in every good way, and in many other works of usefulness. I am sure you could say you never knew what happiness was, compared with what you will find in such a course."

"I must say I do not wish to know, them," said Mrs. Roland, rather petulantly. "Maggie," she called, "bring Charlie here, I want to measure this sleeve."

Mrs. Merry saw that she was weary of the conversation, and after noticing the children, and endeavoring vainly to interest her in something, she begged them all to be neighborly, and then took her leave; inwardly resolving that she would not be discouraged, but by prayer and effort they would try to win the doctor and his wife to Jesus, and to holiness and heaven.

But in vain were all the efforts of Mrs. Merry and other ladies of Edgehill to interest Mrs. Roland in any of their amusements or works of usefulness. She considered them all tame and simple, suitable for children, just as one who has

learned to love the intoxicating draught considers insipid the pure and sparkling water of the fountain; and Dr. Roland had no rest from her complaints or importunities, until he consented to return to the city.

Not a drop of intoxicating drink had passed his lips while he was at Edgehill; he had improved in physical and mental health, and knowing his weakness, would gladly have remained there.

Irritated and disheartened, it needed only the solicitations of his old companions, and he was one of them again.

Very rapid was his downward course. His father died soon after his return to his old ways, his death being hastened, as many thought, by his disappointment in his son.

It took but a few years for the extravagance of Mrs. Roland, and the worse than extravagance of her husband, to waste the property that was left them by their father, and since then they have sunk lower and lower. They now live in a few small rooms, upon a precarious and meagre income. The doctor and his wife disagree and recriminate, and the children are disobedient and unruly. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

DEDICATION

FOR A MUSEUM OR LECTURE ROOM OF A SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

WITHOUT Thy presence, Lord, and benediction,
Learning is folly, piety delusion;
Without Thy Spirit's leading or restriction,
Science becomes a Babel of confusion.
But when explored, admired, enjoyed in Thee,
Earth, air, sea, heaven, are full of God to me.

[*Church of England Magazine.*]

MAKING FUN OF HISTORY.

BY EDWARD P. CRANE.

MY friend, Capt. T., was one of the most courteous of men, a gentleman of the old school. One infirmity he had, which he greatly lamented. He would like above all things to be able, when he met an acquaintance of long ago, not only to remember where and when he had known him, but also to pay him the compliment of giving him his name. We are all a little sensitive, you know, on that point, so far, at any rate, as to feel a little flattered if a chance encounter with us of a but a few hours, perhaps, has so deeply impressed the encountering party that our humble names have become a memory. Capt. T., as a rule, failed just here. He could get on as far as "I am delighted again to welcome you to our county after so long an absence, my dear Mr. ———," and here there would have to come in the old apology for a memory that did scant justice to his real mindfulness of his absent friends.

He once met a gentleman with whom, as a travelling companion, he was greatly pleased. They were several days in each other's company, and parted on the best of terms. It was, perhaps, a year after that they met. The captain was delighted. This time it was a double delight; for a marvel he could remember the name! "I am delighted to see you, Mr. Perch; delighted to see you, and you must at once visit my plantation." But there was something about Mr. P's manner that the genial captain could not understand—a glance of surprise—a momentary coldness, an apparent effort at self-recovery, and then, but not till then, an evidently hearty reciprocation of the pleasure expressed at their meeting. But what, you ask, was the mystery enshrouded in Mr. P's demeanor at the first? Simply this: Capt. T. had been quick enough to remember that the gen-

tleman's name was that of a species of fish, and the only trouble was that, in his haste, he had gotten the wrong fish on his hook. The gentleman's name was *Mullet*; no better name than *Perch*, but you all know enough of human nature to understand why Mr. M. might, for a moment, take the substitution as calling for such an explanation as a glance at the honest, beaming face of the good captain at once furnished him.

It appears, then, that the law of association, as philosophers call it, by which we remember a thousand things, will sometimes play us strange tricks. We remember a thing that is hard to keep hold of, by putting it close by something that we are sure we will not forget. If we are sometimes misled, it is the only way we can devise to make our memory do all, or nearly all that we require of it. The errand boy who has forty things to leave at ten places, will try to bundle up together those that go to each place. He knows well enough that by so doing he runs the risk of leaving a whole bundle of things with a man who is entitled to no one of them, so that what mistakes he makes will be *wholesale* ones, but this is the best he can do. This is the way I would have you reason with regard to the plan I am going to give you to make it easier to remember your dates in history. It is not my own, but I have been trying it for some months, and, while it will not do everything, and must not be overloaded; while, too, it often requires a good deal of ingenuity to bring it into play, I have found it exceedingly useful. I venture to say that I have mastered four or five times as many dates by using it, as I could possibly have done without it.

Well, then, let me fancy a group of boys and girls around me, who "like history first rate, all except the dates." I shall

try you with seven of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, as they have been called. In the first place I want you to go to work and count in this style, just as though you were learning the names of the numbers in Latin or French:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
te ne me re le je ke fe pe se

You can lay these off on your fingers, calling the first finger *te*, the second *ne*, and so on, until you can tell promptly to what number each consonantal sound corresponds. This can be done in a few minutes. Now learn to regard *de* or *the* as not radically different from *te*; *she*, and *che*, when soft, as in *cheek*, as equal to 6; *ve* as equivalent to *fe*, *ge* to *ke*, when *g* has the sound found in *go*, *be* to *pe*, and *ze* to *se*, and we have this scheme:

1	2	3	4	5
te	ne	m	r	le
the				
de				
6	7	8	9	0
je	ke	fe	pe	se
ge [soft]	ge [hard]	ve	be	ze
che	que			
she				

I think almost any intelligent boy or girl will guess what all this means. The idea is to make up words containing the sounds corresponding to the numbers we want to remember. So, if I want to remember the number 76, and can, for any reason, remember the word *cage*, or *guage*, or *quash*, or *kedge*, or *catch*, any better than the number directly, I can take my choice. Any other sound of the language than those in the above scheme, not having any numerical value, can be thrown in to help make up the words. As comparatively few English words end in the sounds that do service for 6, we shall generally regard those numerous terminations represented by *tion*, *sion*, etc., as belonging to that number. We may take some other liberties with our general principles, in cases where there can be no misunderstanding, but if so, they will be explained when the occasion demands it.

We are now prepared to try our system on those fifteen battles.

For years prior to the battle of Marathon, the Greeks had been in an almost incessant ferment because of the schemes of the powerful court of Persia. That battle, fought on the side of the Greeks by the celebrated Miltiades, was so decisive that it brought a large measure of repose to Greece. Analyze the word *repose*, and you have *r* 4, *p* 9, and *s* 0. The date of the battle is B. C. 490.

Athens was a very proud city, and her domination over her allies and subject-cities was most tyrannical. As a matter of course, she had a great many enemies. About the time I am now to speak of, she was engaged in a war with the Syracusans in Sicily. She had been having a good deal of what soldiers would call bad luck, but her General, Nicias, had at one time, by a clever stratagem, come very near taking the city. When, therefore, news came home that, so far from having won the brilliant victory that was expected of them, their splendid forces had been utterly annihilated, you may be sure it was for proud Athens a bitter cud, and hard to chew. Indeed they were so unwilling to believe it, that they sentenced to death the messenger who brought the news. The two words just used, *hard* and *chew*, need only to be remembered to remind you of the bitterness of the disappointment of that arrogant people, and the date of the event. Thus: *r* 4, *d* 1 *ch* (soft) 6, that is, B. C. 416.

The victory of Alexander the Great over Darius at Arbela, may be regarded as having settled the question, whether or not Europe was to be European or Persian in its civilization. Now the civilization of Persia was a dead, a mummied civilization, and the separate consonantal sounds of the word *mummied*, *m m* and *d*, give you the date B. C. 331. You see we count the double *m* in the middle of the word as but one sound.

It is curious that the birth of Mohammed is set down at A. D. 569. Add 331 to this, and you have just 900; so you can easily remember both dates, by remembering that the events were 900 years apart, and that Mohammed's own name gives the date of the earlier one.

The fourth battle put in the series I am giving you is that of the Metaurus, a little river emptying into the Adriatic. The Consuls, Livius Salinator and Claudius Nero, defeated the invader, Hasdrubal, the brother of the famous Hannibal. Hence! Foe! will give you the date, B. C. 208.

The fifth battle is that of the German hero Arminius, (Hermann, or chief-man) over Varus. It was a terrible overthrow, causing a fearful panic in Rome, and Augustus is said for months to have beaten his head against the wall of his room exclaiming: "Varus, give me back my legions." I think you can easily remember the word *weep* in such a connection, that is, in figures, A. D. 9.

The sixth battle is that of Chalons. Attila, the Hun, was defeated, and the tide of barbarism rolled back. Rolled,

in figures, is good for A. D. 451. Take the slight liberty of spelling the Hunnic chief's name *Attilar*, and reverse it, (Rallitta,) and you have 451 again, for the reverse of Attila. There is no harm in a little pun, you know.

If you want to remember the date of Charles Martel's great victory over the Saracens at Tours, fancy the sturdy old hero swinging his mighty mace in defiance, and shouting to the fierce conquerors, "Come on!" C having here its hard sound, represents 7; hence we have in the challenge the date A. D. 732.

Enough of this for the present. It would be a good idea for my young friends to practice making up words for given numbers, and taking, on the other hand, the *figure* value of given words. They will thus be better prepared for another little talk together, if we all live.

THE OLD HOME.

YES, still the same, the same old spot;
The years may go, the years may come,
Yet through them all there changeth not
The old familiar home.

The poplars by the old mill stream
A trifle taller may have grown;
The ivies round the turret green
Perchance more thickly thrown.

Yet still the same green lanes are here
That brought their violet scents in spring,
And heard through many a golden year,
The winsome echoes ring

Of children, in the April morn,
Knee deep in yellow cowslip blooms,
Of lovers' whispers lightly borne
Through sultry twilight glooms.

And out upon the red-bricked town,
The quaint old houses stand the same;
The same old sign swings at the Crown,
Ablaze in sunset flame.

Yet still 'tis not the same old spot—
 The old familiar friends are gone.
 I ask of those who know me not:
 All strangers every one.

The morning brooks may sing the same;
 The whitethorns blossom in the May;
 But each long-loved, remembered name
 Has passed in turn away.

THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

CHRISTIAN ADDRESS TO PRINCE TOMOMI IWAKURA AND THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL EMBASSY.

THE visit of five Japanese noble-
 men, sent by the lords of Bungo,
 Omura, and Arima, to Rome in 1582, to
 convey the homage of those converts to
 Christianity to Pope Gregory XIII.,
 was hailed by all Europe as one of the
 most interesting events of that age.
 These delegates, from their landing at
 Lisbon, as they passed through the cities
 of Southern Europe to Rome, were
 loaded with honors and munificent pre-
 sents. They were escorted into Rome
 by a vast procession, were made Roman
 knights by the pope, and, Gregory dying
 during their stay in the city, they were
 appointed by his successor, Sixtus V., to
 bear the canopy at his pontifical corona-
 tion.

The advent of the Japanese imperial
 embassy, which landed at San Francisco
 on January 15th of this year, and has
 just left our shores for Europe, was an
 event of much greater importance. It
 was the culminating result of the enlight-
 ened and persistent efforts of the Ameri-
 can government, beginning with the mis-
 sion of Commodore Perry in 1852—'54,
 to open the extensive and populous em-
 pire of Japan to free, cordial and mu-
 tually beneficial intercourse with this and
 other nations of the Western world. It
 was not the visit of a few gentlemen,
 delegated by some nobles, whose rank is
 about equivalent to that of an English
 earl; but an embassy of the government,
 selected from the highest officials and

most intelligent and powerful men of the
 nation. It was one of much more dig-
 nity and weight than that which made
 such a stir among us in 1860. There
 were in it the Minister of Finance, the
 Acting Minister of the Judicial Depart-
 ment, the Acting Minister of Public
 Works, the Assistant Minister of Foreign
 Affairs, the Commissioner of the Census
 Bureau, the Commissioner of Docks and
 Navy-yards, and leading representatives
 of the Department of War, and the
 Department of Education, as well as
 of the departments above alluded to.
 Several officers of high position at the
 Court and in the Army were attached to
 the embassy, for various collateral pur-
 poses. There were over fifty members
 in the embassy, the greater portion of
 whom came together; others preceded or
 subsequently followed them. The Hon.
 Charles E. De Long, American Minister
 to Japan, and W. S. Rice, Interpreter
 to the American Legation, accompanied
 them. Charles W. Brooks, Esq., Japa-
 nese Consul at San Francisco, joined
 them in that city.

At the head of the embassy the em-
 peror placed Tomomi Iwakura, a prince
 of the imperial blood, who is said to
 sway, on account of his rank, abilities
 and services to the emperor in the late
 civil war, an influence second to that of
 no other person in the nation. And the
 objects of this embassy were of supreme
 interest. It was sent, after a proba-

tionary experience of twenty years of intercourse with the Christian nations of America and Europe, to digest a series of new treaties with them, and to study the relationship and influence of Christianity upon them.

The study of Christianity as to its political relations was carried on here with an intelligence, breadth and care, which promise the most happy results. It was an illustration of the spirit of the Japanese that when Mr. Charles Lanman prepared, under the eye of Mr. Arinori Mori, the *Chargé d'Affaires* at Washington, a volume entitled in our language, "*Life and Resources in America*," to be circulated in Japan, they desired, as we are informed, the addition of a description of the Christian religion and its sects in this country, a subject upon which he had hesitated to write at length. He inserted, therefore, a chapter containing a brief notice of the Old and New Testaments, the Ten Commandments entire, parts of the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, and a full, and in the main, well-compiled account of the forms and statistics of the principal Christian denominations, and of the Jews, Freemasons and Odd-fellows.

In view of facts and circumstances like these, and while at the same time the leading spirits of the commercial and manufacturing world were treating the several members of the embassy with distinguished attention and hospitality, in the principal cities of the Union, it seemed to be a duty on the part of Christians to express our great and heart-felt interest in a movement which shows the hand of God as remarkably as almost any other in this extraordinary age. Surely it were an offence against JEHOVAH, the Creator of the heavens and the earth, the God of his Israel here, if some stern prophet should demand, "What said these men? and from whence came they unto thee?" if, abashed and guilty, we could only answer that we had showed them our houses, and armor, and treasures—our grand public buildings, and fortifications, and ship-yards, and factories, and machine-shops, and mints, and hotels, and museums—and yet had

forgotten to say a word for the Lord of hosts, who is both our God and theirs.

The preparation of a suitable paper it was felt required the exercise of tact, judgment, and direction from on high. The flagrant offences and crimes of the Jesuit and other Roman priesthood, had made "Christianity" intensely feared and hated by the Japanese. The political ends of the visits of these noblemen, and their position and personal character, made it plain that, not a theological treatment of the subject, but an exhibition of the practical character of our religion must be presented to them. It was most important to avail ourselves of their peculiar friendly confidence and regard for our nation. And the opportunity of bringing Christian truth before the leading minds of the empire, and placing a statement from the Christian ministry here amidst the documents of so extraordinary a national commission, which will be published, probably, in the Japanese language, and be received with uncommon respect by the people everywhere, was one which could, of course, rarely occur. The "Address" assumed the present form after consultation with Mr. Fish, Secretary of State; General Eaton, Commissioner of Education, and other gentlemen most interested and capable in Washington City. It took shape in the hands of a Special Committee appointed by the Presbyterian Ministerial Association of Philadelphia, at its meeting on Monday, June 24. But it was not designed to be sectarian. The first purpose was to present it at a public reception, perhaps at the Academy of Music, in which ministers and gentlemen of various religious denominations could join. But the general exodus during the extremely hot weather of the earlier part of July, at which time the Prince and higher members of the embassy, after several delays, at length hastily visited Philadelphia, put this plan out of question. It was therefore delivered to them informally, with the signatures of the Committee before mentioned, and of a number of ministers of leading denominations attached. The spirit in which it was conceived, and the

remarkable event out of which it grew, commend it to the sincere prayers of Christians, that God may employ it to some extent in imparting juster ideas of our religion to the rulers and people of Japan in strengthening the efforts of the honored and beloved missionaries resident there, and in drawing out the hearts of our own people in sympathy, prayer and personal gifts and labors towards the upbuilding of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus in "the land of the rising of the sun."

[This paper was signed by Rev. Drs. WILLIAM SPEER, GEORGE W. MUSGRAVE, DAVID MALIN, and WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, of the *Presbyterian Church*; Rev. Drs. JOHN B. DALES and FRANCIS CHURCH, and Rev. Messrs. W. W. BARR and JOSEPH R. KERR, of the *United Presbyterian Church*; Rev. Drs. GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN, BENJ. GRIFFITH, WARREN RANDOLPH, and P. S. HENSON, of the *Baptist Church*; Rev. Drs. CHAS. COOKE and C. H. PAYNE, and Rev. Messrs. W. C. ROBINSON and S. W. THOMAS, of the *Methodist Episcopal Church*; Rev. Drs. EDWARD Y. BUCHANAN and JOHN A. CHILDS, of the *Protestant Episcopal Church*; Rev. Dr. EDWARD H. NEVIN, of the *German Reformed Church*; Rev. Dr. T. W. J. WYLIE, of the *Reformed Presbyterian Church*.]

To PRINCE TOMOMI IWAKURA, *Prime Minister of Japan, and Ambassador Extraordinary to the United States, and the associated members of the Japanese Embassy.*

We appear before you as ministers connected with various branches of the Church of Christ, to offer you a hearty welcome to our land, and to express our hopes and our prayers that Almighty God would enable you and our government to form a treaty which shall be honorable to both nations, and promote the best interests of all classes of people in them.

We hold no official relations to the government. We have no special, commercial or other interests, and no personal designs to promote. Our only

object is to greet you as ministers of a religion which has given to our country all that it possesses of peculiarity or excellence. This has made it grow most rapidly in prosperity. This has attracted to it the multitudes who have come from every nation under heaven, to make here their homes. This has given it a power second to none on earth. This has filled the world with its ships, its commerce, and its useful inventions. We speak this not to our praise, but to the praise of the Almighty and Eternal God who has shown to our nation so much favor and love.

There are men yet living who were born before our government existed. Had Japan sent here an embassy so short a time ago as the period of their infancy, it must have come by the vessels of some European nation, and by a slow circuitous voyage of many months; for only a vast impassable wilderness, filled with savages and wild beasts, whose great rivers and mountains, rich soil and valuable mines, were almost unknown to us, stretched over almost the whole tract of the thousands of miles from California here, which you have seen sprinkled with cities, connected by railroads and planted with the blessings of civilization. God has reserved here, from the time when He made the world, a vast, and grand, and rich territory, shut out from the ever-accumulating vices and wrongs of the Old World, until the time when he was prepared to establish upon it religion in a state of new purity and spirituality; to raise up a government which should be simple, equitable to all classes, free from superstitious and false distinctions of race and condition, and full of mercy to those which are more humble and poor; and to plant mankind in circumstances tending to give the utmost freedom to all healthful development, to promote all useful knowledge, to facilitate and spread valuable and labor-saving inventions, and to make all classes and conditions from principle more pure, more honest, more self-reliant, more energetic, more obedient to law, more comfortable in their condition, and more happy than they can be in the older states

Of society. Do not understand us to say that our nation is all that it ought to be. There are many faults in society, and many crimes among men here. But this is because multitudes do not at all conform their hearts and lives to the teachings of Jesus Christ. And it is because, on account of our weak and sinful nature, even the most sincere of his disciples come short of the perfect and heavenly standard which Christ has set before them.

We often wonder, as do all other nations, at the swift and abundant material prosperity of this new nation and continent. But we see in it the hand of the Eternal God, who made the heavens and the earth. Permit us to mention some of the reasons for tracing it all to Him.

The *first* is, that this nation owes its origin and peculiar character largely to the efforts of men to obtain freedom and opportunity to worship God in a more spiritual manner, and according to the precepts of his revealed will.

The principal colonies were largely established and moulded by men who fled from the religious tyranny, restraints and persecutions of Europe. Christianity assumed on this new soil a more free, noble, pure, and fruitful form; one more in accordance with its nature and designs. It pleased God to raise up men to found this government, who have won the admiration of the whole world, for their lofty religious and moral excellencies. Washington, the father of our country, our first president, the most revered man in our history, said: "It is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits, and humbly to implore his protection and favor." "True religion gives to government its earnest support." The constitutions of every State of the Union have in some way recognized the authority of the Christian religion. Some of them have expressly required that certain officers and the members of their legislatures shall declare that they believe in one God, the Creator and Governor of the universe, the rewarder of the good and the pun-

isher of the wicked, and acknowledge the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be given by inspiration. The Constitution of the United States says: "Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." The purpose of this is to preserve both the political and the religious institutions of the nation more independent and pure. Hence it is impossible that the tyranny of false religions shall ever prevail and be supported at the public cost here, as they have been, and now are in many countries of the Old World. Here every man is free to worship and serve God according to the light of God's word and his own conscience. Religion is left to be a personal matter between the individual and Him who seeth the heart. The vast expenses of religious worship, and the responsibility of the maintenance of the clergy, are left to the judgment and sentiments of the people, each acting in the sight of God.

It will be natural for you to ask us, what are the fruits of this entire separation of the government from alliance with any specific form of religion, both upon the maintenance of religion and upon the morality of the people?

In reply, as members of the profession which above all others is concerned in the welfare of religion and the support of public worship, we assure you that freedom of religious worship is better for the ministers of religion, for the people, and for the government. In behalf of our profession we desire to testify to you, that the ministry prefer the voluntary support of their own people; they believe that this tends to make them more faithful and active in the exercise of religious duties; and that their influence is more profound, more peaceful, and more efficacious in all good, than they find to be the case in connection with the established religious systems of other lands. The result to the people is that God greatly blesses and prospers our nation. In proportion as religion is from the heart, and not a matter of compulsion, so is its benign, pure and elevating influence felt in making men willing to support it, and in

producing the fruits of kindness, industry, patience, honesty, chastity, truthfulness, patriotism, and desire to advance the best interests of all mankind. We are able to testify as to the benefits of such Christianity in even temporal matters. Look at the reports of our census, taken each ten years. We do not boast, but we say with hearts overflowing with thankfulness to God, that in no other country has the national wealth so rapidly increased; nowhere else are all forms of labor so well paid; nowhere are the dwellings of the people so comfortable, their clothing so good, their women so pure and so much respected, their children so universally and well educated, their homes so happy. It is this which makes our government so strong; every man has deep personal interest in its maintenance and honor. It has no vast standing army. When it was threatened a few years ago by a rebellion which would have crushed perhaps any other nation on earth, two millions and a half of men leaped to pour out their blood for it; and rich and poor together gave money beyond calculation to uphold it. The four thousand millions of dollars given to the national treasury, was but the half of what the people spent in the war. And yet to-day the nation is stronger and richer, and more active in forms of industry, and in all enterprises of benevolence than it was before that tremendous war.

A *second* reason which leads us ever to trace the prosperity of this nation directly to the favor of the Eternal God is that, as a people, we have constantly acknowledged him.

We have acknowledged God in our prosperity and adversity. When our fathers declared their independence of Great Britain, and determination to establish a free government, they said we "appeal to the Supreme Ruler of the world for the rectitude of our intentions," and declared their "firm reliance on Divine Providence" for success. The great events of our history generally have been made occasions for public thanksgivings for God's mercies, or the

appointment of public fast-days for humiliation on account of our sins. We have national thanksgiving days appointed every autumn by the President and the Governors of the States to bless God for the fruits of the earth. Our conventions for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency and the most important public offices, are usually opened with a solemn prayer to God for his direction and favor. Our houses of Congress and state legislatures have their chaplains, who open every day's deliberations with prayer. Each important fort on land and vessel-of-war at sea has its chaplain supported by the government. These are appointed from various denominations of Christians, upon the recommendation of their prominent men. Our public asylums and hospitals are attended by devoted ministers of the gospel. The Christian people of the land try to have a copy of the word of God placed in every family in the nation. To the poor it is given without charge. Thus the influences of the Christian religion are felt in numerous ways throughout all our institutions.

Our administration of justice is based upon the Christian religion. Christianity is declared by our lawyers to be the basis of the common law. No law is made which is in conflict with its fundamental principles. Blasphemy of the name of God and offensive profanation of the Sabbath day are punished by law. Our oaths in courts of justice are based upon the idea that there is one Eternal and Almighty God, who punishes the evil and rewards the good, and that there is a future state of existence where these recompenses will be manifested. Our punishment of criminals is conducted upon the Christian principle, that the offender should be instructed and reformed; he is taught in prison, and made to practice a useful trade; and if he prove worthy, his term of confinement is often shortened. Thus our whole legislative and judicial systems are pervaded by the influence of Christianity.

We acknowledge God in our national regard for the Sabbath day. The observ-

ance of every seventh day by acts of worship has been preserved by God among some portions of our race since He made the heavens and the earth, to be a memorial of His honor, and His demands upon mankind as their Creator. It is also a monument of the love of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who came into the world, and became a man, to save sinners by dying in their stead, and suffering the penalty of the guilt of all that would believe in Him, and rose again on the Sabbath day, and afterward ascended to heaven, that He might there be the Friend, Intercessor, and King of his people forever. And it is likewise appointed by God as a pledge, that Jesus Christ will come again to the world at an appointed time, known to Him, but not revealed to us, to judge the whole human race. Every man must then stand before Him to answer as a creature of God for the use or abuse of God's gifts to him. Every one who has heard of Christ's offer of pardon for sin through his own suffering for sin, must then answer for his belief or disbelief. He that believeth will be saved, and enter heaven; he that believeth not, will be condemned, and cast away to eternal sorrow. These facts will explain to you the Christian observance of the Sabbath.

The whole nation keeps the Sabbath, and the civil government, though it supports no sect or forms of worship, yet punishes those who disturb this general day of rest and religious exercises for four reasons. The Sabbath affords to mankind a rest of the body, a relief from toil, which makes labor far more easy and productive, and the people more healthful and vigorous. It is the best guard to the morals of the people, by bringing them once in each seven days under instruction, which shows them the evil of sin and immorality, and the present and eternal rewards of doing right. It makes a nation peaceful, submissive to law, and opposed to those who needlessly violate law. And it brings men to their homes, gathers their families about them for instruction in the word of God, gives opportunity for the collection of the poor and vicious children into Sabbath schools,

where they are taught by good men and women, encouraged to love and do right, and religious books are loaned them to read, and rewards are given them for diligence and good behavior. These are the reasons why the Sabbath is honored as a sacred day over the whole land, by our national and state and local governments. This observance of the Sabbath does more to make us a peaceful, moral, prosperous nation than all our laws, and than all the institutions that man has devised. It is God's day, and the nation which keeps it will have God's best blessings bestowed upon it.

There is a *third* cause of the prosperity which God has given us as a people, to which we would invite your attention. We hold that it is the duty of the government to give to all the children of the land, at the public expense, the best possible opportunities of education.

The mind of each child is like a mountain. The wealth of valuable grains upon its slopes, of sweet fruits upon its terraces, of varied precious ores in its interior, of streams flowing from its fountains to water distant lands, no one can estimate. The spirit of every human being is immortal, and will live when the earth, and sun, and stars have passed away. Its faculties, therefore, should be cultivated for the sake of their own inherent dignity and worth. The young, both male and female, should be taught the elements of such knowledge as will fit them for self-support, and for their duties to those dependent upon them in life, and to their country. They should be put into communication with nature, and with the God of nature, and of their own being and hopes.

The American idea of education requires that its necessary elements shall be furnished by the State without cost to the child, or its parents, or natural guardians, by means of a general tax; and we may say that no tax is more cheerfully paid by all the people than this one. Then that instruction shall be reasonably varied to suit different sexes, capacities, and stages of progress. Then

that it shall train the young person for the duties not only to self, but to society and mankind, and teach it to be governed by the highest motives, and aim to live for the noblest ends.

Christianity is an essential part of such a general system of education. It alone can inspire and sustain it. Our schools are generally opened with reading a passage of the Bible, and often a short prayer is added. The children are refreshed and instructed also by the singing of sweet hymns, filled with the language of praise to God suited to the youthful heart. The school books are based upon Christian science and Christian duty, and some of them contain extracts from the Scriptures. Our colleges and advanced scientific and professional schools are related more or less to Christianity, many of them were founded and are taught by the ministry. They are considered unworthy of confidence, and lose the public support, if, as in some cases, they utter teachings at variance with the word of God.

We feel bound to say to you that the universal education of the young at the expense of the State, and the maintenance of a religious foundation in all our system of education, are esteemed by us to be absolutely necessary to our continued existence as a nation. Our system has its enemies. Romanism hates this light, and freedom of thought, and religious liberty, and makes continual war upon it. If Romanism or any hostile system of falsehood succeed in overthrowing this, if the wickedness and unbelief of men pervert it, it seems inevitable that our government must come to an end, our prosperity decay, and our national honor be laid in the dust.

Most honored Prince and gentlemen of the Japanese Embassy: We venture to hope that this exposition of some of the most important relations existing between our nation and Christianity will be acceptable to you, and may be of some little value to the venerated Sovereign of your empire, if you should think it worthy to offer it for his consideration, and to such of your nation as consider

and examine these subjects, which lie at the foundation of the honor and happiness and prosperity of any nation.

In the Japanese empire, permit us to say in conclusion, we feel the deepest interest. God made you and us of the same blood; we sprang from the same first parents; our ancestors, like yours, worshipped first the only and Almighty God; then they were led for ages into cruel systems of idolatry, like yours, some remnants of which continue in our language and some of our popular notions; they embraced Christianity many centuries ago, were corrupted and plunged into war and filled with political and religious calamities by Romanism, as you have been; they have shaken off, like you, the power of that corrupt mixture of Christianity and idolatry. In all these points we feel that you are our brothers.

We have tried to treat you as brothers. When you in your want of knowledge of us imprisoned and starved our seamen and shut us by violence from your land, we preferred to make war upon you, not with the destructive weapons of war which modern science has given us, but with the artillery of benevolent acts, and new ideas and useful arts. These conquered you, and now no two nations in the world feel more sincere and warm interest in each other than Japan and the United States.

You are our nearest neighbor on the Pacific ocean. You have nearly as many people as we. There is much in trade by which we can benefit each other. And there is plenty of room upon this great new continent for such of your people as may choose to immigrate here. There are vast semi-tropical regions which seem peculiarly suitable for their residence, and for improvement by the introduction of your vegetables and cereals and fruits, and to be enriched by your delicate and skilful manufactures. And there is another great continent south of ours, which is also new, but partially occupied, almost as rich as ours, and which centuries cannot fill.

We believe you will soon be a Christian people. We see it in the recent

wonderful and rapid advances of your people, and in the eagerness to know the truth in all things. We see it in the sudden overthrow of your ancient and powerful system of Buddhism. We see it in the disposition of your government, notwithstanding its former painful experiences with Romanism, now to allow God's gift of eternal life to be as free to the souls of your people as his gifts of air and sunshine to their bodies. We see it in the warm interest which our people feel in you. And we see it in the promises of the inspired Word of God, which speaking of our day, say that "from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, God's name shall be great among the Gentiles." This points to Japan and our nation on the Pacific coast more than to any other countries; one is the land of the sunrise, the other the land of the sunset.

Another prophecy says, that God "will give the uttermost parts of the earth to his Son for his possession;" that was spoken in Palestine, and suits you more than any other portion of the earth. Another prophet speaks of the islands that are afar off, and says: "the isles shall wait for Christ, the sons of strangers shall build up the walls of his church, and their kings shall minister unto her." We believe the time has now come when God will fulfil these promises.

We believe that Japan has before her a future of great usefulness to the human race, and of distinguished honor. Insular positions upon the globe are those most favorable to the implantation, growth, intensification and dissemination of the truth. Islands are naturally less liable to the invasions of war and the political disturbances which often desolate continental countries. Their isolation from the overwhelming control of

neighboring powerful empires grants them more free opportunities to follow the dictates of right. They are less affected by the vices which multiply, and grow strong and rank, amidst great masses of population, and which choke the seed of good. Their people are more thoroughly assimilated in consequence of their narrower limits, and the comparative facility of water communication. The very education of the conflicts of the mighty elements around them tends to make the races which occupy islands more bold, more independent and more interested in religion. Thus it is suggested to us that the island empire of Japan may be to the eastern parts of the continent of Asia what the islands of Great Britain were for many ages to the western part of Europe, or what Madagascar is now to Southern Africa. Japan may have a great office to fill, in the hands of God, in scattering the blessings of modern civilization, and the greater blessings of Christian knowledge over all the empires and nations of the Eastern hemisphere. China, which gave to her Buddhism and Confucianism, may receive partly from her hands Christianity and all its train of benefits to mankind. We trust she will walk hand in hand with America in endeavors to make the whole world wiser, and better, and happier.

Permit us to offer the prayer that it may please God to grant all the blessings of earth and heaven, and a long, happy and most useful reign to your august Emperor, and that Providence may favor you with a prosperous issue to your present mission, and a pleasant return to your own country and your families.

With great respect, we remain,

Your most obedient servants.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

PRACTICAL AUNT DEB.

BY MARY E. DUNBAR.

CHAPTER II.

[CONCLUSION.]

THE letter bearing the most recent date read as follows:

“MY DEAREST EARTHLY FRIEND:

“The bolt has fallen. Edith seeing the drift of affairs, has written to me that her father has at last given his consent to our union—hers and mine. This after keeping me for years in suspense; and now, after my affections have become entirely weaned from her by her own acts, her coldness, and inconsistencies, to say nothing of downright slights, she writes that her father's objections have been overruled.

“The truth is, that it was not her father's but her own consent she was unable to obtain, hoping for a more advantageous offer. My struggle is now between my honor and my love; our marriage, as you are aware, hinging on her father's approval—which appeared unlikely enough. I seem in honor bound to fulfil my promise, and yet—and yet—I have written her, making a plain statement of the case; if she still persists in the insane project of becoming an unloved wife, the fault must lie at its own door. I await an answer from her, which will probably decide the fate of each.

“I cannot, under the circumstances, ask you to answer this letter, and yet how greatly would I prize one, for in life or death I am your devoted lover,

“BENJAMIN PIERCE.”

My first thought after reading the above was to find, if possible, my aunt's answer. In this I succeeded. It was char-

acteristic of Aunt Deborah, and ran as follows:

“Fulfil your promise by all means. The path of duty is the path of safety. Your love for Edith, which has no doubt only temporarily abated, will in time return, I am certain, if you but cherish the remaining spark; for however faint it may now be, it is still capable of being fanned to a flame upon friendship's altar, and not only burn with a steady light, but grow brighter through endless ages.

“As for myself, I ought never to have listened to words of endearment which belonged of right to another; and shall take up my life-work hopefully—even cheerfully—knowing that whatever befalls me is wisely ordered, and the very path I would have marked out for myself, could I but see the end from the beginning.”

So this was Aunt Deborah's romance. I wish I could go and ask all about it; what became of her hero, and also, of her rival; but I knew Aunt Deb too well to be over-inquisitive as to her lover, as she might shut down the gates of knowledge altogether. No, no, I must bide my time.

The circling years sped on. Benjamin Pierce, junior, as I had secretly dubbed him, had been admitted to the bar—was beginning to be spoken of as a rising young lawyer, a man likely to make his mark in the world—had recently gained a suit for a poor widow, which brought him much fame but little money, unless it might be indirectly.

I had a secret in my keeping at this time, and had been studying whether to

impart it to aunty at present, or wait for a more convenient season, when a little occurrence brought it about in a most unexpected manner.

Mr. Pierce had called one evening, and in the course of conversation mentioned incidentally that he had just received a letter from his father, who was at the time of writing exploring the tombs of the Pharaohs—had stood on the summit of Cheops' pyramid—had selected a few relics from the sites of the once famous cities of Memphis and Thebes—had seen the Bedouins of the desert composedly smoking, while the bones of departed royalty served the purpose of firewood with which to prepare their morning meal, and had at sunrise visited the tuneful Memnon, but failed to elicit a sound.

His descriptions of the journeying on the "Nile" were to me quite novel, for despite my mistakes as a historian, I had not greatly mended; I still preferred to soar aloft in the airy realms of romance, and had never felt particularly interested to know which of the Pharaohs flourished at a given time, as gleanings pertaining thereto seemed for the most part highly conjectural. I had become so much interested, however, in the letter, or the reader, that I had forgotten Aunt Deborah's presence, and was surprised when upon looking around, to see her lying in a dead faint, prone upon the lounge.

I was not a little alarmed, for I had never before seen her exhibit the least symptom of weakness. She soon rallied, however, through remedies applied, but looking paler than I had ever seen her.

Mr. Pierce did not further prolong his visit at this time, and having my suspicions as to the cause of her sudden illness, I made no allusion to it.

A few days after the events above narrated, I was startled by the entrance of a stranger into our quiet domain, evidently a traveller; he had entered the piazza during a brief absence of aunt and myself, and was apparently intent upon gleaning information from the columns of a last

year's newspaper, that aunty had brought from the garret to cover over some recently transplanted flowers.

I had stepped into the porch before he seemed aware of my presence, so deep was his absorption. At length he became conscious of my proximity, and rising, made a low and graceful bow, apologizing for intruding upon our quiet unannounced.

"Who are you? and why should you be announced?" I mentally questioned, though I blandly assured him it was not of the least consequence, and invited him into the cool, pleasant sitting-room.

As we entered, I cast a glance toward where aunty sat on a rustic bench under a clump of lilacs; and what was my chagrin to find her just on the point of swooning again.

What on earth possessed Aunt Deb to go galivanting off into a fainting fit, in season and out, and she so staid in all her ways! It seemed rather strange; medical advice must certainly be sought, if this state of things was to continue.

Aunt Deborah was by no means sylph-like in form. I was therefore obliged to call in, or out, the assistance of our stranger guest, much to my disgust, though he at once and with seeming ease conveyed her into the room, and placed her upon the lounge, gently as if she had been an infant; and when I returned to the room with no end of water and vinegar and other restoratives, I was dumbfounded to find aunty not only restored to consciousness, but what was worse, or better, leaning with the utmost confidence upon the stranger's shoulder, his arm encircling her plump waist; and as I was beating a hasty retreat, I heard her call him Benjamin dearest, in response to some whispered outpouring of language, very much after the manner of younger lovers.

It may as well be stated here as elsewhere, I presume, that our guest was no other than the long lost Edwin, restored to love and his Angelina—figuratively speaking—restored after a sojourn of twenty years in foreign climes, during

which time each had thought the other irretrievably lost. Then came mutual explanations.

His wife had died soon after the birth of their son, but having seen a notice of the marriage of Deborah Eastbrook in some paper, he immediately set sail for the old world, determined never to return to his native country, and would have adhered to his resolution, but for an incidental remark in a letter from his son, by which he learned that his first love had never wedded.

It then occurred to him, what he might have known before, that it was a second cousin of *his* Deborah, that had made him miserable, and his supposed rival happy.

"But, aunty," I said next morning as we were doing up the dishes, "it will make such a mixed up affair."

"What will?" she said, looking up in surprise.

"Why, you know, if *you* marry Mr. Pierce," I stammered.

"Why, or what will be mixed up?" she again inquired, still more mystified.

"Why, Pierce, senior, will be uncle to his own son, and you will be mother to your own niece," I blundered out.

"Matilda—Ann—Hazelrig!" she exclaimed, as she dropped the dishcloth into the water, and stood regarding me something as she might have done a wild animal.

"What have I done wrong, aunty dear?"

"Done wrong? Is it possible that you are going to marry that *young boy*?"

"Aunt Deborah?"

"What, Matilda Ann?"

"Is it possible that you are going to marry that *old boy*?"

"Benjamin Pierce, senior, is not old—scarcely fifty," she answered, severely.

"Benjamin Pierce, junior, is not very young—almost twenty-four," I retorted in the same spirit.

Returning to the first question, I again asked: "It *will* be mixed up, won't it, aunty dear? You see he will be our father, as well as our uncle. I mean Benjamin, senior."

"Call him uncle-daddy, couldn't yer?" a voice called from outside the kitchen window, at which the owner of the voice and the broom went flying down the walk closely pursued by two irate women, and aunty's cheeks wore a bloom, born of mortification, that our little love affairs should thus inopportunately have leaked out, so to speak.

Six months passed, and when the Indian summer donned her golden misty veil, Aunt Deb donned the bridal robes, and became Mrs. Benjamin Pierce, senior; and as they stood at the altar, these two long separated though faithful lovers, I could but wonder why I had ever thought dear Aunt Deb plain. She really looked ten years younger than of yore. Had "time rolled backward in its flight?" or was it the transforming power of the tender passion that had wrought the change?

They were indeed a handsome pair. He tall, and of commanding presence, with that peculiar air and grace gained by travel, and contact with men of culture. She, with that indescribable something in manner, about which story-tellers rant, but fail to make intelligible to the reader.

Then came an extended bridal tour, after which another little affair came off, in which Benjamin, junior, and myself were the principal actors; then another wedding trip, after which we all settled down as became the staid and steady going folk we were. It may be inferred from the description given of Benjamin, junior, at the beginning of this story, that he did not enjoy a monopoly of what are termed masculine charms; it must, therefore, be stated that that description would by no means apply to him at present. In short, he is the very reverse of that picture now. His form has rounded out into most graceful proportions, and his features, if not strictly handsome, have an intellectual cast, and the splendid mustache and heavy flowing beard add not a little to his good looks.

"Isn't it strange, Benjy dear," I said

one day, not long after our marriage, "that your father left you to come up by yourself, instead of helping you to an education, and he so wealthy?"

"Why Tilly, little wife, didn't you know how it was?"

"How what was, Benjy?"

"The relations existing between father and myself. Father left ample means for my support and education, but selecting a different plan, I preferred to hoe my own row, metaphorically speaking: making investments from time to time in real estate, of the funds father dealt out unsparingly, which now form a snug nucleus around

which to gather and rally our forces. You see we have a little fortune of our own, independent of the old folks?"

"But, Benjy, it isn't nice to say 'old folks,' is it?"

"Well, young folks, then, if that will suit you better."

"Dreadfully mixed up, Benjy dear, isn't it?"

"What shall we call them?"

"Matilda-Ann-Hazel-Pierce!" Aunt Deb called from the porch, where she and Benjamin, senior, stood planning some changes in architecture, "Call us father and mother, you silly child!"

THE HOLLY.

(*Ilex Aquifolium.*)

BY THE EDITOR.

"Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn."—*Thomson.*

THIS principal species of the Holly is a native of Europe, Asia, and North America. Its foliage may be seen in the illustration on page 227, in which the branch is that of the Holly. It grows sometimes as high as sixty feet, though thirty is the measure most frequently attained.

It is a tree that fixes the eye of a stranger at once, on account of the smooth, glossy green leaves, each, at first sight, armed with thorny points. But when we examine the tree or bush more closely, we find that only the lower and outermost leaves have these spiny teeth at their edges; those within and at the top are bordered much the same as other leaves. The arrangement is a striking proof of an All-wise Providence. The thorny points are set only where they are needed, and they are effectual in repelling the sheep, cattle, and other intruders which otherwise would ruin the young trees before they could grow beyond their reach, the growth of this tree being remarkably slow.

Let those naturalists who leave the Creator out of consideration, holding that in the past each species, in the contest for a foothold on the planet, has projected itself forward to its present position, answer the question, What was there in the meddling propensities of animals, or in any of the other circumstances of this tree, calculated to produce or foster spiny teeth at the edges of the leaves, and above all, to place them just where they were wanted, and there only?

The poet Southey, in a poem longer than we can here quote, has finely moralized upon this feature of the Holly:

"O, Reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it, well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise,
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

"Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound:
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear."

"I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree,
Can emblems see,
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after time."

The Holly is a greater favorite in England than in America; among the reasons which may be adduced for this are its more general diffusion throughout the forests and parks, and the leaves being more glossy, and the berries redder, it is more sought for as an ornamental tree. But whether in the old world or the new, whether in the form of a bush reaching to the ground, or a tall tree, it charms the eye with its beauty and unfading green. Evergreen! what comfort, nay, what positive pleasure in the word! The very sound tells of winter's severity softened, and it has in it too an anticipation of the land, whose

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green."

On account of its unfading glossy green, its berries of red coral, and its fine effect in winter, the Holly has been styled by English writers "the queen of the woodlands." When its red and green—colors that always harmonize—are encased in an enamelled crystal, after a night of what the English call hoar-frost, and the Americans sleet, its beauty almost beggars description:

"When every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn seems wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow."

In this country, the Holly in the Eastern and Middle States is found in moist lands near the coast; further south it has a wider range.

The flowers are of a dingy white, and come out in spring in clusters, which give place later in the year to the bright scarlet berries.

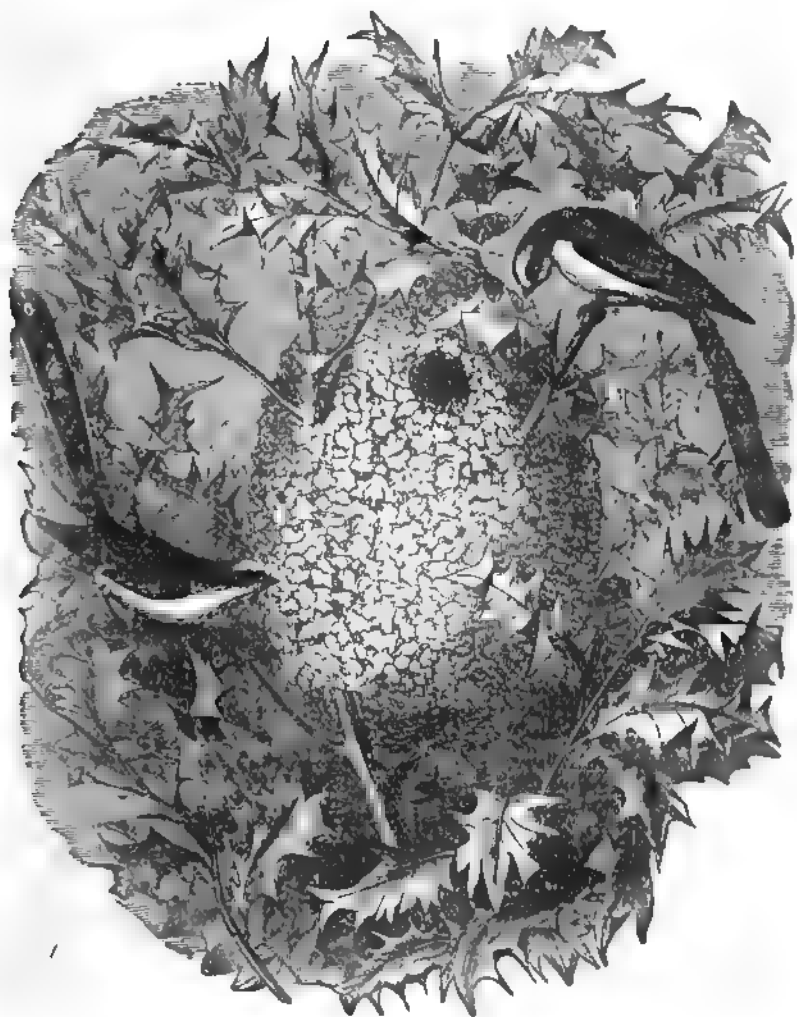
THE LONG-TAILED TITMOUSE.

(*Parus Caudatus.*)

BY H. R.

THE Titmouse family is quite extensive, having its branches in North America, Europe and Asia; but only one species build the pensile, purse-like nest, the Long-tailed Titmouse, called also in England, Long Tom, and Poke Pudding. The last name comes from the ingenious nest, and means pudding-bag. Other names are, Long-tailed Muffin, Long-tail Mag, Long-tail Pie, Huck-muck, Bottle Tom, Mum-ruffin, and Long-pod. There is something in a name, and every one of these is just ridiculous enough to show that Tom in his ways is a little queer, and that whether he can help it or not, his manœuvres contribute to keep people in good humor. This bird is found in all parts of England. The Titmouse best known in America is the Chick-a-dee-dee, as quick in his motions, and busy and

garrulous as his English cousins. We admire his frisky ways, but we have to regret that in the art of making "homes without hands," he is hopelessly behind the poke-pudding branch of the family. The head, neck, throat, breast, and a part of the outer tail-feathers of Long Tom are white; the back, wings and most of the tail-feathers are black; the under parts reddish-white, with a tinge of red in other places. The beak is very short. From the tip of the beak to the end of the tail, this bird is about five and a half inches long. The eggs are very small, and of a delicate pink-white. They are less than half an inch in length, and weigh only one-third as much as the eggs of the great Titmouse. The Titmice are good warblers, and must be classed with the beautiful birds of England.



The whole sub-family of Titmice (*Paridae*) are noted for turning and twisting, "perfect mountebanks, as it seems to matter little to them whether their heads or their heels are uppermost, dancing one moment in antics round the branches of a tree, and at the next hanging suspended from its most tender twigs."*

Ever in motion, a very mouse for canning, darting into narrow places and out again, bobbing and whisking, and whirl-

ing around as if he had lately seen a trapeze juggler and wanted to be even with him, he makes continual amusement for bystanders. This, however, is not so much his object as to amuse himself. When he feels comfortable and is ready for a quiet frolic, which seems to be nearly all the time, his long tail helps him out wonderfully. Like puss after her tail, he twists round, apparently very earnest in the chase, and ends by leaving the object of pursuit as far off as ever. Early in the morning is the favorite time for the Tit-

* Hewitson's British Eggs, Vol. I.

mice to coquette with their tails, and then they hop and flirt at a merry rate.

But when asleep at night this little bird seems only a puff of feathers. If anybody can see where the long tail has gone, he is a knowing observer.

Tom is endowed with sharp sight, so that the insects on which he feeds may be readily seen. The farmer and gardener have reason to be thankful for his assistance in ridding their premises of those pests, the worms and small insects that infest garden and orchard. Animal food is his principal diet, though he has no objection at times to munching a few seeds, those of the broom for instance.

The nest is a great curiosity. It is egg-shaped, and is constructed of moss, hair, or the finest of wool, the cocoon webs made by spiders and certain caterpillars, all firmly woven together. A shoddy house, you will say. Don't insult Tom by any such word. His manufacture is perfect in its way, though he works without a loom. And inside it is the softest couch for the coming brood that can be imagined, for the sensible parents have placed there a large quantity of light down, taken from the softest feathers. This is a safeguard against the cold air that is met near the ground in a change of weather, or against the long rains and driving storms of spring and early summer.

One who took the pains to count the number of feathers in the nest of the Titmouse, found no less than two thousand three hundred and seventy-nine! How many journeys, and what zeal do these figures imply! But then the busy pair were two or three weeks collecting these feathers.

The outside of the nest is ornamented with glistening lichens, selected to match the color of the bark of the tree on which it hangs. This is a very useful provision, for by means of it concealment is secured, and it becomes difficult for prying eyes to find the nest. Such adaptations as these are thoughts of the Creator, not of the bird or beast. They are acts of instinct,

and not of reason. For we can plainly see that if the bird could reason to this extent, he would exhibit many other striking proofs of a rational nature, which he never does. In the habits of birds we see abundant evidence of the existence of a God, whose way of working is the more wondrous, because it goes with the co-operation of the thoughtless, yet somewhat sagacious creature.

The mother Titmouse is not afraid of a large family. From eight to sixteen eggs! What a prospect for so small a mother! Her wonderful house is made with a door near the top, so small that no cat or squirrel can intrude; her eggs are laid, her patient sitting is over, and it looks now as if she would soon be like the "old woman who lived in a shoe." What skilful packing as the baby titmice begin to grow! And what special care that each one of the dozen or sixteen young hopefuls may get his share as he takes his turn in being fed!

If the brood are great feeders, the little father and mother are good providers. The war upon the insect world now thickens. Wo now to the plant-lice, the bugs that turn the leaves of the rose-bushes to brown skeletons, the creepers that drop from the trees by their threads. Wo to the moths with the pretty name that make moon-like incisions upon the green plums, and to the small white butterflies whose progeny would have been an army of measuring worms. In two or three apple-tree moths, Long Tom easily slays a thousand or two prospective builders of worms' nests!

Now, the purse-like net swells outward below, because the family within are growing, and want room. Being well made, it is elastic, and stands the pressure well. Because the birdies are constantly making little swellings in the wall of their house, you are not to conclude that their nest is alive!

When the time comes for the family circle to leave the nest, it is a family circle still, and so continues all the year.

The system of government seems to be patriarchal. Here is now a flock of a dozen or more who always fly and feed together. They move in obedience to the motions and chirpings of one leader, the father of the flock, we naturally suppose. There is a rustling amid the autumn leaves; the wind has startled the fairy throng, and every little bunch, just now all "fuss and feathers," has darted off at the signal of the leader, as quickly as a spark shot out from the burning yule-log. Such family agreement is charming to behold.

But birds generally have been overpraised for the love that is imagined to exist among them all the year round, and the Titmouse family must come in for their share of blame for bird-bickering. When the time comes for the family to settle away for the night, there is no little contention for what is deemed the snug

places. Every one wants to be in the middle. A cold wind may set in, or puss, with wistful eyes, may look up wickedly from below. So about nightfall there is crowding, and jostling, and bickering; but at last the question is settled; some must be on the outside, and it is the weakest, of course, who, at the end of the unbrotherly broil, go, not to the wall, nor exactly to the back seats, but to the second-class situations provided for such rustic assemblies.

At times, for the quarrelsome disposition of this little bird, he pays dearly. He bristles up to the great Titmouse, and the encounter ends in murder, the greater bird despatching him, and picking out his brains. A combat with another bird of his own species, has often been known to end in both parties unexpectedly finding themselves in the hat of some school-boy or plowman.

OUR MISCELLANY.

THE BIBLE AND ENGLISH CIVILIZATION.

Dr. Dollinger, the great German reformer of the day, has lately given a series of lectures on "The Paganism of the Great Cities." In contrast with what is too sadly true in this regard in Continental Europe, he affirms that the glory of England is the fact that the Bible is there believed in and read more extensively than in any other land. An investigation has also been entered into, by a French committee, as to the cause of the late terrible outbreak of Communism, and their report contained these words as a succinct embodiment of the whole: "The decadence of the religious spirit in the land." This, furthermore, was believed to be the natural consequence of the elimination of religious teaching from secular education. The noble and eloquent Hyacinthe, too, wherever he may lift his voice, is proclaim-

ing, as with inspired fervor, that the one great remedy for existing evils in Church and State is an open and accepted Bible. It would seem that Christendom on both sides of the Atlantic should see and heed the force of these observations.

A MISSIONARY HERO.

The London *Christian World*, speaking of the Rev. William Ellis, whose life was identified with the rescuing of Madagascar from heathenism, utters the following tribute:

"It would be enough to distinguish many a man that he had been the first to describe to the scientific world the great volcano of Hawaii; or to have introduced to botanists that marvel of beauty—the 'Madagascar Lace Plant;' or to have been the introducer, and had his name permanently identified with two descriptions of orchids (*Gramma-*

tophyllum Ellisii and *Angræcum Ellisii*;) or to have taken the printing press to the Tahitian Islands; or to have written the second book in the now extensive catalogue of missionary literature, and that a book so charming as the 'Polynesian Researches;' or to have written the history of Madagascar, and photographed its scenery; or to have revised the Scriptures in the Malagasy language. But these were only subordinate incidents in the history of Mr. Ellis, whose life-work was the extension of the kingdom of Christ, and who, as long ago as 1825, was described as knowing more of foreign missionary work from actual experience than almost any other man in England. His wife died the day her husband was buried."

CLERICAL WITTICISMS.

Among his intimate friends, the Rev. Dr. G., of Georgia, now deceased, was as noted for his readiness of friendly retort, as he was for his personal dignity.

After a lapse of forty years, he was permitted to enjoy the society of an old schoolmate, with whom he had been very intimate in boyhood, but who, since their last meeting had become quite gray. It is well known that clergymen, when in each other's company, and safe from unfriendly observation, enjoy a little harmless pleasantry with each other as much as any other class of men. So it was with these two reverend dignitaries, they let themselves loose with almost boyish glee.

"Tommy," said the friend, "I have been trying to account for a fact which I have noticed since we came together. That we should both be a little gray, is not to be wondered at, considering our years. But what puzzles me, is that the gray should show itself on *my head*, while it is chiefly to be seen on *your jaws*, and I can account for it only by the fact that *that wears out soonest which is used most*."

"Stop, stop, Robert!" the other quickly replied; "I think a physician would account for it on a much safer principle—that *disease attacks the weakest part*."

On another occasion he was in the com-

pany of old Dr. C., the most venerable looking clergyman in the state, who nevertheless loved at times a bit of fun, and who did not hesitate to use his privilege as a senior to give a pleasant rebuke, whenever he thought fit, to his younger brethren. Old Dr. C. prided himself, among other things, upon a total abstinence from tobacco in all its forms; while Dr. G. was in the habit of chewing it, though so sparingly and in such a gentlemanly way, that scarcely one in ten of his friends was aware of his using it at all. One day the two worthies were together; and after dinner old Dr. C. was horrified to see his esteemed friend, Dr. G., indulge himself with a taste of tobacco.

"Brother G.," he exclaimed, without stopping to ask any other question, "is it possible that you chew tobacco?"

"I must confess I do," the other quietly replied.

"Then I would *quit it*, sir!" the old gentleman energetically continued. "It is a very unclerical practice, and I must say a very uncleanly one. Tobacco! Why, sir, *even a hog would not chew it!*"

"Father C.," responded his amused listener, "do *you* chew tobacco?"

"I? No sir!" he answered gruffly, with much indignation.

"Then, pray, *which is most like the hog, you or I?*"

The old doctor's fat sides shook with laughter, as he said, "Well, I have been fairly caught this time."

Dr. G., though an unusually strong Calvinist, was a man of such genial spirit as to own many warm friends among those of a hostile faith. One day a Methodist brother, with the freedom which he knew would be allowed him, was making a friendly boast of two facts,—one was, that many of the best members of the Methodist Church had come from Presbyterian families; and the other was, that those who thus came over to them never went back; and concluded by asking, "Did you ever know a Methodist turn Presbyterian?"

Dr. G. looked a little mischievous as he replied: "Brother Smith, you are a farmer, and no doubt have often heard of wheat

turning to chess."* Brother Smith answered, "Often." "Well," continued the other, "did you ever know of *chess turning back again to wheat?*"

Brother Smith did no more boasting at that time. GEORGIA.

*Chess is the name given to a kind of worthless grass that strongly resembles wheat. Many farmers think it is the wheat itself run wild and become worthless.

A NEGRO ODDITY.

Mom Judy was a perfect original—that is, she had her own way of looking at things, and her own way of telling about them. And she was as good as she was odd, honest as the day is long, and transparent as a spring stream.

One day she came to her former mistress, having in company a fellow-servant, old like herself, who was interested in some confidential revelations she came to make. After having finished her story, and charged her listeners not to repeat it, she added, counting her fingers as she spoke—

"Missy, listen—I one, you two, Mom Nanny tree;" then pointing reverently upwards, "God four. Now, God nebber tell nutten he hear, and I sure I nebber gwine tell on myself. If dis ting ebber git out, I know it must git out from one o' you two."

The Doctor went once to see her when she was sick, and came back laughing. We had tried to learn her symptoms, and his success may be inferred from the following dialogue:

"How do you do to-day, Mom Judy?" he asked, on entering her hut.

"So, so, Mausser. I duh grunt, and I duh gwine." (I am grunting and I am going.)

"I want you to tell me just how you feel, that I may do something for you."

"Don't know as I can tell you, Mausser; I feel all about in spots."

"Well, begin on one of the spots, and tell me how you feel there."

"One ting; I feel a limber looseness in all my jints."

"Very well. That is only what I expected. Tell me more."

"A watery weakness in my back."

"So far, so good. I expected that too. What else?"

"A sour acid on my stomach."

"A little hickory-ash tea will correct that. What more?"

"Broken straws in my head."

"That is a new symptom. It comes from the sour acid. Tell more."

She paused for a moment, then added, with a little hesitation—

"And I don't feel very well, *myself*."

G.

OUR AUNT'S HOMILY.

Our maiden aunt is a new Minerva, she discourses to us day by day of all things under the sun. Solomon might come to take lessons of her, if he were yet in the flesh. Our aunt has her hands, head and heart full, bringing up six girls, whom she fell heir to one hot summer when cholera was raging. Every morning there is a sewing hour, and our aunt's tongue keeps time with her needle. Hawthorne wrote a very pretty thing about a needle, but we are sure our aunt could do better. It is impossible to give her homilies as she gives them; still one is not expected to do more than one's best.

Our aunt has her seat by the south window of the sitting-room. There is a large garden in the rear of the house, delivered over to grass and old apple trees. In the tree-tops blue birds, wrens, jays and robins build, and our aunt holds her station at the south window, because that commands the ancient garden, and shows her all prowling cats alert for birds, or predatory boys, with abnormal cravings for green fruit.

Said our aunt this morning, "Falling apples are no more attracted by the centre of the earth, than the fallen boy is attracted by the green apple. If there had ever been a paradisaic boy, he might have suffered the fruit to ripen in security. I have my hopes of the millennial boy, but between paradise and millennial days stretches a great waste of boydom, doomed to perplex parents and the souls of fruit growers. The present boy is a crude, unripe man; he seizes on half-grown fruit as his proper diet; there is an affinity between him and his dangerous pro-

vender; we may call it natural selection. There is a deal of talk now-a-days about natural selection; by this, grains of star-dust have coalesced and become planets, and systems,

“That float along the tube which Herschel sways,
Like pale-rose chaplets, or like sapphire mist,
Or hang or droop along the heavenly ways
Like scarves of amethyst.”

“Ruskin tells us in his ‘Ethics of the Dust,’ how left to rest and natural selection, an ounce of the black slime of a manufacturing town will, after time enough has elapsed, turn into ‘a sapphire, an opal, and a diamond, set in a star of snow.’ Of course it would take a great while; longer than any of us finite creatures could wait. There has been a great deal of foolish talk about natural selection, as well as some sound sense. Nobody need ever try to convince me that that heterogeneous compound, *man*, selected himself into his present state; it is a moral and a physical impossibility. Here our aunt sniffed indignantly.

“Now there is a fashion of natural selection to which young ladies should pay attention in their school days, and in doing so they would greatly benefit society. I will say at once that it does not concern either ribbons or admirers; you can put that out of your minds, and prepare to listen to me.

“There is a grand fault in education, as I view it. Young people go to school, and seem to suppose that they have an equal aptitude for every branch of arts and sciences. One would imagine that an Admirable Crichton was the rule, and not the exception of humanity. Take Maria Louisa. She is sent to a seminary; she is taught every kind of fancy-work, as if she were to devote her whole existence to that, and nothing else. She takes singing lessons, without waiting to inquire whether she has been gifted with voice and ear; she takes drawing, oil-painting and water colors, not considering that each is a study worthy of individual attention, and that only those can succeed who have what is called a natural talent for art. Thus our girls run through the whole alphabet of education, half learning—no, one ten-hundredth part learning each branch. They are superficial,

dismally so. Why does not each one choose such pursuits as she has aptitude for, and really work at them, hammer something out of each theme by downright hard labor? that would be to turn one’s opportunities to account. But no; only one object is fully in the view of our young women; the great cry from the time they can brandish their first rattle is—amusement; they will learn everything that will amuse them; they visit, walk, idle, pine—all for amusement. They read for *amusement*.

“Johanna!” (this sharply,) “what book is that on your lap?”

I humbly submitted the name of a popular novel.

“Yes, that is it, amusement. You had much better study English language. Try French on words, or on language; those are books for you. You will find that whole histories of nations are shut up in their daily speech. Pray, what language do you think our fathers spoke in Revolutionary times?”

“The same we do now?” I suggested, with meekness.

“By no means!” said my aunt, triumphantly. “They neither phrased it, pronounced it, or wrote it, as you do. Go farther back to Shakspeare’s day, you would hardly know your mother tongue; would not want to labor through a novel in it. Then make another retrogression to Don Chaucer, ‘The Morning Star of Song;’ or Tyndal’s English Bible, ah! there was a different language for you. Why, what is this I have in my desk? Here it is, an inscription copied from an old tombstone up in Westminster, Vermont; I found it in the church-yard there. It is that of a private soldier of the patriots, William French, who was killed March thirteenth, seventeen seventy-five; probably the first blood shed in the Revolution:

“‘Here William French his Body lies,
For murder his blood for vengeance cries;
King George the Third his Tory crew
Tha with a bawl his head Shot Threw,
For Liberty and his Country’s Good,
he lost his Life, his Dearest blood.’”

“That is something different from what we do now a-days. I mean as to spelling and phraseology. Yes, the language changes,

times change, we change, very greatly. When I was young, people lived to do something better than kill time. Now I find that visiting and dressing is ever the order of the day; add novel reading, operas, theatres, parties, visitors, and you have the whole round of many women's lives. This, when you consider the additional and magnificent opportunities now accorded for *culture* and *usefulness*, is shameful. Go through the city in July and August, and how many sons, brothers and fathers will you find plodding at their business all day, and going home at night to lonely, dismantled, half-shut, ill-served houses! The wives, sisters and mothers are off to the watering places. Not that they have worked any harder than their abandoned relations, but the whole end of their lives is amusement, and they are gone to seek it. Don't prate to me of health, Johanna, if they are well enough to eat late suppers, and waltz until two in the morning, they are able to stay at home and make all happy for those who cannot get a holiday; and then they can take their little recreation as a whole family in some simple manner, and be better mentally, morally, and spiritually for it.

"Perhaps you girls think I am old. Sixty years looks to you a long while to have lived; it seems short to me, very short to do any good in, but altogether too long to be spent aimlessly, indolently. Every one of you girls should blush to have the world no better for your living in it. People waste their opportunities, and then grumble because the Lord takes them away. There is your Cousin Fannie. She pines and frets, and says she is so *tied up*; her four little children keep her from study, from church-work, from reading, from teaching in the Sunday-school, from so many things she wants to do. Your Cousin Fannie was twenty-five the day she was married. Until that time she had done nothing but amuse herself. She had never done one of the things she now mentions as desiring. She had ample leisure, and spent it all—amusing herself. Now the Lord has given her other work to do, and fortunately, her affections are engaged on the side of her doing it well. What I want to suggest is, that you

girls who have few domestic cares and responsibilities, ought to understand that freedom is not yours for indolence and self-seeking, but to be of use to others, to improve yourselves. People don't wear out half so fast working as they do idling; people don't grow dull in being occupied with what is honest and elevating; they get stupid dozing over that problem of self-serving, and amusement-hunting.

"Go, my dears," says our aunt, "study yourselves, select the occupations that you are best fitted for, and enter into them heartily; make a fair mark on time; then you will not be negatively, but positively good; you will also be happy, and healthy, and handsome."

J. M. N. W.

THE PARTISAN AND THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

An editor is often in a position fairly to contrast the spirit of the partisan and religious press, and such contrasts are instructive. Nor are editors alone so happily situated that they may "look on this picture and then on that," with a wholesome moral at the conclusion of their review. So much is said or insinuated by secular writers against what is called the "jarring of the sects," that it is well, when opportunity offers, to examine into the truth of the charge. The result of our observation is, that there is at the present time no such evil among the denominations as that so incessantly harped upon by semi-infidel writers and newspaper scribblers, under the name of religious acrimony, or the *odium theologicum*. Nearly every religious newspaper we take up shows zeal in denominational work, with a friendly attitude towards neighbors. This is preëminently true of the evangelical journals. We are proud of our Christianity.

A presidential contest, from present indications likely to be a heated one, is fairly commenced, and as we look from the religious to the partisan papers, and note the difference, we see enough to show that the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity are not from one and the same source. We shall not particularize, but we have two suggestions to make; *first*, let those who are given

to philosophize keep their eyes open during the fall season now before us, with special reference to the two classes of newspapers in their accordancy with the Golden Rule; and, *secondly*, let all professing Christians be on their guard against the temptation to

participate in the words and deeds of partisan extravagance and violence. Honor your sacred calling. We are about to be visited by a moral cyclone of considerable power and virulence; take your bearings, spread all sail, and steer clear of the centre.

OUR SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

MORE NEW ASTEROIDS.—Two new asteroids, the 122d and 123d, were discovered by Dr. Peters, of the Litchfield Observatory, Hamilton College, on the night of July 31st. The *first* was in right ascension, 21 h. 48' 51''; and south declination, 11° 40'; and its magnitude, eleven minutes and eight seconds. The *second* was in 21 h. 58', right ascension; and south declination, 10° 4'; and its magnitude, twelve minutes. Quite a number of the asteroids have first been seen at this Observatory, and by Dr. Peters.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Some idea of the amount of labor involved in astronomical observations may be formed from a statement of the British Astronomer Royal, that in reducing the Greenwich observations of the moon, no less than 21,000 forms, as large as grave-stones, at a cost of \$15,000, were filled with figures, before the numerical value of an important co-efficient for eclipse calculations could be determined.

MARVELS OF THE MICROSCOPE.—A beautiful and easily produced exhibition of crystal formation may be seen under the microscope as follows:—Upon a slip of glass place a drop of liquid chloride of gold or nitrate of silver, with a particle of zinc in the gold, and copper in the silver. A growth of exquisite gold or silver ferns will vegetate under the observer's delighted eye.

PROTECTION BY SNOW.—A Mr. Prindle, of Vermont, has made an experiment designed to ascertain how far soil is protected from cold by snow. For four successive winter days, there being four inches of snow on a level, he found the average temperature,

immediately above the snow, 13° below zero; immediately beneath, 19° above zero; under a drift two feet deep, 27° above zero.

AMMONIA AND COTTON.—Air drawn through cotton or wool will be found to be deprived of its ammonia. Cotton will retain 115 times its own weight of ammonia.

A NEW GREEN.—A new green has been discovered, which is said to be brilliant enough to replace the poisonous color produced by arsenic. It is composed of twenty parts of oxide of zinc and one of the sulphate of cobalt, mixed into a paste with water, and exposed to a red heat.

COAL EXPOSED TO THE WEATHER.—A German, who has made some careful experiments to ascertain the amount of loss that coal undergoes when exposed to the weather, finds that ordinary bituminous coal loses nearly one-third in weight and nearly one-half in gas-making quality. Anthracite and cannel coal suffer less. But all coal should be kept dry and under cover.

POWER OF MACHINERY.—By the invention of machinery, one man can now spin more than 400 men could have done in the same time in 1769, when Arkwright, the best cotton spinner, took out his first patent. One man can make as much flour in a day now, as 150 men could a century ago. One woman can make now as much lace in a day as 100 women could a hundred years ago. It now requires only as many days to refine sugar as it did months thirty years ago. It once required six months to put quicksilver on a glass, now it needs only 40 minutes.

POLLUTED ATMOSPHERE.—It is said by eminent scientific men, that "the decomposition of a single potato or wilted turnip will breed disease if the vapors of the decaying substance are confined to the walls of a house." The same is said of decaying substances in alleys, streets and yards. The vapors arising from manure and rubbish piles, will so impregnate the atmosphere as to make it unhealthy, and thereby spread disease and death. This is the cause of so many diseases breaking out that baffle the skill of physicians. Filthiness causes destruction wherever it exists.

THE RAYS OF THE SUN.—The rays of the sun are now generally believed to exhibit *three forces*; *light*, or luminous power; *heat*, or calorific power; and *actinism*, or chemical power. Whether these are regarded as distinct forces, or only as modified forms of one, the three are essentially dissimilar, representing respectively the heat-giving, the light-giving, and the chemical rays of the sun. The chemical principle of the sun's rays is relatively most active during the spring; as summer advances, this power diminishes, and the luminous force increases; while in autumn the calorific radiations are relatively increased. Thus the conditions of the sun's light are varied with the varying seasons, to suit the necessities of vegetable life.

A WALKING FISH.—Mr. Foord, of the Australian Eclipse Expedition, tells a wonderful story, attested by several witnesses, of a fish found on the north of that great continent, which had four hands. It was found crawling on a piece of coral, dredged up from the bottom of the sea. The body was like that of a fish; but wonderful to relate, in the place of fins it had four legs, terminated with what might be called hands, by which it made its way rapidly over the coral reef. When placed on the skylight of the steamer, it stood up on its four legs, a sight curious to behold, looking something like a small lizard, with the body of a fish. Mr. White, of the same expedition, tells equally strange tales about the rats they saw. "A small island," he says, "on which we pitched our tents, was over-

run with them; and what was most extraordinary, they were of every color from black to yellow, and some tortoise-shell."

A NEW INK PLANT.—A plant growing in New Granada, and known there under the name of *chanchi*, yields a juice said to possess superior qualities as a writing ink. Letters made with it are at first of a reddish color, but turn to a deep black in a few hours. It is also represented as less injurious to steel pens than common ink, and much more durable. In the case of some papers, part of which were written with this vegetable juice and the remainder with ordinary ink, after being long exposed to the action of sea-water, the letters made with the juice came out clear and apparently unimpaired, while those traced with the common ink were almost illegible. The botanical name of this remarkable plant is *Coryaria thymifolia*. Attempts have been made to grow it in other countries, but thus far have signally failed.

GERMINATION—ITS RELATION TO LIGHT.—The theory of the germination of plants, which has been heretofore admitted, requires that the germinating seed be excluded from direct sunlight. Late experiments appear to establish the fact that, while exclusion from the luminous rays of the solar spectrum is necessary to the healthy germination of seeds, yet the chemical or actinic rays are indispensable to that process. These penetrate much deeper into the soil than do the luminous rays. The exclusion of the chemical rays, and not the absence of oxygen alone, is assumed to be the cause of seeds failing to grow when buried too deeply in the earth. Will our agricultural colleges settle this question by careful experiments? Let us have all that can be known of the mysteries of plant life.

INFLUENCE OF VARIOUSLY COLORED LIGHT ON VEGETATION.—As the result of a series of experiments upon the influence of variously colored light upon vegetation, Dr. Bert has arrived at the following conclusions: 1. That green light is almost as fatal to vegetation as darkness. 2. That red light is very detrimental to plants, though

in a less degree than green light. 3 That though yellow light is far less detrimental than the preceding, it is more injurious than blue light. 4 That all the colors taken singly are injurious to plants, and that their union in the proportion to form white light is necessary for healthy growth. This does not agree with the ideas of the Commissioner of Patents, who has granted a patent to Pleasanton for the use of blue glass as an improvement in the cultivation of plants.

A RELIABLE PASTE.—There are many things for which a paste is needed, that will not mould or stain the paper. It may be made of good corn starch. Dissolve a small quantity of the starch in cold water, then cook it thoroughly, using care not to have it too thick. It should be thin enough when cold, to apply with a brush. This is the kind used by daguerreotypists on "gem" pictures. And so by adding to the water with which glue is mixed when required for use, a small quantity of bichromate of potash, and afterward exposing the part to which it is applied to light, the glue is rendered insoluble, and articles fastened with it resist the action of water. The proportion of bichromate of potash to be taken must be determined by experiment, but for most purposes, one-fiftieth of the amount of glue employed will be sufficient.

How DIAMOND CUTS GLASS.—Dr. Wallaston ascertained, by careful observation, that the parts of glass to which the diamond is applied, are forced asunder, as by a wedge, to a most minute distance, without being removed, so that a superficial, continuous crack, is made from one end of the intended cut to the other. After this, any small force applied to one extremity is sufficient to extend this crack through the whole substance and across the entire glass. For since the strain at each instant, in the progress of the crack, is confined to nearly a mathematical point at the bottom of the fissure, the effort necessary to carry it through is proportionally small. Dr. Wallaston also found by trial, that the cut caused by the mere passage of the diamond point need not penetrate so much as the two-hundredth part of an inch. He found, also, that other miner-

al bodies, if ground into the same form as the crystal of the diamond, are capable of cutting glass, but they do not long retain that power, from want of the requisite hardness. These facts will explain what, it is said, may at any time be noticed in the cutting of the glass, that the crack goes *before*, and *not after* the diamond; which some have supposed was owing to an electric influence, but which is correctly explained by the wedge-like effect on the glass.

POTASH FROM WOOL.—In the efforts made to utilize waste substances, it has been found that sheep in eating derive from the soil quite an amount of potash, which, after it has circulated in the blood, is excreted from the skin with the sweat, and so remains with this in the wool. The amount varies from 10 or 12 per cent. in ordinary wools, to even as high as 25 or 30 per cent. in the fine merino fleeces. In the great French wool districts, such as Rheims, El Bœuf, &c, special effort has been made to secure as much as possible of this potash by freeing it from its combinations; and from a fleece of nine pounds, five, and even as high as seven ounces of pure potash have been obtained by extracting it from the water in which the wool has been washed. In the wool manufactories of the district alluded to 60,000,000 pounds of wool are washed annually; and this quantity should contain over 3,000,000 pounds of pure potash. The water in which the wool is washed, and which heretofore has been thrown away, it now appears may be made to yield a product which more than covers the cost of extracting it, and so adds to the value of the wool itself. On a small scale, the work of securing the potash, of course, would not pay, but in all great manufacturing establishments it will probably become a regular part of the process of manufacture.

WAVES OF SOUND AND OF LIGHT.—In the case of a sound wave—moving 1,100 feet a second, whatever the wave length—if the length be diminished, more vibrations enter the ear in the same time and the pitch rises; if it be increased, fewer vibrations enter, and the pitch lowers. Light waves are strictly analogous; whenever any one of the colored

waves which form white light is lengthened, its color changes toward the red end of the spectrum; when it is shortened, toward the violet. Hence change of pitch in the case of sound, or of color in the case of light, is evidence of motion, either to or from the observer; which it is, depends on whether the wave is lengthened or shortened. Now, while the motion of a star at right angles to the line of sight is easily detected and measured by the telescope, motion in the direction of this line is capable of measurement only by the spectroscope; if the motion be diagonal, then by both of these instruments together. Hence the motion of a fixed star in space, or of a whirlwind on the sun, may be measured by the change, in refrangibility, which certain lines in the spectrum undergo.

A WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT.—An invention has been made by J. B. Sterns, of Boston, and secured by the Western Union Telegraph Company, by which telegraphic messages can be transmitted in opposite directions by the use of a single wire. This practically doubles the transmitting power of every wire, and of course increases the value and power of this useful servant of man.

HOW TO DISTINGUISH PRECIOUS STONES.—The *diamond* and *garnet* are distinguished from all other precious stones by having only *single* refraction, while others have *double* refraction, i. e., give a double image of a taper or small light when viewed through their facets. By the same means all precious stones, except the diamond, garnet and spinelle, are distinguished from artificial ones by the former having double, and the latter only single refraction. Any of the precious or of the artificial stones, if immersed in alcohol, or even in water, lose their lustre, while the diamond does not. This arises from their having an inferior refractive, and consequently reflecting power, so that the light reflected from their facets is very small in amount compared with that which comes from the diamond. On this principle, Sir David Brewster constructed an instrument called the *lithoscope*, for distinguishing precious stones from one another, and from their imitations. A well-known, though generally ill-practised method

of distinguishing precious from artificial stones, is *to touch them with the tongue*. The true stone being the best conductor of heat, will feel cold; and the imitation, or glass, much less so. The two should, however, before the experiment, be placed close to each other, till they have acquired the same temperature.

LIQUID FIRE.—Under this title the *Chemical News* gives the composition of a substance which has the peculiar property of spontaneously igniting when brought in contact with aqua ammonia. The compound is formed by adding bromine to an excess of flowers of sulphur. This is left standing for a while in a glass-stoppered bottle, and afterward filtered through asbestos; the liquid thus obtained consisting in one hundred parts, of 83.33 bromine to 16.77 sulphur. When brought in contact with liquid ammonia the mixture is at first inert, but in a few moments it begins to boil violently and soon bursts into flame. A combination of sulphur with chlorine in the presence of ammonia, behaves in a similar way.

RAILWAY PROGRESS.—From the *Manual of the Railroads of the United States* for 1872-3, a useful volume issued by H. V. Poor & Co., we obtain the following statistics relative to the railroads of the country: The United States now contain 60,852 miles of railway—nearly double as many as in 1860. The largest number of miles built in any one year was in that just passed, in which 7,453 miles were opened. The greatest mileage is in Illinois, reaching 5,094; the smallest in Rhode Island, 136. The State of Massachusetts has one mile of railroad to 4.86 miles of territory, this ratio being the greatest in the country. The longest road in operation is the Chicago and Northwestern, extending 1,500 miles; the shortest, the Little Saw Mill Run Road in Pennsylvania, which is but three miles in length. The total cost of the railways in the country is \$3,000,000,000, or an average of \$50,000 per mile. The earnings for the past year amount to \$454,969,000, or \$7,500 per mile. The largest net earnings made on any road were gained by the New York Central and

Hudson River, \$8,260,827; the smallest on the Portland and Oxford Central in Maine, and three others, all of which not only earned nothing, but incurred a loss.

HEALTH ITEMS.

At Twickenham, England, in July, a Miss Hough, aged 55, died suddenly from a bee-sting. The coroner's jury gave their decision that "the deceased died from syncope, accelerated by the sting of a bee."

TOBACCO A POISON.—Dr. William Parker, the distinguished Christian physiologist of New York, in a letter written last year, speaks plainly and strongly concerning tobacco. "That tobacco is a poison is proved beyond a question. It is now many years since my attention was called to the insidious but positively destructive effects of tobacco on the human system. I have seen a great deal of its influence upon those who use it, and work on it or in it. Cigar-makers, snuff-manufacturers, etc., have come under my care in hospitals and in private practice; and such persons can never recover soon, and in a healthy manner, from any case of injury or fever. They are more apt to die in epidemics, and more prone to apoplexy and paralysis. The same is true, also, of all who chew or smoke much." Dr. P. also states, that the children of tobacco users almost always have shattered, nervous constitutions, and unhealthy systems.

APPLES.—The value of apples (not, however, the green, hard wads of cholera morbus first sold in the market for apples,) in a medicinal point of view, should be well understood. Besides containing much nutritive matter, they act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics and antiseptics; and, when used judiciously, they no doubt prevent debility, indigestion and many other disorders of the system. The operatives of Cornwall, England, consider ripe apples nearly as nourishing as bread. In the year 1810—which was a year of much scarcity—apples, instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor, and the laborers asserted that they "could stand their work" on baked apples without meat;

whereas a potato diet required either meat or some other substantial nutriment. The French and Germans use apples extensively, as do the inhabitants of all European nations. The laborers depend upon them as an article of food, and frequently make a dinner of sliced apples and bread.

THE LUNGS.—In one week in February there were four hundred and eighty-six deaths in Philadelphia, one quarter of which were from diseases of the throat and lungs; one out of every eight dying of consumption, in one of the healthiest cities of the Union.

It admits of question whether consumption is ever inherited. Louis of Paris, the best authority of the age in such matters, states that the deaths from consumption of persons whose parents were consumptive, were not greater in proportion than those whose parents had not died of consumption.

These things point indisputably to the fact that consumption is an acquired disease, an avoidable disease—a disease brought upon the individual by his own conduct—avoidable, with a moderate amount of information as to the cause of consumption: bad air in bed-rooms for a third of one's entire existence, to begin with; bad feeding, which comes from bad cookery, even if the food was the best in the world before it went to the kitchen; irregular and insufficient sleep; neglect of out-door activities; inattention to the bodily functions; the amazing consumption of patent medicines and medicinal waters; thin shoes; insufficient clothing; reckless exposures to changes of temperature; and injudicious changes of clothing to what is less warm, even on a warm day.

HOW WE PERSPIRE.—All over the surface of our bodies there are scattered millions of minute orifices which open into the delicate convoluted tubes lying underneath the skin, and are called by anatomists *sudoriparous glands*. Each of these tubes, when straightened, measures about a quarter of an inch; and as according to Erasmus Wilson, whose figures we follow, there are 3528 of these tubes on every square inch of the palm of the hand, there must be no less than 882 inches of tubing on each a square inch. In some parts of the body the number of tubes

is even greater; in most parts it is less. Wilson estimates that there are 2800 on every square inch, on the average; and as the total number of such inches is over 2500, we arrive at the astounding result that, spread over the surface of the body, there are not less than *twenty-eight miles of tubing*, by means of which liquid may be secreted, and given off as vapour in *insensible perspiration*, or as water in *sensible perspiration*. In the ordinary circumstances of daily life, the amount of fluid which is thus given off from the skin (and lungs) during the twenty-four hours, varies from one and two-thirds, to five pounds; under extraordinary circumstances the amount will, of course, rise enormously. Dr. Southwood Smith found that the workmen in the gas-works employed in making up the fires, and other occupations which subjected them to great heat, lost on an average three pounds six ounces in forty-five minutes; and when working for seventy minutes in an unusually hot place, their loss was five pounds fourteen ounces.

DYSPEPSIA.—*Appleton's Journal* gives the following plain directions to dyspeptics: "If a man wishes to get rid of dyspepsia, he must give his stomach and brains less to do. It will be of no service for him to follow any particular regimen—to live on chaff bread, or any such stuff—to weigh his food, etc., so long as the brain is in a constant state of ex-

citement. Let that have proper rest, and the stomach will perform its functions. But if he pass fourteen or fifteen hours a day in his office or counting-room, and take no exercise, his stomach will inevitably become paralyzed, and if he puts nothing into it but a cracker a day, it will not digest it. In many cases, it is the brain that is the primary cause. Give that delicate organ some rest. Leave your business behind you when you go to your home. Do not sit down to your dinner with your brows knit, and your mind absorbed in casting up interest accounts. Never abridge the usual hours of sleep. Take more or less exercise in the open air each day. Allow yourself some innocent recreation. Eat moderately, slowly, and of what you please, provided it be not the shovel and tongs. If any particular dish disagrees with you, however, never touch it, or look at it. Do not imagine that you must live on rye-bread or oatmeal porridge; a reasonable quantity of nutritious food is essential to the mind as well as to the body. Above all, banish all thoughts of the subject. If you have any treatises on dyspepsia, domestic medicine, etc., put them directly into the fire. If you are constantly thinking and talking about dyspepsia, you will surely have it. Endeavor to forget that you have a stomach. Keep a clear conscience, live temperately, regularly, cleanly; be industrious, too, but be temperate."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

NATURE'S WONDERS. By Richard Newton, D.D. Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, New York. Price \$1.25.

In these days of materialism, in which nature is investigated, not as a creation, but as a development, such works as this are specially welcome. Let the glorious truth preoccupy the mind of our youth that the laws of nature are but second causes, depending altogether for their existence and operation upon the One First Cause, and we need not fear from the attacks of hoary infidels, though their heads may be frosted with all the honors of science. This work

"is designed to show the wisdom and goodness of God as they appear in the works of nature; to assist the young to look through nature up to nature's God, and to teach them that the God who speaks so lovingly to us in the Bible, is the same God whose wisdom, power, and goodness are so wonderfully displayed in his glorious works around us."

BLIND AMOS, and His Velvet Principles. By Rev. E. Paxton Hood. Philadelphia, Alfred Martien, 1214 Chestnut street. Price \$1.

The "velvet principles" of this good little book are the best, both for this life and the

next. Blind Amos was a peacemaker; he was one who inculcated the handling of things with velvet gloves, and walking softly through the world, as in velvet slippers. Among his sage remarks were these: "A velvet whip breaks no bones;" "Wheels that run over velvet make no noise;" and "If you are determined to kick, be sure and put on your velvet shoes." The reading of "Blind Amos" will go far, we hope, towards the transformation so much needed, in which all will become *gentle-men* and *gentle-women* in the true and Christian sense.

The following have been received from the Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1334 Chestnut street, Philadelphia:

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, AND DESTINY OF THE WICKED. By the Rev. N. L. Rice, D.D., President of Westminster College. Pp. 194. Price 60 cents.

This little treatise, ably written, in a plain and convincing manner, comes at a most opportune time, when Infidelity and Universalism are putting forth every effort. The writer says:—"It is written, not with the hope of silencing quibblers, or of convincing the prejudiced, but of satisfying sincere inquirers after truth." May it speed on its mission of light and good-will.

FOLLOWING THE MASTER. By E. L. Beckwith. Pp. 288. Price \$1.10.

There are many homes of suffering and sorrow where the sympathizing Christian heart may work for the Master. Among some of these lowly homes the reader is taken in this volume, the perusal of which cannot fail to quicken the earnest zeal of every willing disciple of Christ.

CHINKS OF CLANNYFORD. By Kate W. Hamilton, Author of "Shadow of the Rock," "Norah Neil," &c. Pp. 380. Price \$1.25.

Of the many excellent books recently put out by the Board, this is one of the best. It is especially adapted to boys.

TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE. In Large Type. By the Rev. William S. Plumer, D.D.

The titles are:—"The Conversion of Dr. Gurley," "The Martyrdom of Polycarp," "Early Impressions Revived," "Two Fountains," "The Great Race," "That Vineyard," "A Sad but Instructive History," "One Wrong Step," "The Cities of Refuge," "Conviction and Conversion," "Naaman, the Syrian," "Young Servin." A series of

practical tracts popularly written, and deserving of a wide circulation. Price per packet, 25 cents.

ROMANISM. The Enemy of Civil Liberty. By Rev. David Elliott, D. D. 10 cents.

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OUR MONTHLY.

A

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER—1872.

THE KINGDOM OF ARARAT.

BY DUNCAN M'GREGOR.

AT the foot of a lofty range of snowy hills in Armenia, lies the village of Etschmiadzin, with its convent. At a little distance the convent looks like the whole place, for its low but massive walls and rambling rooms throw the poorer huts of the villagers quite into the shade. This small town is situated in the very heart of a land full of venerable romance—the kingdom of Ararat, the second cradle of the race. In whatever glorious and blooming garden spot our first parents lived their days of unsullied purity, and afterwards wept their repenting tears, the chill regions of Armenia, where winter has a half-yearly domination, received the children of Noah when the ark rested.

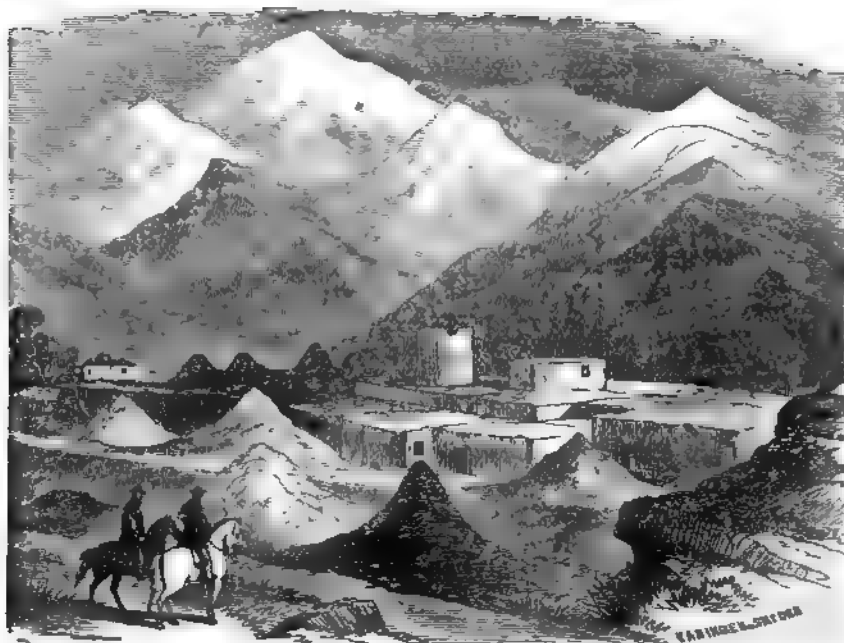
In Etschmiadzin was living in 185—, a certain cosmopolite trader, who might have belonged to any nationality, so familiar was he with the tongue and custom of each. This man had built for himself a house near the convent, making it something more comfortable than the ordinary Armenian dwellings; he had also taken to himself an Armenian beauty for a wife. In his home were we seated on a September night. At this part of the year it freezes keenly in Etschmiadzin, and we were all gathered around the fire—a motley group. The trader, a

small, sharp, merry, sociable man; two bald-pated monks from the neighboring convent; the lady of the house and her sister, lazily seated on a divan apart, and dressed in the full-flowing robes, the jewelry and trinkets prized by the Armenian belle. Their dark dresses were relieved by the brilliant embroidery of the cushions against which they leaned; the floating black tresses of each were bound with a silken circlet, decorated with coins, and by each fair lady's side stood—a long-stemmed pipe!

Our talk was of Ararat.

“Was it by any means certain,” questioned one of our travelling companions, “that ‘the mountains of Ararat,’ where the ark rested, as saith the Scripture, are the same as these tremendous peaks overlooking Araxes? In olden time Ararat meant a territory; it may have had many hills far lower than this hoary king of mountains, who frowns upon us from the distance, looking so near, and yet being in truth so far away.”

One of our monks here shook his head, in melancholy reproof of such profane doubts. “Peace, my son,” he said, “this mountain, once called Taneez, is the very spot where the ship which carried Noah rested. It cannot be otherwise, for we have in our own convent a



CONVENT AND VILLAGE OF STICHMIADZIN.

plank from that very ark, brought from the crest of Ararat by a most pious and devoted brother, upon whose soul be peace!"

"Indeed," cried the doubter, "perhaps you can show us the plank and tell us how it was obtained."

"The blessed wood you can see to-morrow at our convent, and as for the way it came into our keeping, the story is brief. There was once a holy man of our order, the thought of whose life was to ascend Ararat. One day he set out, staff in hand, and climbed the third part of the mountain. Being exhausted, he ate some bread and fell asleep. When he awoke, lo, he was lying at the gate of the convent. He then fasted and wept, making all his prayer that he might reach the summit. At last he had a vision, granting him this desire. He again set out, and seeming upborne by invisible hands, he reached the topmost height, where he found the fragments of the ark lying under the snow. Laying a plank on his shoulder, he descended without difficulty."

Now the other monk took up the tale. "A most notable abbot, living among us, also ascended the mountain. A band of angels fanned off the snows, and exhibited to him the ark entire, so that he even thrust his arm into the hole where the devil went out."

"And how was that?" asked the trader.

"When Noah was fairly shut in the ark, he looked about upon all the living creatures with him, and extending his hands said, '*Benedicite!*' The devil had entered the ark in the shape of a he-goat. When Noah said '*Benedicite,*' the father of lies was so alarmed that he leaped through the side of the ark, about ten feet up, and vanished, leaving a broken place."

"Ararat as a kingdom," said our host, "is mentioned as the refuge of the sons of Sennacherib, after they had murdered their father in the house of his god in Nineveh. Jeremiah also calls it to come with other kingdoms to the overthrow of Babylon."

"Amassis, in the fifth generation from



AN ARMENIAN LADY AT HOME.

Japhet, our father," said the elder monk, "came her: and established his kingdom. The top of Ararat is the centre of the world."

"Balaam," said the other friar, "once

dwelt on the sides of this mountain; and on its lower peak the twelve wise men were keeping watch, when they saw the star in the east and went to Bethlehem."

"And the Armenians have a name of

Haiks, from Haig, a cotemporary of Belus, who came here and established a monarchy, to escape from the tyranny of Belus at Nineveh," said the trader.

"Have you ever climbed Ararat?" we asked.

"Only so far as Arguri, the spot where tradition says Noah planted his vineyard. It must have been warmer in his day than in ours."

The Armenian ladies had caught the name of Ararat, and madam spoke of something to her husband. He laughed and said, "They are speaking of the eruption of Ararat in 1840, which occasioned much alarm through all this country. Though Ararat may not be, as our friend thinks, the centre of the world, it is a gigantic waymark, showing the dividing of the Russian and Turkish empires. The mountain is their boundary stone."

"Armenia is nevertheless the true centre of the world," we said, "because hence all the nations departed and divided; humanity flowed from it, in its diverse streams, as rivers flow from some great water-shed."

"I don't wonder that they got away as fast as possible," said the doubter; "what a cold place it is, winter from October until May! Ice in September! Good reason for emigration."

"But we prize our summer the more while it lasts," said the friar, "and then the climate is healthy. People come here as well as go away—ask our trader;" and they nodded triumphantly.

"That is because of the silver, lead, iron, copper, and rock salt in which this olden kingdom of Ararat abounds," we suggested.

"It is an old kingdom, indeed," said one of the monks; "we Armenians get our name from Aram, who lived about two thousand years before Christ. We would have done very well if we had been let alone; but every neighboring nation has made us a prey. Turks, Kurds, and Persians all have ravaged our country, and murdered the inhabitants. Left to ourselves, our agriculture, our natural resources, our religion and literature would have been good enough,

very good; but an Armenian has no rights."

The two friars rose and drew their cowls over their shaven heads, preparatory to facing the cold night. "When we get back to the convent we will let you see the coverings of the plank from the ark."

We left the trader's house. The moonlight shone brilliantly, a hoar frost glistened on the grass and shrubs; afar the mountains climbed toward the sky, a succession of noble summits, Ararat high over all.

The next morning we set out for a ride about the mountain, not expecting to undertake the whole ascent. We hired horses of some Persians, and engaged a couple of villainous Kurds for guides. The lower slopes of Ararat are sterile and dreary to a singular degree; coarse grasses fail to hide the volcanic boulders scattered in every direction. But after several thousand feet of the ascent had been made the scenery changes; springs of deliciously clear water are frequent, the herbage is varied and luxuriant, and in the high valley between the two summits of Ararat, one finds a delightful little Arcadia for summer months.

Our Kurds proposed that we should lunch at "the village." For a village we watched in vain. When at last they proclaimed our arrival at the desired spot, and set themselves to take down the hampers, we looked about for houses. We might have been in a small village of prairie dogs, but saw no traces of more human habitations; certain hummocks, with holes in the sides, extending into some subterranean lairs, showed where miserable members of our race had burrowed at some not distant period. Whoever they were, they are gone, let us hope to better abodes.

We ate our luncheon, looking as we did so longingly toward those peaks, the great twin brethren of mountains. Could we not make the ascent?

Our Kurds were vehement in their opposition to such a scheme; Kurds and Armenians girdle these mountains with superstitious fears. To them the white summits have a sacred inviolability; they

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MOUNT ARARAT.

He will slay the intruder from
man who tries to climb Ararat
nine times where he only rises
l he will slip back three feet for
e he climbs up;" and they un-
gan to make preparations for our
the village.
rode back toward evening, we
n an encampment of Kurds who
d a sheep, and were now roast-
r supper. We were invited to
of the feast, and our guides
t resist the temptation. The

delay was long; the Kurds ate, and were
happy; as for ourselves, growing weary,
we left guides and baggage-mule, and
rode on to the convent. The moon was
up. The low walls shone white in the
pure light, here and there a clump of
hardy shrubs still retained their dark
foliage. Once the home of a strong people
and the cradle of nations, Armenia now
seemed desolate and depopulated, down-
trodden by her irreverent descendants,
who value little her gray antiquity, and are
careless of the legends of her joyous youth.

BIRDS.

BY GUY ROSLYN.

ALL the bird pipers of Spring
Twitter the tune of the time,
Love and of Summer they sing—
Musical melody, rhyme
Full of the soul of the time,
The warmth and the shine of the Spring;
In trembling, rippling rhyme,
Of scent and of Summer they sing.

OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY H. R.

AS the train starts westward from Omaha across continent spaces three fourths desert, we feel somewhat like Captain Hall last summer in the *Polaris*, when, sailing from Tossac, Greenland, he closed his last letter saying, "Farewell to civilization! and may God bless us all!" As we proceed, however, visions of a "waste, howling wilderness"—Indians, with streaming hair, and careering like comets on horseback, and herds of buffalos crowding like round-backed porpoises in the way of our steamship of the desert, gradually subside, and on looking around us we begin to feel that for such a voyage we are safe, comfortable, and well companioned.

Omaha, with its jet black soil and hill top situation, must tarry awhile before it can be said that tourists leave it with regret. It is the eastern terminus of the Pacific Railroad; it has two hundred miles of good land to the westward, and it may yet rival Chicago. We have left it behind, and are moving with the sun. Why do we still use the word "post-haste," for our quickest bodily motion? Let the word be laid away with the stage-coach in these days of steam, and a new word coined for like occasions, taken from the arrowy flight of trains.

Are we out of sight of land? There is something billowy in the scene around us; the hills might pass for waves, in the long swells of the ocean. In the monotone of the car-wheels one imagines he hears the pirate's song:

"A rover bold,
With a home on the deep blue sea."

The hills, without tree, rock or dwelling, can scarcely be called land-marks; they all say the same thing to you. You are gently pleased with the view everywhere presented; it is not grand, but it is beautiful, and makes you think of rest.

Now hail to yonder blue-shining Platte, which offers us its northern bank to bowl upon for 400 miles, as once it offered it to the ox-teams that slowly trampled its green grass, and crushed its prairie flowers. Its valley is smooth, rising evenly six feet to the mile. Call what we are climbing the table land of the Rocky Mountains, for after a journey of about 200 miles we are 3,000 feet above the level of the sea.

It requires about five days to travel across, from Omaha to San Francisco. On the cars we find ample accommodations for so novel a journey. The morning ablutions may be performed by gentlemen at one end of the car, and by the ladies at the other, each finding basins, soaps, towels, and other toilet facilities. Still, as the dust soils linen quickly, an air of negligence is soon worn by all. Eating houses are plentiful at the stations, and some of the structures are princely compared with the small rough log houses, dignified by the name of hotels in the caravan days.

In the Pacific Railroad is realized the dream of statesmen and travellers of other days. They who fore-saw the development of the Pacific region, the flow of emigration westward, predicted a trans-continental railroad as a necessity. But the project was hastened by our late civil war.

It was feared that in the event of reverses to our arms, Southern schemers would seek to turn the tide of war against us in the far west by seizing upon California. Especially was it thought that if war with England should occur, we should be cut off from our Pacific possessions. President Lincoln early saw the critical position, and urged the measure upon Congress.

The road was not obtained without a struggle. And when Congress was at

last induced to make what now appears a most magnificent offer of land—alternate sections of twenty miles deep on each side of the road to the company, or 12,800 acres for each mile of road—and had furnished the money for the work, workmen were scarcely to be had. The war had absorbed much of the laboring element. At length by paying as high as three dollars a day and board, enough laborers were obtained; yet men and material, brought by railroads thousands of miles, had to be transported on the one track as it progressed, or in lieu of that, were carried over vast spaces by ox-teams. Sometimes for want of fuel, ties which had been carried by railroad 800 miles, had to be burned.

Once the purchaser for the company at Omaha, on the receipt of a message from the plains, telegraphed to a manufacturer in New York, "Ship me instantly 100 iron ploughs, and 3,000 steel plough-points." The manufacturer, doubting the accuracy of the order, or the sanity of the purchaser, telegraphed back to a friend, and when assured that all was right, he forwarded the articles, accompanying them with a message to the purchaser, "I never was so proud of an order in all my life; but in Heaven's name what do you want of 3,000 plough-points?" It was found that these were needed for loosening mountain gravel, so hard that it would give out showers of sparks when traversed by the steel, and wear out, in the hands of one ploughman, a dozen plough-points in a day. To Thomas C. Durant, manager and builder of the road, and who is said to own a large fraction of it, belongs the credit of achieving this magnificent enterprise.

The antelope, a diminutive creature, bounds over these wastes, too swiftly by far to be overtaken by the cinnamon bear, the largest of his tribe in this part of the world, who must use stratagem if he would feast on this particular delicacy.

In these solitudes one longs to hear a bird sing. The want of trees accounts for the scarcity of birds; the feathered tribe are here scantily represented by the owl, the woodpecker, and the lark. We

see the prairie-dog and the owl in friendly companionship. Large villages of prairie-dogs, sometimes miles in extent, appear on the way; and to those of us who stop at a convenient station, and wait for the next train, walking out meanwhile upon the prairie, this little canine curiosity, seated by his hole, barks out a droll salute. His attitudes are scarcely less ridiculous than those of the monkey, as he sits winking, even after the solemn owl has taken his flight, holding his head to one side, and prying inquisitively at the visitor, chattering all the time. You approach nearer, and with a bound he dives into his hole. Intelligent travellers tell us that the popular notion that the rattlesnake sometimes makes a third party to this happy family, is a mistake. The rattlesnake is indeed sometimes found therein quartered, but he comes as a pitiless freebooter, with a love for the young prairie-dogs, and not with a respect for their parental hearth.

The food of the prairie-dog is the grass of the prairie. In appearance he is half rat and half squirrel. His head is shaped like a bull dog's, and in size he is a little larger than a gray-squirrel; when seen for the first time he is found to be more insignificant than was expected. He is dun-colored, and utters a singular chirruping bark. A single pair occupy each hole, which is marked by a hillock of sand or earth. The holes at the surface are about four inches in diameter, and they pass down obliquely and branch in all directions, connecting with one another on every side. A prairie-dog village is dangerous ground for buffalo hunters.

Among the flowering plants the *amorpha*, with its large purple clusters, out-rivals all the others. What little timber there is fringes the river, the poplar, elm and hackberry prevailing. Along the flats of the Platte river there is often a salt deposit, which may be seen sparkling on the grass as well as marking the ground with its efflorescence, and there seems to be just enough of it to render the fine grass more palatable for the cattle. The utter absence of fuel in many days' journeys over these plains would make the preparation of meals an impossibility,

were it not for what is called euphoni-ously *bois de vache*, or "buffalo chips," which in the dry state burns like turf and contains carbon enough for culinary use. Those who have travelled on camel tracks over Arabian deserts see here repeated a usage quite common in the East.

Great is the overland travel the present season; so great, that we may say Uncle Sam himself is out to look at his farm. Nor is our Uncle much flattered in gazing upon this part of his purchase, for we seem to overhear him say, "the more of this kind of land I have the worse off I am. It is very much like the possession of self-righteousness." And verily, having left behind the fertile prairies, we come upon an alkali region, where only sage-brush and grease-wood grow, a land desolate and accursed. After the first two hundred miles from Omaha, we have a barren waste till we reach the Sacramento valley in California.

Yet once these wastes were thickly peopled, if not by man, by the living creatures that preceded him. The abundance of marine fossils show that these tracts were once the bed of the ocean, in which life swarmed.

The ground tastes of alkali, and whoever "bites the dust" here, whether as a prone victim to the lust for gambling and outlawry, or as an upright martyr to a cloud blowing into his face, is bitten in return. The water is alkaline; that for the boilers must be carried a hundred miles, or it will corrode them. The water of the wells that are dug is unfit for drinking, producing nausea.

Gradually upward we move until we come to Cheyenne, "the magic city of the plains." Here begins the branch road to Denver, and the wonderful park region of Colorado. As we journey towards Sherman, up a still heavier grade, we see far to the south, like white clouds, the summits of Long and Pike's Peak. That region has been called the Switzerland of America. It has doubtless occurred to the reader that we have half a dozen of these Switzerlands, each persistently asserting its claim to the high-sounding title. The Adirondack region, that of

Chattanooga and East Tennessee, and the White Mountains, not to speak of other mountainous tracts, are each labelled with the Alpine appendage. The one that can best afford to dispense with it is the Colorado region, which not only has higher mountains than Switzerland, but could hide away among its gorgeous uplifts two or three such little republics.

There is something strange in this climbing to the top of high mountains in the day time, without knowing that you are ascending mountain summits. The snow sheds, and the snow lying around in a few shaded places in early summer, remind us of the greatness of the elevation. The mountains are of the primary formation; the granite, in such eminences as Pike's Peak, obtruded itself through the azoic rocks, which lie in a slanting position flanking them. The Black Hills, a spur of the Rocky Mountains on the east, furnish some magnificent natural sights on the way.

Never were more finely pencilled clouds borne along in a pure azure.

"O for a beaker full of the warm south!"

exclaims Keats, in one of his fine bird songs. But what more exhilarating draft could one wish, than this cool south wind, with every thing above and around transparent and vitalizing?

All aboard! Once more we must be off, chasing the setting sun. Down, down we go by degrees, till we come to Laramie Plains, high table land. We are still 6,000 or 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, and if the White Mountains were along side of us, we could look down upon them. Through the plains of Laramie our train speeds, the land, we are told, of large flocks of sheep and juries of women, not one trace of which we are able to perceive, as our journey occurs in the night. We reach in the morning a station famous in earlier days for its Vigilance Committees. One noted desperado, on being waited on, was allowed fifteen minutes to leave the town. "Gentlemen," said he, "if this mule don't buck I shall want but five."

Now comes the Green River region,

with its castellated rocks, giving the appearance of forts and pinnacles. An "observation car," added to the rear of the train, enables us to view the country without danger. It is an open car, with cushioned seats on the sides. Rugged mountain scenery now rewards us for the dryness and monotony of the first days of our trip. Echo Cañon gives place to Webber Cañon, and we feast our eyes upon the prospect, with its lofty cliffs in architectural shapes, in colors of a delicate chocolate, or a sunny orange. They are now beginning improperly to spell the word for these wondrous mountain gorges *can-yon*, because the first *n* in this Spanish word has the sound of *n* in *poniard*.

The singular shapes are owing to the unequal hardness of the strata. The softer rock has been worn away by the storms of centuries. We are in the midst of so many beauties and wonders of rock formation, and are hurried through them so rapidly, that we hold our breath, and are silent with awe. Our companions, who are more demonstrative, give vent to expressions of rapture; and now that we seem to have passed through all, we breathe more freely, and have a vague impression of having been whirled from battlement to battlement, from monument to monument, and from cathedral to castle, and of losing nine-tenths of the pleasure we might have had, if the iron horse had been awe-struck like ourselves, and had slackened his speed in harmony with our sentiment.

The Indian stands looking on, awed into comparative silence, not by the scenery, but by the locomotive, which he knows can outstrip him on his fleetest horse; and as he sees it rounding the cañons and spanning the airy trestle work with a scream that his heart tells him can outwhop him a hundred fold, he turns away cowed by the white man's work, which seems to him something midway between the red man's achievements and the thunderings and lightnings of the Great Spirit.

Never shall we forget how those rugged walls of Webber Cañon stood up for a thousand feet in awful grandeur, squared

continually, as we dashed past them, by side cañons, entering at right angles. What a place for the rock-house builders of an Idumean race! What cities they might have made had they honey-combed these lofty perpendicular rocks, admitting of a hundred stories, with cañons a thousand feet deep for streets!

These sublime passes of the Wasatch Mountains open into the valley of Great Salt Lake, and here, while thinking of Brigham Young, we let him alone severely by leaving Salt Lake City to the south, and soon find ourselves at Ogden, the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad. Here we shall find it to our advantage to exchange our greenbacks for silver, the currency between this place and the Pacific being only hard money. We long ago came to the conclusion that greenbacks are the best representative of value, because most portable and least easily counterfeited, and we part from them with regret, to receive in return what to the philosopher possesses quite as little intrinsic value, that is, none at all. The old track of the Union Pacific road originally extended as far as Promontory Point. This is the station where the three spikes, one of California gold, one of Nevada silver, and one of gold, silver and iron from Arizona, were driven home by a solid silver hammer, the last stroke being the signal throughout the Union for thanksgivings and general jubinations; and henceforth the 10th of May, 1869, is a day memorable in the history of the world's civilization. From an eminence near by the Great Salt Lake is visible, and our route now lies near the lake shore, white with salt.

An alkaline desert next receives us, exceedingly bleak and uninviting. The various stations are from four to six thousand feet above the sea level; thus we are on table land as well as a desert. This great desert stretches from Oregon to Arizona, and exhibits traces of volcanic action, such as hot springs, basaltic rocks and alkaline soil.

The Humboldt Valley, with its pastures for cattle, and its immense droves of horses, brings us relief, and reminds us that Nevada is not altogether sterile.

The fertility however, is the exception, and the sterility the rule.

These immense sandy plains often present the phenomena of the mirage. A line of wagons with white canvas tops is transformed into the appearance of a fleet of ships, the canvas being drawn upward to four or five times its natural size. A number of dead buffaloes has at times been exaggerated into the semblance of Indians on horseback, and the undulations of the heated air have added to the alarming spectacle the adjunct of motion. The counterfeit presentment of a river or a lake has been the occasion of a lost march to an emigrant party, and has resulted in misery and death.

In the Humboldt river section of the road among the chief objects of interest are the famous Humboldt Wells, lying around a station called Wells, the elevation of which is 5,650 feet. The wells, about twenty in number, are distributed over a valley five miles by three in extent, in which the wayworn emigrants were wont to stop and recruit themselves and their beasts of burden after their fatiguing journeys. They are natural springs, yet coming from so great a depth and measuring so far across, we conclude that wells is the more appropriate name for them. They have been sounded to a great depth, yet no bottom has been found; so at least the people here report. As the water is slightly brackish it seems probable that this valley was once the crater of a volcano, and these are the numerous openings.

Looking up to the snow-capped summits of the high sierras on the west, we see the edge of the Great Basin, and the boundary between two very different climates. The range is higher than the Rocky Mountains, and full of interest to



SNOW COVERING.

the traveller. We take counsel in regard to sleeping accommodations at one of the stations on the Nevada side, for we wish to cross and descend upon the California side by daylight, that none of the sublime scenery be lost.

At the hotel where we stayed a Californian brought in a horned toad, a curiosity of which we had heard enough to awaken a desire to see and possess one. He would not part with the scaly little monster, but said that we should find plenty of them if we intended to travel much in California. They will bear transportation as well as any other living thing.

The engineering difficulties were the greatest at the western end of the road; the difficulties on the east were mostly from the Indians. The contrast between the Chinese and the Indians is magnified in the fact, that while the former hastened on the great work the latter retarded it. Did the Indian race come over to this continent from China? The difference in the races seems too great for the supposition. The Indian is lank, sinister, poverty-stricken and thriftless; the Chinaman is cheerful, well-behaved, industrious and money-saving. Our chief charge against John is that he does not



AMERICAN RIVER.

bring his wife and daughters with him from the flowery kingdom; his greatest offence in the eyes of thousands of California and Nevada miners and traders is he never drinks the intoxicating liquors whose sale enrich so many. A great crime indeed!

The locomotive labors up the Sierras, and brings us into a colder atmosphere, and amid new scenes. Welcome the pines, and furs and oaks! Here are vines and flowers as well as evergreens. And here are snow sheds again, very useful structures, but they hide the view. Fifty feet of snow in the winter, with the certainty of a perilous detention of trains, called for the snow shed. One of these rows of sheds is said to be forty-five miles in length. These structures are strongly built; the main posts being from ten to fifteen inches in diameter, and ten feet asunder. Their roofs slope from their ridges, in many cases, to the granite foundations, in which they are securely bolted. Inclining with the mountain side, they shed the snows beyond the deep cuts of the road. The cost is \$10,000 per mile.

We are now at Summit Hill, and the scenery differs greatly what from seemed yes-

terday to await us, when we looked up and saw a lofty peak standing forth proudly and gracefully as the bride of the sun, wearing her snow veil. The grand scenery of the American River is before us, the *Rio de los Americanos*, the mention of whose name was so musical to the ears of Fremont and his company, who had worked their wintry way over the heights, and found among the Indians one who could speak in Spanish, and tell them where they were. To us this heavy timber and these great black rocks, alternating with rich fields and beautiful lakes,

is a happy release after so many weary days amid dry sands and arid, acrid wastes. We may well believe that the joy of Fremont and Kit Carson was intense, when near the Sacramento river they hurried on to escape from the region of perpetual snow to the region of perpetual spring, and embraced the green grass six inches long, and tried in vain to embrace the noble pines, ten feet in diameter.

But ere we reach the Sacramento, towards which, in 105 miles the track falls 7,000 feet, the American River claims our attention.

In summer, as in our engraving, but little snow lingers about these snow sheds; in winter, however, they are covered over, and the passage is like a succession of close tunnels.

Well is it that giant pines grow in these regions, or it would have been difficult indeed thus securely to house the track. But a serious drawback is in the fact that these snow sheds shut out the prospect. We see but little of Donner Lake and the scenery around it, and must take the glowing descriptions on trust.

The snow sheds are no more, and now some of the grandest scenery in the world



CAPE HORN.

we may behold without hindrance. We are about to move, like the eagle, along the steep face of a nearly perpendicular mountain of rock, wondering all the while how the beginning of a road could ever be made in such a locality. How was it done? We suppose a workman was lowered from some tree on the precipice, with pick in hand, to cut for himself a shelf, on which he might stand and work, not daring, however, to look down from his dizzy height. And so the road was made with a chasm two or three thousand feet below. The valley beneath is that of the American River, from whose banks miners' paths diverge in various directions up the mountain slopes. The trains usually stop here five minutes, to enable travelers to view the scenes,

to describe which language is utterly inadequate.

What a world is this of ours, and what a Name is His who made it! With what new glories does the mind crown Him, in the devout contemplation of these His works! "The strength of the hills is His," and the heart, full of mingled awe and delight, instinctively longs for tens of thousands of beholders to stand on these cliffs and unite in the silent praise of the Creator. Here, as at Niagara, we have a sublime illustration of Force; but the true heart, no matter to how scientific a

head it be allied, can never accord to Nature's self the origin of forces. God, our God, who still works in nature and providence, who answers prayer, and pardons sin and gives forethoughts of



AMERICAN RIVER, Cape Horn.

Other worlds—He is the source of these forces, for nature cannot originate its own impulses, or think the thoughts that he who runs reads everywhere in the world's mechanism. To Him be all the glory and all the worship of the beholder in this transport!

The five minutes' delay is much too short for viewing the scene. Suddenly you become aware that this is the lightning train that is darting along the side and near the top of the precipice. Your

to penetrate the beauties of their concealment. Pines, balsams, and other evergreens clothe the slopes and the bluffs, until in the vast distance the green becomes blue with a soft haze that reminds us that in this world nothing is absolutely transparent, and that even this clear, balmy air is not colorless, but in reality wears the azure of heaven.

Towards the Sacramento Valley we come upon the great Hydraulic Mining District, where the wierd-like hills show in

their shapes the strange action of the rains and winter torrents. The thing to be done is to dissolve the tough clayey soil in which is supposed to lie the golden grains, and for this purpose gigantic hose is contrived, through which the water, supplied by reservoirs on the hill top, forcibly rushes. Escaping from these it disintegrates by its force the gold-bearing earthy clods.

The farms of the Sacramento Valley have the appearance of beauty and fertility. Here grows the grain that Europe most delights in, for the golden wheat that is most prized beyond the seas passes through the



GIANT'S GAP, American River.

neighbor tells you that here is the finest engineering in the world; you do not doubt it, but mentally you add the hope that it is the safest. Descending, we wind around declivities, and leap across chasms on trestle-work a hundred feet high.

Another view, suited to be a companion picture to the last, is Giant's Gap. Wooded slopes and parti-colored precipices seem, giant like, to have combined to sweep together from points as far off as possible, and to make a valley, or rather an assemblage of valleys, that should strike the eye in one picture unsurpassed in this lower world. Many valleys opening into this merely show their heads, leaving to the imagination

golden gate.

Mining operations have left their traces on every hand, and it is to be regretted that the fair face of nature has been to so great an extent furrowed and scarred by gold seekers. The riches of California are not so much in the golden grains that remain, as in the earth that the miner washes away. We call it dirt; but we read, "as for the earth, out of it cometh bread," and "the king himself is served by the field." The mind of man, that can contemplate a beautiful landscape, is immortal, and, therefore, of priceless value; and its nutritive element, wisdom, "is more precious than jewels of fine gold." The sons and

daughters of a state will be her brightest jewels.

The pines, as we descend, give place to the oaks and the buckeyes; the latter in California being a bush with numerous stems, bearing a pear-shaped fruit. Another tree is the manzanilla, with dark green shining leaves and glistening stems. Oak openings, like those of Wisconsin and Iowa, come next, the oaks being different in their species from those known to us in the east.

The next station is Sacramento City, where, for the present, our experience of the great western wonder of the age, the Pacific Railroad, comes to an end. We leave it, impressed with a sense of the grandeur of the works of God; for admire as we may the skill and power of our brother-man, as displayed in en-



HYDRAULIC MINING, Gold Run.

gineering and architectural trophies, we can but see that with every advance of human endeavor, the works of the Divine hand open anew before us, awakening higher aspirations by their beauty and design.

MISSIONS, FROM CHRIST TILL NOW.

BY REV. TRYON EDWARDS, D. D.

IN view of the missionary work which the Church, in her various departments, is carrying on in every part of the world, we are perhaps too ready to assume that the present is peculiarly and preëminently the missionary age, and to rejoice in the thought that more is now doing to extend the gospel than at any previous period in the history of Christianity.

But while we ought not to underrate or undervalue the missionary enterprises of modern times, we shall do injustice alike to the realities of history, to the tendency of true piety, and to the actual zeal of the Church from its very begin-

ning, if we overlook the fact that, with perhaps the exception of the dark ages, we may trace the missionary spirit and work in every age, finding it always active, not to say as active in proportion to the extent and resources of the Church, as it is at the present day.

Going back to the memorable prayer of Christ, which he uttered just before his betrayal and crucifixion, we find him saying of his disciples (John xvii. 18), "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." Or, as the more definite and impressive translation would be, "As

thou hast sent me to be a missionary on earth, so have I sent them—my disciples—*every one to be a missionary on earth.*” Every one of my followers do I send to be a missionary of my gospel to his fellow-men. Receiving me, they are to do all they can to lead others to receive me. Believing my truth, they are to spread that truth to all about them. Resting their hopes on the foundation that I have laid, they are to do all in their power that the hopes of the world may rest upon it, and that everywhere the gospel may be believed, and myself, its author, be everywhere acknowledged and worshipped.

Such is the plain meaning of the Saviour's declaration; and so his early followers clearly understood it. They regarded the “missionary spirit,” as the Christian spirit; and the gospel system, as a missionary system, designed through its individual professors, and by its collective power, to be extended to the ends of the earth. Every disciple, as he entered on the way of life, like Moses to Hobab, was to say to others, “come with us, and we will do thee good;” like Andrew, when he himself had found Jesus, to go and find his brother, and bring him to the Saviour; like the one dispossessed of the devil by Christ, to act on the injunction, “go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and had compassion upon thee.” As a light, every Christian was so to shine before men, that they might see his good works, and glorify his Father in heaven. As salt, the collective power of the Church was to diffuse itself, to purify, and savor, and preserve. As leaven, the truth was to spread, and transform, and assimilate, till the wide world should feel its power.

Such being the principles and teaching of Christ, and such the spirit impressed and the duty enjoined on his followers, the first century, as might well be expected, was the great missionary age of the Church. Then, the apostles were commissioned and sent forth, and went to every part of the then known world. Then, every disciple was a missionary, a proclaimer, a preacher; by his life and

speech, everywhere making known Christ and him crucified. Then, private Christians, when dispersed by persecution, “went everywhere preaching the word,” so that on every side multitudes were converted from heathenism to Christianity, and “their line went out to all the earth, and their words to the ends of the world.” The first century was preëminently the missionary age of the Church.

Passing rapidly on to the succeeding ages, we find that not a few of the Fathers of the Church were what we are accustomed to call missionaries. In the second century, for example, Irenæus went, as a Christian missionary, through the length and breadth of Gaul. In the third, Origen passed, in the same manner, throughout Arabia. In the fourth, Frumentius preached the gospel from Tyre to Abyssinia, gathering multitudes of converts to Christ. In the fifth, Patrick, commonly known as St. Patrick, a native of Scotland, went on his well-known mission to Ireland, and there gathered between three and four hundred churches, over which, it is said, he ordained an equal number of bishops; and though he is now claimed, and has been *sainted* by the Romanists, yet the record both of his doctrines, and of the form of government in the churches he organized, shows that he was substantially Presbyterian in his views of both.*

In the sixth century, the Culdee system, now known to have been a great missionary system or institute, began in Iona, and gradually extended through a large part of Scotland and Ireland, filling those countries, and especially the former, with places of worship; sending out the gospel to the Orkney Islands, to Iceland,

* The name of Patrick was “Saccathus,” till it was changed by Pope Celestine I. Some say that he was a native of Cornwall; others, that he was born in Brittany; but the more common tradition is, that he was a native of Kirkpatrick on the Clyde. His works were gathered and published, with remarks, by Sir James Ware, in 1658. Nennius tells us, that his missionary work continued over forty years, and was crowned with very great success. He died, at an advanced age, about the year A. D. 493.

and Switzerland; casting its light into the very heart of Europe, and pouring its missionaries into the old lands of the Saxon and the Gaul. In this century, too, Augustine went through Britain in his faithful labors as a missionary of the gospel; and the *seventh* is remarkable for the wonderful and successful preaching of the Nestorian missionaries in England, Ireland, Denmark, Cambria, Friesland, Bavaria, and China. The *eighth* century, again, was emphatically an age of missions: in it, Boniface and Villehad, and their faithful associates, went through Bavaria, Thuringia, Friesland, Hesse, and Saxony, and everywhere gathered in great numbers to the Church of Christ. And in the *ninth* century, the missions in Denmark, Sweden, Cambria, and in various parts of Northern Europe, were carried on with vigor, and attended with abundant success.

From the *tenth* to the *sixteenth* centuries, inclusive, we find but few traces of the missionary work. In general, we know that from the mountain valleys of the Waldenses the pure doctrines of Christianity flowed out, in multiplied rivulets, over all Europe; that Provence, Languedoc, Flanders and Germany, one after the other tasted of the refreshing waters, until in the course of ages they swelled to a flood that swept to distant lands. But with the exception of the evangelical influence of this chosen people of God, both at home and abroad, we have few accounts of anything like missionary effort, unless it be in the labors of the Jesuits in South America, Portugal, India, and China; and a large part of these were of questionable utility, though some of their missionaries, like Xavier, did, undoubtedly, make known the true gospel. But in the *seventeenth* century, the Dutch carried on their well-known missions in Java, Sumatra, and Ceylon; and in the same century, the missionary efforts of the Pilgrims and Puritans, whose settlements were Christian and evangelizing colonies—their missionary labors among the Indians were equal, both in extent and success, taking population and resources into view, to any thing known in the history of mis-

sions, from the close of apostolic labors to the present day. To be satisfied of this, we need only advert to the laws passed by Plymouth colony to provide for the preaching of the gospel to the natives; to the labors of the Mayhews and Elliott; to those of Treat, and Tupper, and Cotton in Plymouth, and of Thatcher and Rawson in Massachusetts, and of Fitch and Pierson in Connecticut, all of whom were eminently successful; or again, to the fourteen towns of praying Indians, with their twenty-four congregations, and as many native preachers; and a little later, to the thirty towns of praying Indians, with about three thousand counted as converts, in an entire population of less than forty-five hundred! Similar labors, with kindred results, were carried on in Connecticut and Rhode Island, among the Stockbridge Indians, as also among the Creeks in Georgia, by the Moravians, and among the Indians of Canada, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey.

In this century—in 1649—the Society for Propagating the Gospel in New England was organized; and in 1698, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which is so well known for its labors in various parts of the world, and especially for the aid it rendered to Swartz and his associates in Southern India.

Without dwelling on the names of Baxter, and Boyle, and Burnet, and their associates, who were so active and zealous in the cause of missions, we pass on to the *eighteenth* century. And here we find the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, established in 1701. In 1705, the Danes commenced their missions in Southern India; and in 1708, in Greenland. In 1709, the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge was organized; and in a few years we find its missionaries in the North American colonies, in the East and West Indies, and in Europe, while it sustained four colleges, and a large number of schools for religious instruction and training. In 1732, the Moravians began their missions to the slaves in the West Indies—some of them, we are told, selling themselves into bondage, that they

might thus have access to those to whom they went to make known the gospel; and in the following year, we find them sending their missionaries to Greenland, then to North and South America, and then, successively, to Labrador, Jamaica, Antigua, Barbadoes, Tobago, and St. Kitts, until in the present century they are said to be holding some sixty missionary stations, sustaining over two hundred missionaries, beside native helpers, and counting up over fifty thousand converts.

In 1786, the Wesleyan Missionary Society was established, which speedily had its missionaries in the four quarters of the globe; and in 1830, had one hundred and fifty stations, nearly two hundred missionaries, forty-one thousand church members, and some twenty-six thousand pupils in its schools. In 1789, the English Baptist mission was commenced, its labors being chiefly directed to the East and West Indies, and numbering in 1830, fifty-five stations, some thirty missionaries, and over twelve thousand church members. In 1793 began the well-known Baptist Serampore mission, which, in 1830, had some fifty missionaries in the field; and in 1795, the London Missionary Society, which was engaged chiefly in the East and West Indies, South Africa, and the South Sea Islands, and which, in 1830, had ninety-one stations, two hundred and sixty missionaries and assistants, six thousand church members, and twenty-five thousand children in its schools. In 1796 the Scotch Missionary Society was formed, having its missions in Scotland, North and South Wales, and Western Asia; and in the same year, the European Continental Society; and soon after, the Church Missionary Society, sending its laborers to Northern and Southern India, North America, the West Indies, and Western Africa, and having, in 1830, fifty-six stations, six hundred missionaries and assistants, four hundred schools, sixteen thousand scholars, and five thousand church members.

Such is but a glance at the state and progress of the missionary work from the time of Christ up to the beginning of the present century. And it is enough

to show, that in every age, except, as already said, "the Dark Ages," the Church has been active in the work of missions, doing, possibly, in proportion to her power and resources, and the facilities for communication, as much, in past centuries, as we are doing in this. And the glance we have taken, may show us, that it is no new work in which we are engaged in sending the gospel to the heathen; that we are but acting in the spirit which has ever animated the faithful followers of Christ—treading in the path which, in every age, the Church has trod, the path pointed out by her great Redeemer and Head.

And now, at the present day, we see the Bible translated into almost every known language, and the missions of the various evangelical denominations so extended and distributed, that a general outpouring of God's Spirit would shake the world! Among the Indian tribes of our continent there are, probably, some three hundred pastors, evangelists and teachers. Through the vast territories of the old Hudson Bay Company, everywhere may be found the Wesleyan itinerants and preachers. On the Labrador coast is the Moravian missionary, and as far north as Cape Farewell one may find their missions, stretching to the very solitudes of the Arctic regions. In the West Indies, under a tropical sun—on the Isthmus of Panama, in the mammoth empire of Brazil, and in various other parts of South America, the gospel is faithfully preached. And going west to the island world of the Pacific, the Christian missionary is found on almost every spot that is open to commerce; while in New Zealand and Australia, and amid the thronging millions of China and Siam, and the Malayan Archipelago, the messengers of the Cross are faithfully at their work. Entering the Bay of Bengal, on the east is the empire of Burmah, thickly planted with missions along the course of the Irawaddy; while on the west, in Hindostan, are some four hundred missionaries, representing almost every Protestant nation and evangelical communion on earth—including an entire synod of the Presbyterian

Church—and their labors are extended from the sultry coast of Malabar to the valley of Cashmere, and the glaciers of the Himalayas. And even in Africa, a land of darkness and of the shadow of death, a light beams out from its eastern, and so on its southern coast; while on the west, a belt of the same blessed light stretches through Corisco, Liberia, and Sierra Leone. And finally, as we pass on to the Mediterranean, as far as the regions of apostolic labors, we find a line of missionary posts, from Athens and Constantinople on the west, through Smyrna, Broosa, Trebizond and Erzerum, to the plains of Oroomiah on the east; while the downfall of the Papal power has opened all Europe, even Italy and Spain, and Rome itself, to the preaching of the gospel by Protestants.

Here, then, is the outline map of the heathen world, dotted in every age of the Church with her missionary stations; few, indeed, compared with what they ought to be, but enough to be mighty in the hands of God for the overthrow of idolatry and sin. And now with the Bible everywhere translated, with churches, and schools with native helpers, and all the forces of modern civilization ready at our hands, what is needed but the outpouring of the Holy Spirit to shake the nations to the very ends of the earth? Our hope is in God; our expectation is from him; and to him should the prayers of the Church incessantly arise, that he would come and breathe upon the dry bones of our lost and guilty race, that they may live, and stand up, an exceeding great army, to the praise and glory of His grace.

Without dwelling on the progress of missions since the commencement of the present century, as that is comparatively familiar to intelligent readers, it may be well to notice briefly, in closing this article, some things that are highly encouraging in the aspect of modern missions. And,

1. *It is more and more becoming the feeling of the Church in general, that the spirit of missions is the very spirit of Christianity.*—This has always been the conviction of thoughtful minds. But

now it is more and more extending to the masses—to the great body of the Church. And it needs no argument to show, that just in proportion as it does extend, the work of missions must prosper and advance. And as a result of this,

2. *Missionary effort, in some of its varied forms, is more and more extending from the few to the many.*—The time has been when not only the missionary spirit, but missionary effort was confined to comparatively few. Now, missionary intelligence is extended, and prayer for missions offered by multitudes, and contributions to sustain missions are made by thousands and tens of thousands, who once would never have felt the obligation or thought of the privilege of giving to send the gospel to the destitute. And though these gifts are far smaller, and come from far fewer than could be wished, yet the spirit that prompts them is but the dawn of a brighter day—a day when all shall not only pray “thy kingdom come,” but shall freely give of their substance to hasten the day of its coming. Another encouraging feature in the aspect of modern missions is

3. *That all the results thus far attained, are but the germs of future growth and advancement.*—Plant the seed, and the fact that it is safely covered in the earth, is something; but the fact that it is where of necessity it will germinate, is far more. Place the leaven in the meal, and you have done an important work; but this is as nothing to the fact that that leaven will, from its very nature, spread and transform. Contemplated as a final result, all that has been done in the work of missions is, indeed, important. But its real and full importance is not seen till we look upon it all as the seed sown that will grow, and as the leaven that will work for the future. Every school established not only acts on its present pupils, but through them on future families; the influence spreading, like circles on the water, wider and wider, to distant generations. Every truth lodged in a heathen heart or community, is not only so much done to enlighten and save the individual, but so

much done to undermine the foundation of a false system, and make the convert himself a missionary to others. The law and progress of physical disease is reversed in the case of moral maladies and their cure. *Poison* a single individual with the virus of an infectious or contagious disease, and you make sure of its spreading far and wide; while if you *heal* a single individual, the healing process is confined to himself, and does not, like the disease, infect another with health. But inoculate a single individual with Divine truth, and its blessed influence will spread wider and wider, till families, communities, and even nations shall feel it. In the missionary work it is preëminently the fact, that every truth thus far proclaimed, every advance thus far made, is as the grain of mustard seed, yet to grow to a wide-spread tree; or as the leaven, which will extend its power till all about it is leavened. Another most encouraging feature as to modern missions is

4. *That in so many cases, whole tribes and communities are coming forward, of their own accord, and asking for the gospel.*—When physical disease is raging it is the instinct of nature to *seek* the physician. But it is part of the nature of the disease of sin, that it renders its victim unconscious of its malady and its danger, and heedless as to its cure, not to say in love with the plague that is raging within him. It is, then, a most encouraging feature as to the work of missions, that God, in his providence, is so moving on the nations that, in many cases, they are asking for the gospel; entreating that missionaries may be sent to them; that the very harvest is pleading that it may be gathered into the garner of heaven. And, in the last place, it is a most encouraging feature in the work of missions,

5. *That the facilities for intercommunication between various parts of the*

world, are so greatly multiplied.—It is part of the prediction as to the days of millennial glory, that “many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased;” or, as some would render the passage, that “many shall run to and fro, so that, as a consequence, knowledge—divine knowledge—shall be increased.” Such ease of communication brings the heathen comparatively near to us, and makes it easy for missionaries to go to them. It breaks down the barrier of their prejudices, and makes colonization itself the handmaid of missions, bringing the Chinese, for example, by thousands in contact with our people, and pouring the tide of emigration from Ireland and Germany to our shores, so that multitudes whom we could never reach in their own lands, are brought as the objects of missionary labor to our very doors. This, while it is comparatively a new, is a most important and encouraging feature in the missionary work.

In a word, it is sufficient to say, that every aspect of God’s providence does but fall in with the predictions of his word, that the gospel shall extend more and more till its power shall be felt to the ends of the earth. The snow-flakes that fall upon the distant mountain top find their way, by a fixed law of nature, to the distant ocean; and the seed that is buried in the earth, in the stillness of its repose, does but gather strength to germinate and increase, thirty, sixty, or an hundred fold. But by a law surer than that which gives vitality and growth to the buried seed, or which guides the waters of millions of melted snow-flakes to the ocean, the Word of God “shall not return unto him void.” “It shall accomplish that which he please, and shall prosper in the thing whereto he sent it.” The nations shall be given to Christ for his inheritance. The wide earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the seas.

NEAR THE CLOUDS.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

HIGHER up than the mists of Autumn climb, on the oaken crown of the
world I stand;

Below, the spires of the village gleam, and the corn-rows chequer the dreaming land;
There bend the woods to the winds of Summer, and yonder the meadows are
stretching green

With groves of hickory, ruddy orchards, far cleft by the river that slides between—
There hiding among the silver willows, and there into light leaping out again,
A picture of life as it passeth here, now bathed in heaven, now drowned in pain.
No murmur of multitudes, rattle of wheels or clash of warring interests here;
No temple cushioned or organ rolling, but God and Nature are standing near;
And soft are the kisses on lip and brow of this pearly nectarean atmosphere.

Organs are sobbing and words are flashing afar in the thick and noisy city,
Alive with the pain of the bleeding Christ, and great with the mountain of God's
dear pity;

But grander the organ that here is rolling, and richer the anthems around me
flowing

From winds that are born of the warm southwest and the cool clear heaven above
me glowing.

I walk with my friends, the ferns and lichens, and rocks that are pressing their ears
to listen

At the pulse of their mighty Mother, the Earth, whose tresses voluptuous stream
and glisten

With lilies and dew and humming-birds, pouring a ruddier wine for the soul than all
The words that flash or the hymns that throb on the waves of the lordliest marble
hall.

The grosbeak shines on his rocking throne of glimmering maples and columned
ashes,

Up the dark of the pines the partridge whirs, and the fiery plume of the tanager
flashes.

Here, wound in the music of winds Eolian, richer am I than he who tills
That vale which shines like a molten emerald poured at the redolent feet of the hills;
A narrow brain and a barren heart and fever incurable with him dwell,
And the throne slides down to an idiot's stare, and gold is gilding the road to hell;
And through this earthly and hazy vail, woven of branches and wings and gleams
And waves and shadows and trailing clouds, a far and mystical vision beams;
A smile—a glimpse of the City Immortal, whose streets are wrought of the beaten
gold,

The land ever green but not with graves; of youth undying and peace untold.
But Thought is sad, and a shadow descends, in spite of the kisses of beam and gale,
For, what is that something I call myself? Is any thing lurking behind the vail?
Have we weighed it all? What mystery waits in the ambush of skies and waves
and roses?

What is thought and pain; love, death and life, and the broad still heaven that
over us closes?

talk the men, how smile the women, how long and green may the summers be,
shine the valleys, how trail the rivers and clouds in the life that we shall see?

IN CONSEQUENCE OF TOO MUCH LUGGAGE.

BY MARGARET FIELD.

I HAD been down to the city shopping. To what city and from what place we went down, is more than I mean to tell, only we go down to the city by boat. We four girls were quite dilapidated in the way of clothes, and I had spent all the day and all my funds in the bundles, which filled every hand I had, as I made my way to the afternoon boat. I had a letter to mail the last thing, all stamped, directed, monogrammed and perfumed in D——'s most elaborate style, and on his most exquisite paper, and all I had to do was to drop it in a lamp post box.

All I had to do! It sounds easy enough, but there were the bundles—big bundles, little bundles, brown bundles and white thick bundles, thin bundles; bundles heavy and light; they were as bad as the rats of Hamilitown in Brunswick. I tried to shift them all into one little cold hand, until I could lift the bobbin and let my letter walk in. In vain! There's a limit to kids, (dog's skin most likely,) especially if they are 6's, and a lovely shade of violet, as mine were; so they refused to be *violated* by holding a load for 9's in buckskin. Then I strove to arrange the lot along my arm for an instant, but they slipped off ignominiously. I was in despair. I tried to open the drop, bundles and all—in vain!

Two gentlemen standing at an office near, watched my perplexity in amused silence. Excited, I turned upon them saying, "Do please help me!" One of them sprang forward; "put that thing in," he said, and I stuck out my letter in the midst of the bundles. With a quizzical smile he dropped it in. As it disappeared I said with a sigh, "Thanks; the effects of too much luggage."

"Which are the effects?" he asked.

"What you have witnessed, sir. Items: loss of temper, and attacks upon strange gentlemen. Thank you very much;" and I walked off, dropping a bundle, of course!

"Poor little woman!" and he picked it up as he spoke; "you are in a bad fix. You were never meant for a soldier; you don't know how to marshal your forces and dispose your troops to the best advantage;" and he took a number of packages out of my hands, saying to his friend as he did so:

"Good by, Tom. I am going to help this little lady home."

"No, you are not, sir," I said quickly, "this woman can take care of herself;" and I held out my hand for my property.

"That's just what she has demonstrated by actual trial she cannot do. What a thankless child! Just out of a peck of trouble, and pretending never to have been in any."

By this time I was desperately angry, and frightened at the scrape into which I had fallen, and stood with a frown, holding out my hand for my bundles; while Tom looked on laughing, and he talked with that amused smile still upon his face, a grin, it seemed to me.

"I'll call a policeman and have you arrested for highway robbery," said I, as soon as he gave me a chance to speak. Then, pathetically, "please don't make me regret taking you for a gentleman," though truth to tell, I did not know whether he was black or white, gentle or simple, when I spoke to him, only that he was an available somebody with hands, a handy person to have about in a dilemma. But now I saw he was a gentleman with a good, trustful, handsome face, in spite of its present saucy smile. When I had made my little

speech the smile I so much objected to faded out, and he was grave at once.

"Pardon me; I did not mean to be rude or persistent. I really was anxious to help you. It's a little hard one can't do even the slightest thing without having evil imputed," and he handed me my bundles.

"I do not impute evil to you in any way; indeed I do not, in spite of your being a man," I began hurriedly, in great distress, "only right is right, and though you might be a serviceable article, just now *à la portier*, you would not like a porter's fare, even if my poor little school-teaching purse could afford one. And wrong is wrong, too; so a quarter hour's talk (it had not been five minutes) with strange gentlemen, (lugging in 'Tom,' who, poor soul, was as innocent as a lamb of saying a word,) is frightfully improper. All the same, I'm truly obliged to you, sir," and I left them.

He was so exceedingly nice, I could not help wishing it had been right to let him come with me. It is a shame one can never be honest, I thought, as I trudged to the boat. But getting through the carts at the wharf, that wanted to run over me; getting to the ticket-office for my ticket through a crowd that would have murdered me by squeezing if they could; getting fitted, with my bundles safely lodged beside me, into a comfortable seat on the boat, took up my mind to the exclusion of every thing of the merely human sort.

Then the chamber-maid came up with another monster of a package, which I had sent to her care, and stood talking to me a moment, years of travel on her boat, and divers services from her having made her an old friend. Then the boat being off, I began to review my fellow-passengers, and see who from "our town" was on board, when to my dismay, a little distance from me,

"—— stood he
Just like Venus out of the sea,"

yes, actually in his own proper six-feet, broad-shouldered Saxon impertinence, stood my bundle-rescuer. I saw him, that's all and glued my eyes to a stupid German

Reader I held in my hands. Just as I was tingling all over, some one took the seat beside me, and the Rev. Mr. Blaine, the shepherd of the fold in which I had been for years a lamb, commenced to talk to me, but in the middle of his first remark he sprang up, saying warmly:

"Why, Arthur Norman, I declare," and he began to shake vigorously the hand of my "follower."

When they had said a half dozen things about mutual friends and old college times, my reverend friend asked:

"Are you going up to our place, or only to some of the way-stations? for I want to have lots of talk with you."

"No, indeed, I'm going all the way. 'I've some business with some one named Layton, which takes me up unexpectedly,' and he looked down at me with a laugh in his eyes.

"Hateful thing," thought I, "that's what you were talking to old Judy for; pumping chamber-maids indeed, about my name!"

"Then you'll stay all night with me, and see my wife and other responsibilities. But," and Mr. Blaine looked suddenly at me, "you are going to the Layton's? Why this lady is a member of the only family of that name in the town. 'Miss Layton, will you permit me to introduce an old college friend, Mr. Norman?'"

"Ah," said that cool gentleman, bowing profoundly, "I thought I recognized Miss Layton. I have had the pleasure of meeting her before, and enjoying her conversation."

"Indeed! where could I have ever met you, sir?" said I, stonily.

"I could not hope to impress you with my dulness, Miss Layton, as your brightness did me."

"Her sharpness you mean, Arthur. She's the sauciest child! We—I mean her sister Edith and myself—find it hard to manage that unruly member of hers," said my shepherd.

"Now, Mr. Blaine, you need not malign the lambs of your flock to travellers—or wolves—besides, I am very respectful."

"You called me a false beacon to

y face, you vixen, yesterday, because I —"

"Well, were you not?" I interrupted.

"The truth must not be spoken at all times," laughed he.

"And you a clergyman, my own expected trainer!" said I, pathetically.

"She talks as if you were getting her ready for the ring," said Mr. Norman.

"I hope to place a ring upon the hand of 'this fairest little lady in the land,'" said the reverend gentleman, gallantly.

"But what will Mrs. Blaine say?" said I, demurely.

They both laughed, and Mr. Blaine said:

"O, some other man shall thee endow, and ring thee into the charmed circle of matrimony."

"Which is a pretty way of saying some other man shall be invested by you with the power to 'wring my heart,' if it be made of penetrable stuff," said I, grimly.

"Bunnie, Bunnie, that's too bad!"

"Have you chosen the ring-man, Mr. Blaine?" said his friend.

"O no, Bunnie shall have that privilege; then, if he wrings her heart, or her neck, instead of only her middle finger, he can't blame me. But sit down, Arthur, there's room the other side of Miss Layton; isn't there, Bunnie?"

"No," said I, decidedly; "it's full of my packages."

"O, I know all about taking care of these things," said this dreadful man, as he proceeded to lift them up, and arrange himself beside me, with no end of bundles on his knees. "We're old friends."

"What! you and Miss Layton, or the bundles?" asked Mr. Blaine.

"O, the bundles, of course; Miss Layton declines remembering me, you know."

"I did not know you had taken to my goods. I thought you were conveying."

"Well, so I am, as a rule. I only act as a porter and letter carrier, by way of exceptions."

And with a quantity of such absurdities they amused each other, and did not hurt me, until we reached "our town."

After seeing my goods safely under the convoy of one of our home squadron for home transportation, we started up the street, and Mr. Blaine observed:

"After you've seen Miss Layton home, and finished your business, I'll expect to see you at my house."

"I shan't finish my business at Miss Layton's home to-night, or for some time, I imagine," said he, as he coolly tucked my hand under his arm and held it tight, as I attempted to withdraw it. "But I'll accept your invitation to trouble Mrs. Blaine, and make her acquaintance at the same time, instead of seeking a hotel, since you are so kind."

"Now, little lady," began my tormentor as the parson left us, "you see my motto is 'faint-heart never won fair-lady,' so I have now my acquaintance with you, spite of yourself."

"Much good may it do you; but why didn't you bring Tom as a witness of your triumphs?"

"Well, I had not time to arrange any matters before the boat started; it was as much as I was capable of to keep sight of you, get my ticket, and jump aboard ere she swung loose."

"Pity!" said I, sententiously.

"O, not at all. I am too well pleased to need pity, even yours." Then suddenly changing his gay tone, "Miss Layton, if I had come to you first as Mr. Blaine's friend, you would not have been so cross to me."

"Am I cross? I beg pardon. I won't be so any more. I am such an ill-tempered little wretch. But I do hate to be conquered. Though all the same, I don't know as there's any conquering about it. You were good and kind to me all the time, and knowing you is agreeable, now it's right to be acquainted."

"That's a good little woman," giving my arm a little squeeze; "lays down her weapons of rebellion, straight she feels there's no need of them for self-defense;" but into the midst of his speech came through the gloaming, like a sudden strong west wind, as we neared the gate of my home, our Harry, and ere I let her speak, I pause for an explanation. Her name is not "Harry," though,

being in fact Cecile, but papa had an odd fashion of giving his children pet names, which to him meant something distinctive; myself being really called Agatha, he dubbed Bunnie, because he used to say I cuddled like a shy rabbit, and the name clings to me always. Cecile, he said, was his heart-warmer, as indeed she is every body's. "Heartner," he used to call her, in quaint old Saxon phrase; after a while it got to be Hearty, and finally, as she grew, to be the boy of the house in every needful way, it developed into Harry, and Harry Layton is known through all our country-side as the bravest heart, the most daring spirit, ring-leader and commander-in-chief of every body and every thing; her own family, especially, whose very breath she is. Why, we all do what Harry says, as meekly as if she was our big brother, of whom we stood in awe.

Louisa Alcott's Joe, whom every body loves, is such a picture of our Harry, that every body in our neighborhood, when they read of her exclaimed, Harry Layton! Only among other things Harry is not a speck literary, her efforts that way beginning and ending with the household account book, and her four hours' teaching the art of drawing to divers unteachable fingers, belonging to a set of scholars who always have my warmest sympathy. She's so ruthless in her attacks on "the awkward squad," as she calls them, "whose wits she would dearly like to whittle to a point, as she does their pencils. Drawing, indeed! tooth-drawing, then," she declares.

And while I explain, she has rushed like a hurricane upon Mr. Norman and myself, walking quietly in the twilight.

"You wretched child! I was getting so frightened about you, I declare I think I'll never let you go to the city alone again; the boat always is late, and keeps me in a fume whenever you are aboard of her."

Harry is three years my junior, and that's the way she talks to me.

"Here's our reverend father! When I heard he was in the city to-day, I thought you would be safe coming home,"

and she peered at my companion with her near-sighted eyes.

"It is not Mr. Blaine, but a friend of his we met on the boat. My sister Cecile; Mr. Norman."

"Glad to see you, sir, all the same."

By this time we were walking up the garden to the house, and the light shone upon us from the open door. "Upon my word you seem to have been made very useful," and she relieved him of some of my packages. "Bunnie hasn't the least idea of wrapping things up; instead of one big, sensible bundle, she manages to have everything put up separately, and to have a host to marshal, without a bit of idea how to do it. Come in, please," and she led the way.

As he accepted the invitation he whispered to me, "Just my idea of your ability to take care of yourself, you know."

"Harry's abusing me, Edith," said I, springing past him into the lighted sitting-room, and into the arms of my "beauty sister."

"Then it must be a rebound from the excitement she's been working herself into, because the boat was late," and Edith came forward to receive the stranger.

But at sight of him she turned white, putting out her hands in a blind, dazed way.

Harry sprang to her, and putting her arm about her said fiercely, "You are a Norman. Whatever you have to say, say quickly. Or if you can spare my sister, I will answer you. Bunnie go away, dear; this is Edith's secret."

I started, dumb with surprise, for the door, but Edith said, "No, no," and drew herself from Harry's arms, while Mr. Norman, putting his hand on my arm detaining me, said:

"I have nothing to say. I came with no idea whither I was coming, or whom I should find, only because the face and pleasant voice of this merry little girl, drew me like a spell. Even the name told me nothing—stirred no sad memories in my heart—but I will go. I," and he turned sadly towards the door, "only, Miss Layton—the Bloom of the old days—believe me, no one of my name would

have ever sought your father's daughter unbidden."

Edith, white still, but calm, her glorious face and wonderful eyes gleaming, came towards him, and laying her hand on his arm said, softly:

"It is *Kismet*, Arty, we cannot help ourselves; we came together because we should not, perhaps. Bunnie's welcome, thrice welcome to her friend; my old sorrow shall never stand between my little girl and so safe a friend as Arthur Norman must be to any woman."

He raised her hand to his lips at her words, when, with a passionate gesture, she flung her arms over her head. "Can it be that another Norman has kissed my hand? Arthur! Arthur! forgive us the harm we did you and yours. Papa is in his grave. I love him so much, that though once he did me a cruel wrong, I cannot hear him blamed. He did not know Linton; see how glad I am to see you, when I can speak a name so precious, which I have not spoken for years. He could not tell what cause I had to trust Linton, noble and truthful; and when the report from across the sea of his being a bad, dishonest man came, the proof seemed to papa so indisputable that he would not listen to me. Then, when the refutation came, it was too late, for with it came the news of Linton's death in the dreadful Kafri war. I have worn mourning for him in my heart, Arthur, always, and am a widow, never having been a wife." Her smile was pitiful as death.

Thus standing in the presence of a stranger, Harry and I heard for the first time the secret of our "beauty sister," as we always called her, half in sport, but wholly in our loving pride of her rare loveliness. We had known there was something—indeed papa half confided the secret to Harry—for the change in Edith had been so remarkable, we younger ones had felt awed by it, when after a long illness she came among us. It was in the days of our affluence. Our mother had died suddenly, and her death had been such a shock to Edith, then in her sixteenth year, that papa had gladly sent her abroad with some friends. When

she returned after a two years' absence, all her brightness was renewed, yet tempered with a deeper sweetness than of old, which was an added charm, like the fairy gift of the veil of moss to the blushing rose. Then suddenly came a blight; strange, mysterious scenes took place in the house, which had the effect of ghost-walkings or haunted chambers upon us children, who felt a something in the air, we knew not what. Then followed Edith's illness, during which papa was deeply agonized.

I was the next eldest, and used to steal out to him from the darkened chamber where Edith lay, always in a deathly stupor, to find him with Harry clasped to his breast, stupefied with grief or with fear.

Edith slowly came back to life, but never to take her old place as the light and joy of the house; but if she had once been our sunshine, she was forever after the sweetest, clearest moonlight, radiating over our darkened, narrowed pathway. For then our dark day came, and the large, inherited estate of my father was swept away in a day, and we were literally homeless, except for the old house in which we now live; which, situated in a country village far away from our old city home, had been left to our youngest sister, Lita, by her aunt. Papa gave up every thing; we moved here, adding not a fragment to the faded furniture the house contained, glad to be so far out of sight of our old life.

After months of trial and earnest seeking, papa found a clerkship in the neighboring city. The salary, a mere pittance, with the aid of the garden fruits, kept the wolf from the door until, one by one, we girls could earn a mite to add to the general store. I had been the first to find occupation, not because I was most capable, or more eager to help, but the mere mention on Edith's part of going out to battle with the world, would cause such a sad look to steal over papa's face, and the words, "My poor child, not yet; my flower whom I have blighted, let me try a little longer," would fall from his lips in such a pleading prayer, that Edith, taking up her cross of inactivity when

she felt capable of so much, and so eager for work to distract her thoughts from her past, cheerfully took her place within the home shelter, and did her duty there.

"Well, girls, you will have to work all the harder for your 'beauty sister's' bread, for I'll be on your hands for support as long as we all do live. As papa thinks it due the family name the eldest scion should be kept at home like old china; why I'll be housekeeper, and with old Betsy's help, make your earnings go as far as possible, and keeping myself pretty for papa, educate Lita for her teaching days," was the way Edith settled the matter to papa's infinite relief.

We cut ourselves off from our old lives and friends; every body was good to us; so far as our experience went, no friend of our better days scorned or disdained us. Only it hurt papa to keep up the associations of old days, and our removal cut us off so completely from the once familiar scenes, that gradually even the occasional letter from or to some former friend ceased, and all communication with the old places and people ended.

About three years before the time of which I am writing, papa had died, after a short and severe illness, weighed down to the last by some desperate remorse for a wrong done to Edith, for in his death-hour he whispered to Harry:

"It has killed me at last; a life for a life. I wrecked your sister's happiness and the life of another in my arrogance. Ward every blow from her, my brave little Harry; stand to her in my place when you can; I leave my sin to you, to work out its expiation;" then he died.

Harry had told me this, and added simply, "You see how it is, Bunnie, we must manage so that it shall be impossible for Edith ever to go out into the work-a-day world. There's been some great wrong done her some way or another; we must expiate it, since she endures it. I shan't tell her what papa said, of course, but I'll care for her all the same as if I were a boy, instead of a girl."

And now we learned for the first time what that secret was, and at the same time of the utter uselessness of all this

woe, which had sapped the life of our dear father, and made our beauty but a faded flower; for Mr. Norman, starting forward at her words, his face white with emotion, began to say something; then stopped, looking hesitatingly at the frail form of Edith, and with the instinct which always made us all turn to Harry for help, said:

"May I tell her something, Miss Harry? dare I risk a great surprise?"

"Tell me first," she said, and bent her glossy head to his ear. Edith, wrapped in the emotion which her passionate appeal on behalf of papa's memory had aroused in her, seemed to see or hear nothing they said or did, but I caught her in my arms as she stood apart from them, and drawing her to the lounge began to kiss her brow, lips and hair, weeping passionately the while, so passionately that I roused the girl out of her own absorption to wonder over and comfort me; for I knew by some strange instinct what was coming as well as if he had whispered to me, instead of Harry. My "beauty sister's" lover was alive, she might perhaps even lay aside her widowed life and deck herself in bridehood; I felt it to my heart's core; it stirred the wildest emotion in me, that shook all composure out of me.

Then Harry came toward us, dragging Mr. Norman in her eager way with her, and leaning over Edith, kissed her, saying, "Now, Mr. Norman, do as I said." He paused an instant, then bending to her, said softly:

"Cousin Bloom, Linton sends you this, and this," and he kissed her hair twice, and laying something in her lap, went swiftly from the room. Harry said, under her breath, to me, "Come," and we closed the door upon Edith.

"From him?" I said to Mr. Norman, as we went in to the unlit parlor.

"Yes; may I call her Bunnie, Miss Harry? I'm to be one of the family now, you know."

"Of course you may, you foolish boy," said that very frank young woman. "Only, then, you'll have to call me Harry."

"Gladly, Harry;" then gravely to me, "Yes, Bunnie, the letter is from my

cousin. He is in India, and has been for years. It's strange your father or sister never heard of his rescue; it filled the papers at the time, and was quite a world-wide sensation."

"Tell us about it, please," said Harry, "we only know Edith had some great grief for which our father blamed himself, and which grieved him to death. Edith will want us to know it now, and if you tell it, it will spare her the pain of it."

But as she spoke, Edith sprang across the hall and in a wild excitement too deep for words, beckoned us back into the light. "Alive!" came from her parted lips; and again, a half-worded "Alive!"

Mr. Norman went to her and putting his arm around her said, quietly, "Yes, dear, alive. It has been a sad error. Since those happy days we all spent in Munich, none of us who love and honor Linton as the head of our family, and the bravest, tenderest soul that lives, have ever looked upon his face, yet he is alive. These ten years have played sad havoc with us; of all that happy group of Normans you knew in Munich, only Aunt Alice, Linton and I remain." He looked at her steadily as he spoke, lengthening out his talk as if to accustom her to the subject, before he came to the present time. "And though he writes to us often, Linton somehow cannot bear the sight of us—because—shall I tell you, dear, what he said when we two wanted to go out to India to him, since he would not come home to us? This was what he wrote: 'I could not bear it, your faces would be a living agony to me. I can bear the pain alone, but you are the link that connects me with my lost darling. The last time I saw her when she yet trusted and believed in me, and was my very own, I put her in Aunt Alice's arms. Don't come to me. I love you well, but I cannot bear my lot unless I am alone.' He has been for years in India, is very rich, and very wretched. Write to him, dear, you owe him reparation, now you know him to be alive; do not let the sun rise ere you send sunshine into his life. I

will come for your letter in the morning, my sweet, pretty cousin." He kissed her hair again as he said it, and started to go, but she clung to him.

"Why did I think him dead?" she whispered; "did papa deceive me?"

"No, we all thought so; he was left for dead, was taken by those wretches far inland; was a prisoner for a year. Our troops, the English, I mean, of course, took a noted chief captive, and Linton and some of his fellow-prisoners were exchanged for him. The papers were full of it at the time, but it was when you were ill, I suppose, and your father's whole attention was absorbed in his anxious watch at your bedside."

"Yes, yes, I was sick for months; I have never been the same since. O," and her hands were flung over her head, "God is good to me, and I have doubted Him all these years—ten years—ten weary years since I saw Linton's face. Kiss me, Arty, for a good-night blessing, and Harry will take me to my room. Bunnie's your prize," she added, with a faint smile. "You shall tell her all her sister's history;" then turning to me, "Agatha, dear, you were always my blessing, and now you have brought me my life's desire. Arthur Norman is strange to you now, but to me he is only less dear than that other one, who is so far away. Be a good girl to my cousin Arty, Bunnie," and she went out.

"Harry," said Arthur Norman, detaining her, "let her talk to you, and tell you all her story before she writes; it will be better for her, and better for him too, perhaps, when her letter reaches him."

When they were gone he told me all about it, beginning with the happy year they all passed in Munich, where he and his elder cousin were completing their collegiate studies, where they first met Edith—"whom for some reason which I cannot now account for, we always called Bloom, so that I had forgotten her name was Edith," he said.

"Her name is Edith Bloomfield, and before she went abroad we always called her Bloom, but afterwards papa bade us call her Edith, though it was very hard

to get into the way of it; and for years, when the name of Bloom slipped out, the look of pain upon her face would remind us of our error."

"Yes, that was because Linton loved the name so dearly. Well, they were engaged, subject to your father's consent. She came home in October with her friends. Our term came to an end the next May, then we were to come home, too.

"But alas! there was a nephew of your father's, who held strange power over him, and who loved your sister. He worked upon your father's mind, weakened perhaps, just then by the troubles which were beginning in his business. At all events they got up a story against Linton which your father believed, proving him a gambler, forger, and divorced man. How they were able ever to connect such crimes with such a man, is beyond my comprehension. But your father would listen to no explanations; the letters between my cousin and Edith were intercepted by his nephew, and in an agony of apprehension Linton came to this country long before the time designed, and on his arrival was met by the horrible accusation of having forged your father's name; was arrested, imprisoned, tried, and of course acquitted. But during all this time of trouble and anxiety he received no sign of any sort from Edith, though he wrote to her from his cell, and after he had gathered his friends about him and was released from durance, wrote again from his hotel the most touching appeals for her to have faith in him in spite of all this incomprehensible array of circumstances.

"After his acquittal he received a curt note of dismissal from her—which, of course she never wrote, but which literally crushed him; he had intended to prosecute those who had accused him, for your father had nothing to do with it, but strongly disapproved of the proceedings, which had been wholly conducted by his nephew. But in spite of everything we could not arouse him to any interest in the matter, or desire to revenge himself upon his enemies after Edith's letter came. Almost instantly

he left the country, and joined an expedition to Abyssinia. Since then we have never seen him.

"Soon after he joined the English army in the Kaffa country, there was a terrible battle, and he was reported killed. It was during this same year, while we yet believed in his death, that your father failed through the rascality of his nephew. Then, as you perhaps know, the man finding himself discovered as a forger, and as guilty of some more terrible crime, after writing a full confession, not only of his nefarious business transactions, but of his whole proceedings against Linton Norman, committed suicide. In this, he said that in the hope of winning Edith, he had concocted the vile story which had separated her from Linton—having forged the note upon his uncle for which my cousin had been tried; intercepted the letters between the lovers, as well as those refuting the slanders which were at once poured in upon your father by his friends, and finally, of having written the short, cruel letter, purporting to have come from Edith, which had broken Linton's heart; also one to her in return for a tender little note from her to her lover, which he had enclosed in his confession. All these in bitter remorse for his own part in the transaction your father forwarded to my father in Paris, closing his letter with the words, 'I am heavily punished for my weak credulity, for besides being robbed of all I possessed, I am waiting for the last breath of my poor girl, whom this has killed.'

"A month later we read of the death of Edith Bloomfield Layton, and thought, of course, it was your sister."

"It was the sister of Robert Layton, the nephew who defrauded papa, and as you tell me, wrought all this misery. Both girls were named for our grandmother. She died of grief at her brother's crimes, I have heard them say."

"Ah, that was it. It has, I suppose, been partly my fault that we have never discovered our error. I worshipped my cousin; in truth he is my type of nobleness and manly perfection, and I was bitterly angry at the blight that had fallen upon and separated him from us. If,

When I first came home, I had made inquiry, as I ought, of her last moments, I should have discovered that Bloom was not dead. As it was, I simply sent your father's package, with the printed announcement of the death to Linton; and since then, the sole mention of her name in any way from his pen, was at the time of which I told your sister, when my aunt and myself offered to go out to him, and he so positively denied us the privilege. Ah, little girl! he will be happy at last! You will see and love him. A fine figure, and no soldier ever showed a braver record, no gentleman a purer escutcheon, and no Christian a more spotless life."

Was it not a touching story, excelling in its romance and pathos my own little common-place love affair, which went on butterfly's wings to a happy consummation? But I'll say this much for myself, I did have to be wooed, and won like other damsels, spite of every body making up their minds from the first that if Arthur wanted me, all he had to do was to take me, and that I was to take him and be thankful. Falling into his mouth like a strawberry, I suppose! But I did not like it at all.

About two weeks from that night, when I had gone for a walk with Arthur to the river, he put his arm about me suddenly, saying:

"When is it to be, Bunnie?"

"When is what to be?" drawing myself away.

"The ringing process Mr. Blaine spoke of the first day I saw you, little one."

"Indeed I cannot tell, until I find a man of whom I think enough to grant the privilege."

"I hoped you had found him, Bunnie."

"You were never more mistaken, then, in your life," I said.

"What have you let me come all this time then, for?"

"All this time? Why I've only known you two weeks. Let you come! Why, you are Edith's friend; you came to see her, as you would have done if I had not been. I could not have helped it if I had wanted to, which of course I did

not. Indeed I've been thinking what a charming couple Leta and yourself would make; she's so like Edith, and she's just the age she was when you first knew her—sweet sixteen. Don't you think she's a darling?"

"She's very charming," he answered gravely.

"Well think about her then, I beg of you; the child's delighted with you now. I advise you to win her if you can."

"Thanks, I'll think of your advice."

"That's a wise man, and I'll be sure to tell you as soon as my own heart-ringer comes along. Let's go home, it's getting cool," and we walked back almost in silence. At the door he took both my hands, saying:

"Are you in earnest, Bunnie? don't you really care for me?"

"Care for you, of course I do; haven't I just promised you my little jewel of a sister?" and I broke away from him. It's nobody's affair if I did cry ready to break my heart half the night.

At dusk the next day, as I came in from my school duties, Edith called me.

"Bunnie, Arthur's here; he has been telling me what you said to him last night."

"How do you do, Mr. Norman, I hope you are well, though you're only seen in outlines at present. I don't remember saying any thing worth repeating last evening, 'beauty sister.'"

"O Bunnie, you've never carried a sore heart under that saucy tongue of yours."

"Indeed I never have, nor ever mean to."

"I hope you never may. But, dear, do you think we can dare to send another of these Normans out into the world with a blight upon him?" she said, sadly.

"Leta's the oddest thing to call a blight I ever imagined. Might as well call you a kangaroo, 'beauty sister.'"

"Nonsense. Arthur don't want Leta, as you know, and does want you."

"He shows awfully bad taste then, that's all, if he don't want her," said I, ignoring the last part of her remark. "But do let me take my wraps off

before you fall afoul of me, Edith. You talk as if I was some sugar-plum, ready to fall into the mouth of the first man who happened to open his before me; or some kind of over-ripe fruit you were afraid to keep on your hands."

"A crab-apple then, Bunnie. Well stay long enough at least to say good-by and God-speed to Arthur; he says he will not stay even long enough to see Linton home," and her voice took a tender softness, "since you do not want him, but will meet his cousin in India. You are hard on us, Agatha, very hard."

"Hard! what have I done?" I was trembling now.

"Refused the heart that loves you, and pulled down all my lovely castles in the air; for a double joy at Christmas-tide."

"Indeed, Edith, I have done nothing of the kind. Mr. Norman never did me the honor of asking me, therefore how could I refuse him, or end your plots?"

"Bunnie, Bunnie!" and the silent man in the corner sprang up. "I ask you now, then, with all my heart—will you be my wife? Will you stand beneath Edith's Christmas wreaths with me, and be my Christmas bride?"

"Yes, sir, thank you, I will"—and I sprang away—"since you ask so prettily, and it will please Edith."

He caught me as I flew up the stairs, and carried me bodily back in his great, strong arms to Edith, saying:

"You tantalizing witch!—I do believe I shall have to hold you fast with both hands, if I mean to keep you."

"As you did my bundles that day"—I laughed—"but you'd better take Leta, she's worth a dozen of me, and I have such a fancy for being an old maid."

"O, Agatha, can you never be serious?" said Edith, "even when a good, true man is putting his life in your hands? It's such a strange, solemn thing to me, to hold another's heart in my grasp." Her grave words sobered me instantly, and I turned to him saying, "Forgive me," and putting my arms round his neck I kissed him. "I do love you, Arthur, dearly, you know I do, only I'm not worth loving at all, I'm such a little fool."

They both laughed, and said, "That's Bunnie over again."

I cannot touch with my light, careless fancy that other pair who stood with us in the old house which Aunt Alice, who is aunt to us all now, had made beautiful. She was so glad to find Edith again, so glad to know her idolized Linton was to be restored to life and happiness, and that she should see him once more after all these years of absence, that nothing was too much, nay, nothing was half enough to satisfy her generous heart in the way of doing.

She was in a distant city visiting, when Arthur wrote to her he had found Edith. As soon as she could travel to us she came, and it was a sight worth beholding to see the way she wept and laughed over our "beauty sister," never kissing her enough, or praising her loveliness sufficiently to satisfy her own loving heart. Then she took us in hand in the most summary manner; tearing the old house out from top to bottom, and filling it with everything conceivable in the way of workmen and workwomen.

"What's the use of your objecting," she would declare, positively; "all I've got in the world was to belong to Linton and Arthur, and now, as long as they're to have Edith and Bunnie, they won't need me or my money; so Harry and Leta shall have what I leave. Besides, Arthur and Bunnie will want to live here anyhow, so we may as well fix it all right for them at first."

And so she did. It was in June I had first met Arthur, and ladened him with my luggage; by September she had the old house torn to pieces from cellar to attic, and at last routed us all out of house and home, to be out of the way of the workmen.

"Edith must have all her clothes made by the time Linton lands, so she need have no thoughts but for him; and Bunnie's to be got ready for a bride; so you must all come down to my city lodgings, and give your minds to shopping and dress-making."

And we did. If ever my readers helped to prepare one poor damsel for the altar, they will pity us—making ready

two, with Aunt Alice to drive us. Two, did I say! four I ought to have said, for having discovered Harry's wonderful talent for art, and being at heart an inveterate match-maker, Aunt Alice at once decided that as soon as we two older girls were off her hands, she'd start with the others for Italy. And what she takes a notion to do she always does, while Arthur laughs at her.

By the last of December we were well fixed in our old home, of which little else was old save the solid ground it stood upon; and best of all, our wardrobes were all ready to be packed away in the arks that yawned on every hand. Not till then did Aunt Alice fold her delicate old hands over her pearl-gray satin, and sigh a sigh of contentment.

Then Linton Norman, for whom all things had been made ready, and for whom all waited, came.

Ah, it was good to see Edith, after the first hours of that solemn meeting were over; she was like a summer bird, she sang and laughed for very joy, and the ten years of her sorrow-cloud seemed to have rolled away, leaving a sunny sky.

Since that Christmas-Eve, on which Mr. Blaine married us, a good many years have come and gone, and though a somewhat divided company, we have been happy. As for me, my joys and blessings, as Arthur tells me when I count them over for his benefit, are almost as many as my packages on that memorable day when I came down the street burdened with *too much luggage*.

LIGHTS OF THE DARK AGES.

BY DAVID MAGILL.

VII.—SAVONAROLA, THE MARTYR.

LET us suppose that three centuries ago the Genius of Progress with prophetic eye had made her home among the palaces of the Incas and the Aztecs of undiscovered America. Let us arise with her and follow her course, as with the strong and buoyant flight of fancy she wings her way eastward, to revisit the scenes of her past glories. Soaring high overhead above the shores of Belgium, on the 8th of April, 1492, glancing southward, we may see in a dingy office in one of the narrow streets of Santa Fé, in the plain of Grenada, a notary engaged in drawing up for Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, the treaty which shall, on the 17th, be signed by Columbus, who is now waiting at Palos ready to set out on his far western expedition. If we look northward we may see the spires of the Cathedral of Utrécht, and we are but a few days too early to witness there the ordination of Desiderius Erasmus.

Passing over Saxony, where on the banks of the little river Wipper, that

flows by the town of Mansfeldt, we may notice among the frolicsome lads, Martin, a boy now in his ninth year, the son of John Luther, a respected smelter and councilman of the town. Beneath us now are the spires of Mentz, and if like Le Sage's hero we possessed the power of seeing through the roofs of houses, we might catch a glimpse of that room in the house Zum Jungen, in the Place of the Franciscans, whose bare walls and cobwebbed ceiling tell the painful tale of the inventor of printing, who has not long since been driven hence by Faust, his avaricious partner. Quickly now winging our way southward over the pine forests, the broad, swift-flowing rivers of Germany and the snow-capped Alps, but lingering, loath to leave the mountain sides white with the blossoming vine, and the Sardinian hills clad with the yellow olive, remembering that Guttemberg's body lies in a recent and almost unhonored grave, we rejoice when we see beneath us in the great Strada of Venice

the huge printing house of Jansen, the Frenchman, the predecessor of Aldo Minucius, whose busy presses will soon groan with the famous Aldine editions of the Classics.

But let us steer our ærial course southward, to "the fair white walls" of Florence. We cannot do more than glance into that studio in Milan, where Leonardo da Vinci is busy with his divine art. The Florence of to-day is not much different, in the general appearance of its buildings, from the Florence of the days of Raphael and Michael Angelo. The tall, square stem of the old tower, the great dome and Giotto's bell-turret, frown now upon the modern tourist with the same black brows of august grandeur which smiled upon the flaunting *gonfalons*, the insignia of the Merchant Republic, and the *palle* of the Medici.

Beneath us flows the Arno, spanned by the quaint, over-built Ponte Vecchio. In front are the hills of San Miniato and Mount Morello, while looking northward along the valley of the river we see the gray marble ridges of Carrara and Mount Fiesole, whose monasteries and villas are almost hidden from view by the dark cypress groves. Our flight, however, ends in a room in a beautiful villa at Careggi, which is surrounded by a garden containing the first botanical collection in Europe. There the great Lorenzo, the magnificent, of Florence, is lying upon his death-bed. The Pactolus, from which had issued streams of lavish gold to the Florentine public, is now being dried up at the fountain head. In this gorgeous chamber, adorned with the costliest and most elegant works of art, and having its cabinets filled with the rarest relics of antiquity, which had been scattered everywhere from the bazaars of the Tigris to the monasteries of the Clyde, and were now collected by the untiring assiduity and profuse treasure of the agents of the dying man, the merchant prince who had been the cynosure of every eye in Europe, is casting up his final account. Upon his noble brow and commanding countenance there is a fretful cast, as he looks up at the great men whose patron he had

been, who now stand around his bed. Politian the scholar, and Pico della Mirandola, the wonder of his age, stand anxiously by, and can in no way aid him. Pier de Leoni and Lazaro de Ticino have in vain exerted their far-famed skill. Pearls and costly gems have been dissolved in vain to make more potent healing doses. "Ye are poor comforters," said the dying man to the Platonist philosophers and the wise men of the republic. "Send to San Marco for the Fra Girolamo. I know no honest friar but him." The Prince of Mirandola had just bade his last farewell when Girolamo Savonarola, Prior of St. Mark's, came to the bedside. He is a man of middle age and size, with a spare but well-proportioned figure, a Dominican, as you may see by his cowl and tonsure, with an anxious look and a gentle, trustful face, which, were it not for its angularity, you might designate as feminine.

It was with some difficulty that the prior had been induced to visit the head of the aristocracy of Florence, to which he had set himself in opposition. Long before to-day he had predicted that it should not be he, but Lorenzo, who should leave the city first, and now his prophecy was nearing its fulfilment. Now in this room alone, in this villa, about two miles from Florence, these two men communed in secret. Lorenzo confessed the three great crimes of his life, in the affair of Valterra, of the Monte delle Fanciulle, and of the Pazzi murder; and the monk comforted him, telling him that but three things were necessary to his acceptance in the sight of God. "First, is faith in God. Second, is restoration of your wrongful acquisitions." These he assented to. "Third, you must restore to Florence her liberty and her republican government." He turned his face to the wall and no sound issued from his lips. The Prior left the chamber on which the silence of death was settling, and returned to the expectant multitude, which eagerly gathered to hang upon his lips.

Girolamo Savonarola—whom Luther, Beza, Rudelbach, Milman, and Villari consider as the harbinger of the Reform-

tion; whom Buddæus, Bayle, and Roscoe consider (in the words of the last mentioned) "a haughty and factious disturber, a scheming impostor and hypocritical philanthropist;" whom Mirandola, Burlamacchi, Perrens and Madden would honor as a saint of the Romish Church, deserving of a sacred niche in the same temple with Bernard and Thomas Aquinas, with Albert the Great and Ignatius Loyola,—was born on the 21st of September, 1452, of an honorable Paduan family resident in Ferrara, where his father held the respected position of court physician to Nicholas, Prince of Esté.

"Perhaps in no period of the history of the civilized world since Christ," says Milman, "was the moral condition of mankind in some respects in a lower and more degraded state; never were the two great enemies of human happiness, ferocity and sensuality, so dominant over all classes; and in those vices Italy, in one sense the model and teacher of the world, enjoyed and almost boasted a fatal pre-eminence." As the sensitive youth Girolamo grew into manhood, he was astounded and deeply grieved by the frightful aspect of the dissolute and rotten society around him, which, oppressed with vice, was rapidly and surely gliding down the swift descent to worse and more bitter ruin. Filled with these thoughts, in his twentieth year, he wrote his beautiful *canzona* "De Ruina Mundi." Following the example of his countrymen,

"the all Etruscan three,
Dante and Petrarch are scarce less than they,
The bard of prose, creative spirit! he
He of the hundred tales of love, Boccacio."*

he poured forth his impassioned thoughts in verse, the native speech of poetic Italy. We shall attempt to transfer into English rhyme the substance and the cadence of a few lines of this Italian song of prayer, which gives us a sort of inner vision of the author's mind, and of the state of Italy in his time:

"Ruler of earth, Thy providence I knew
Was infinite: else were this whole world
through

* Byron: Childe Harold.

In dire confusion, finding as we do
That virtues, noble habits bid adieu,
And no far-shining light can bring to view
The vices of the shameless crew.

"He now is reckoned fortunate
Who e'er on plunder thrives,
Happy he's deemed who lives by prey,
Who feasts upon his neighbor's blood,
From widows, orphans, steals the food,
And drives the poor in ruin's way.
Rare and gentle souls have they,
Who have gained by force or fraud,
Scorning Heaven and Heaven's God."

Having thus in his melancholy survey,
come to the conclusion expressed in the line,

"Non trovo un vivo lume;"

perchance the thought occurred to him that *he* might yet be the light to illumine the darkness which the struggling rays of the reflected radiance of the Platonism of Ficino and Lorenzo strove in vain to make visible amid the shouting of the Florentine rabble and the syren songs of luxury, boisterously chanted from the windows of the houses of vice, haunted by the dissolute young Palleschi and Compagnacci.

Savonarola's youthful studies were principally directed to the works of Aristotle, but he especially loved to muse over the sentences of Thomas Aquinas, the angelic doctor of the schools. His heart grew sick, he yearned for a purer life and a higher liberty than could be obtained in any of the secular walks of life.

He did not merely desire, says one of his biographers, to exchange *secular* Aristotle for Aristotle *of the cloister*, for he looked beyond even the Stagyrte to a higher power, and a more perfect teacher. As was the case with many of the greatest men who had gone before him, he looked to the convent as the only place of refuge, and among the several points of similarity which have been pointed out between Luther and the Italian reformer, it is noticeable that it was in the same year of their lives (the 22d) that the one entered the Augustinian convent at Erfurt, and the other the cloisters of that Bolognese convent where the bones of Dominick, the men-

dicant monk, lie under Pisaud's noble monument.

The most recent Romanist biographer of the Florentine saint remarks, that while Luther took with him to the Augustinians his Plautus and his Virgil, *his* only books were the Bible and the missal.

The glory of the mediæval monastic orders was as the salt in a corrupting mass. The monks were the builders of the gorgeous temples, oratories and abbeys which still stand in Italy as the memorials of departed greatness. Strong bridges, noble paintings, preserved manuscripts, still show the benefits which in the days of their original purity and high-souled purpose they conferred upon the cause of civilization.

Here in the silent cloisters he meditated on the lost glories of earlier times, on "the ancient doctors, the ancient saints, the learning, the love, the purity of the days that are past." When he saw "proud ambition penetrate to Rome, and contaminate everything," fasting, and prayer, and weeping in God's presence were his constant employment.

He then was in such company as that which Thomas Aquinas describes in the 10th Canto of Dante's Paradise:

"Io fui degli agni della Santa gregia,
Che Domenica mena per cammino," etc.

"I then was of the lambs that Dominick
Leads, for his saintly flock along the way
Where still they thrive, not swoln with
vanity,
He nearest on my right hand, brother was
And master to me: Albert of Cologne
Is this; and of Aquinum, Thomas I."*

Though Thomas was his most intimate friend, Dominick was his master, and he respected the vow of poverty which characterized his order with a conscientious rigor which was exceptional. As a practical commentary on his treatise "Concerning the Simplicity of Christian Life," and his long-lost, but lately discovered letter, "De Contemptu Mundi," it is Burlamacchi, (if we remember aright,) who tells the story that when two Benedictine abbots whom he had reproved for their luxury in dress, defended them-

selves by alleging that broadcloth was more economical, because more durable than coarser garments, he smilingly replied, that it was a pity the founder of their order had no knowledge of this luxurious economy. Though a member of the *Fratre Predicatore*, it was some time before his peculiar powers of oratory were discovered, and his allotted duty was to instruct the youthful novices in the Scriptures and the Fathers.

In 1482, Savonarola was sent by his superiors to preach in his native town, Ferrara, but so slight was his success that he complains to his mother in the same words with which Christ reproached his fellow-citizens, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

He was soon recalled from Ferrara, and in the Lent of 1483 it was arranged that he should preach the fast-day sermons. It was, then, in the year of Luther's birth that the ardent Dominican ascended the pulpit of San Lorenzo in Florence. His friends expected great things from him, else he would not have been selected for so important a service, but they and the crowd of listeners were disappointed. His sermon was like Mr. D'Israeli's first speech in the British Parliament, an utter failure. As the crowd disperses we hear on all sides exclamations of disappointment: "What a stiff stick of a man he is!" "What an ungainly figure!" "What a squeaking voice!" "How vulgar is he in his expressions!" "How violent in his gestures!" "How his harsh voice resembles the tearing of a strong rag!" "But worst of all, how ignorant he is of Plato!" Aye, there's the rub. He never quoted a philosopher, but his sermons were full of Bible truth. The Florentines knew more of the philosophy of Ficino than of the Scriptures, and unanimously followed the advice which Cardinal Bembo gave Saldoletto, "Beware of reading Paul's epistles, that such barbarous diction may not corrupt your taste; leave alone those idle tales which are unworthy of a man of serious habits."

The congregation at the church of Lorenzo every day became smaller, till but twenty-five remained. "I had neither

* Cary's Dante. Paradise, lines 90—96.

voice, nor lungs, nor style," said the disappointed preacher. "My preaching disgusted every one; I could not have moved even a chicken." Shall we despair of our preacher? We shall see. After such a conspicuous and total failure many a man would have despaired. He assiduously devoted himself to oratorical culture, for he felt a denunciatory fervor coming upon him, which would compel him to speak again. He felt called, like John the Baptist, to preach repentance, and like the prophets of olden time, to beard on their thrones the highest potentates of earth. The papacy had now reached the climax of its atrocities. We think that no set of men in a high position ever disgraced the face of the earth with more flagrant crimes, more lustful filth, more mean and avaricious treachery, than the popes of the age of the Medici. The apex of this ecclesiastical core of corruption was Alexander the Sixth, whom impartial history has in preference even to Sixtus the Fourth,

"By merit raised to that bad eminence."

All Rome knew, for it was no secret, how much had been paid by the successful candidate for the thousands of bribed votes which gave him St. Peter's chair. The Pazzi murder is one of the darkest blots on the besmeared pages of papal history. Our readers may refer to Machiavelli, or Roscoe, for the minutiae of the occurrence, but it is sufficient for us to state that it was a conspiracy headed by the pope, the object of which was to murder all the Medici, and give the reins of power in Florence to the Pazzi, a rival family. Only a pope could have been guilty of such an accomplished combination of murder and sacrilege. The place was before the altar in the great cathedral, and the signal of the murder was the elevation of the host in the service of the mass. Julian de Medici was killed, but Lorenzo was only slightly wounded, as the practised murderer hired to kill him was a superstitious wretch, unaccustomed to crime in holy places, and the priest who volunteered to take his place was unskilled in murder, and struck a bone.

Sixtus IV., by his scandalous nepotism, made the notorious Pietro Riario in quick succession cardinal, patriarch, and archbishop, the most splendid and extravagant prince in Italy, who soon lavished the immense wealth which the unprincipled avarice of Pius II. had amassed. It was in the first year of the pontificate of Innocent VIII.—notorious in papal history as the first to tear off the already transparent veil of decency which dignified papal bastardy by the name of "nepotism"—that Savonarola was sent to preach at Brescia. Here in the mountains, around the home of Arnold the martyr of Brescia, and in the cities of Lombardy, he labored earnestly, but it was in the town of Brescia that the appalling might of his eloquence first made itself felt. His imagination was fired, and the hidden unsuspected depths of his feelings were aroused, not only by the remembrance of the heroic Arnold, but by the topics of his own discourses. Calvin said that the Apocalypse either *finds* or *makes* the student of it mad. Burlamacchi tells us how Savonarola here proclaiming the judgments of the Revelation against the awe-struck multitudes which he summoned to repentance before the scourge of God's wrath should fall upon them, announced that the fathers would yet see their children massacred and dragged lifeless through the streets of Brescia. If he was mad, his was no ordinary madness, though the corruption around him so shocked his sensitive nature, that he was driven by the isolation of his position to suppose that he alone was commissioned by Heaven to arraign Italy for its sins, and to proclaim in a voice of thunder the judgments of God in fire and sword, in the murder of children at their mothers' breasts, and of wives in their husbands' arms; a fate which actually did befall the Brescians, when not thirty years later the fierce soldiers of Gaston de Foix slaughtered 60,000 persons in the streets of their town.

"I never," says the truth-inspired monk, "said that I was a prophet, yet this I say, that God sent me to prophecy a scourge to Italy, which, if I do, I lose

my body, if I do not, I lose my soul!" Success followed now his footsteps, and in the theological discussions which took place soon after, at the chapter of the Dominicans, held in Ruggio, he signally distinguished himself, and gained thereby the friendship which lasted through life, of John Pico, the wonderful Prince of Mirandola, the universal scholar, at once the Crichton and the Bayard of his age. The brilliant and handsome young scholar was so favorably struck with the Dominican, that he gave his friend, Lorenzo de Medici, no peace until he requested the Prior of San Marco to recall the preacher to the city. The influence of Pico's name was so great in Florence, that his good opinion sufficed to turn the cold attention of the Florentines into warm admiration for his friend. We find Savonarola in 1490 at the convent of San Marco, in the office of "Master of Sciences and Instructor of the people in the ways of the Lord," and under a damask rose tree, which is said to be still standing in the convent garden, the elite of Florence, the Medici, the Bienvieni, the Bardi, the Mirandas, and the Salviati came to hear him; but it was not till the first of August, 1490, that he was prevailed upon once more to meet the criticisms of the great public in the pulpit of the grand cathedral.

Come with us along the public square in front of the Palazzo di Signori; look around with us upon the monuments of departed greatness and by-gone glories. Before us are the walls of the convent and church of San Marco, which glisten in the sunshine, and as we enter the open portal over it, you may notice the statue of St. Dominic, with his attendant dog carrying in his mouth the torch. The great bell has ceased ringing; the streets are almost deserted, and as we pass on through the open door our progress is barred by the densely packed crowd. Scramble with us up to the unoccupied pedestal of this fluted column and look! Other Etrurian churches have their associations. At but a short distance,

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality.

there repose
Angelos, Alfieri's bones, and his
The starry Galileo with his worn,
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to
whence it rose."

But here,

"There be more things to greet the heart
and eyes
In Arno's Dome of Art's most princely
shrine,
Where sculpture with her rainbow sister
vies.

All is now in new splendor, for it is not many years since Cosmo de Medici spent in renovation here the enormous sum of 36,000 golden florins. Looking up from the sea of faces on all sides, you see the seraphic frescoes of incomparably the best religious painter in Italy, the Fra Angelico, and yonder in the distance is the Virgin, with her serene, devotional face shaded by her gracefully flowing hair, looking down upon us from the top of those Corinthian columns. Before the speaker rises we have time to notice a choice band of spirits in that luxurious seat near the rostrum. The centre of the group is a thin and tall, strongly-built man, with a classic brow and finely chiselled face, upon which the financial affairs of all Europe for the last twenty years have been busy writing their history in furrows. It is Lorenzo de Medici, the prudent banker and magnificent Prince, the patron of art, the dabbler in philosophy and poetry, the restorer of letters. That handsome youth of about twenty-three, on his right, whose fair hair falls in ringlets upon his shoulders, is versed in over twenty languages, writes Greek and Latin more easily than Italian, and has challenged the whole world to match him in discussion upon "anything knowable." Though he has offered to pay all expenses of any antagonists who may come forward, none appear, for he is—John Pico, Prince of Mirandola. What a contrast he presents to yonder dark and inscrutable diplomatist, that moral enigma, that "grotesque assemblage of incongruous qualities, selfishness and generosity, cruelty and benevolence, craft and simplicity,"* Nicholas Machiavelli.

* Macaulay—"Essay on Machiavelli."

Savonarola rises from his seat behind the rostrum and is for a moment silent as if absorbed in contemplation, but soon there bursts from his lips the opening sentences of his discourse, which, as it proceeds, becomes more fervid and more terrible, until he thunders forth the vengeance of God in such awful tones, that we are struck with the truth of the more forcible than reverent nickname given him by the fast young men of the city. "The loud-barking hound of the Lord" grows furious. His indignation boils against the usurpations of the papacy, the hypocrisy and open wickedness everywhere inviting the judgments of God. His audience feel that this man is not to be trifled with. Lorenzo sits uneasily as he thinks of the sack of Volterra. "The sword of the Lord," exclaims the preacher, "will soon and suddenly come upon the earth." The day of vengeance is at hand. The thunder of the Lord is in the air, and will sour the wine in your cups. Aha! ye blind and deceitful priests, who know not the signs of the times, and care for naught but your own fat paunches and your lusts of the flesh, the Master is coming with a scourge to purify his temple. "Ye say there is no Presence in the sanctuary, the Shekinah is nought—the Mercy Seat is bare; we may sin behind the vail, and who shall punish us? To you I say the presence of God shall be revealed in his temple as a consuming fire, and your sacred garments shall become a winding sheet of flame, and for sweet music there shall be shrieks and hissing, and for soft couches there shall come the pestilence."* His strong soul welled forth with emotion until his utterance was choked with the rising indignation and grief as he saw before him, in the not distant future, the fulfilment of the Apocalyptic visions; but he rose to the occasion and developed to the Florentines the three great and important facts which he wished to brand with hot and hissing terror upon the hearts of all his hearers—1. The Church shall be reformed in our day. 2. Before this reformation God shall strike all

Italy with a fearful chastisement. 3. These things will happen soon. Suddenly he paused. The one great sob of penitence which went up as a sweet incense to heaven, showed the power of the discourse; but all are again silent, for the preacher wishes to make an announcement.

He proclaims with calm, firm look and phrase, "I will preach in this church to-morrow, and I will continue to do so during the space of eight years." "This," says Carle, "was in the middle of 1490, and in 1498 he was a martyr."

Though one or two in the crowd issuing from the doors of St. Mark may grumble, as they did afterwards at Bologna, that he is but an unsophisticated body, a woman's preacher, (*uomo semplice e predicatore de donne*), all are agreed that a new power has arisen in Florence. His services are attended by increasing multitudes, until he is compelled by the size of his congregation to migrate to the spacious cathedral. Here they fill the aisles, they fight for standing room upon the window-niches and the pedestals, and the women still come, though crouching with fear as they hear pouring from his prominent, firmly-set lips, portents of ill, like the roll of the distant thunder of God, in denunciation of their immodest apparel and their tresses of hair stolen from the bodies of the dead.

The preacher begins his sermons always with a text of Scripture, upon which he has carefully meditated. They are unwritten, but well elaborated in his mind, and he delivers them with all the telling effect of impromptu oratory. Suddenly, however, either his eye is struck with some indication of worldliness or ostentation among his hearers, and he launches out in terror-inspiring threats, or his discourse involuntarily touches upon some topic of the time, into the midst of which he boldly plunges till with the fire of prophetic fancy flashing forth from his large and sad light blue eyes, with his passion-wrought nerves like those of the war-horse delighting in battle, and with, above all, that intimate knowledge of his audience which is essential to the successful pulpit orator, he strikes terror,

* George Eliot—"Romola."

not conviction, into the hearts of all. His sermons are seldom well arranged, and the heads of his discourse are but indifferently subordinated, but his elocution is now more finished, and his words are more pregnant with meaning than when first he appeared in the pulpit.

He rejoices in tortuous and involved figures, and he is often guilty of twisting the plain sense of Scripture into varied fantastic shapes, but in their own familiar Italian he spoke to the people as a man who pitied them, and who fought daily to ameliorate their condition. He had his faults in these days of his glory, but he was the gift of Christ, the brightest gem in the crown of his spouse in Italy, and we must not scrutinize too closely each facet of the valuable Heaven-bestowed diamond. We acknowledge that Savonarola was imperfect, but those diamonds whose polish reflects perfectly the radiance of God never leave his own throne. He was egotistic, perhaps occasionally self-deluded, but how few have been tempted as he was and have stood firm. As "George Eliot," with her unrivalled power of putting things, says of him, "It was the fashion of old when an ox was led out for sacrifice to Jupiter, to chalk the dark spots and give the offering a false show of unblemished whiteness. Let us fling away the chalk and boldly say the victim was spotted; but it was not therefore in vain that his mighty heart was laid on the altar of man's highest hopes.*"

Such was his renown that he was not in Florence quite a year, until he was made Prior of St. Mark's Convent.

It had been the custom with previous priors to render homage on their entrance into office to the head of the house of Medici, which had been the great stay and patron of the convent, but the new prior acknowledged no such custom as binding upon him. When remonstrated with, he replied, "Is it God or Lorenzo de Medici who has made me prior?" God, was the answer. "Then," said he, "I shall render thanks to Him, and not to Lorenzo."

Of course Lorenzo felt the slight put upon his dignity, but he did not wish to make an enemy of the now powerful Dominican, and therefore offered him the hospitality and intellectual enjoyments of his villa, but Savonarola coldly and even uncourteously repelled his advances. He felt that he must not trifle with the tempter, and he could not join in what he must, in the intolerance of his monastic training, have considered as sinful revelry. Lorenzo, failing to procure his friendship by offers of patronage and of an *entrée* into society gratifying to his cultivated tastes, failed also to gain him by gifts.

Savonarola regarded Lorenzo as the hereditary oppressor of Florence, the subverter of its original republican government, which was now but a mere form, a cloak for the aristocratic ambition of the purse-proud Medici. He publicly compared Lorenzo's gifts to the bones thrown by robbers in their attempts to seduce the faithful watch-dog from his post of defence of his master's property. Lorenzo thus foiled, and prophetically warned by the monk of his approaching dissolution, retired from the conflict. On the 25th of July, 1492, about three months after the death of Lorenzo, died also the Pope, Innocent VIII. Piero, a weak and dissolute spendthrift, succeeded Lorenzo. Roderigo Borgia, a Spanish cardinal, who had acquired immense wealth by trading with Mohammedans and Jews, loaded with gold pieces the mule of Ascanio Sforza, his most powerful rival, and almost without opposition ascended the papal chair, under the name of Alexander VI.

It is a favorite argument for the stability of the Roman Catholic Church, that the edifice which resisted even the crimes of Pope Alexander VI., can surely withstand the gates of hell.

The name of Borgia is one of the most infamous in history, remembered only as a synonym for scandal, vice and treachery, and rendered so conspicuous for every, even the most curious development of human depravity, that mere mention of the name is sufficient to give our readers a feeling of loathing and disgust.

* George Eliot—"Romola."

Even Ferdinand of Naples, who had never shed a tear for the death of a child, wept; and throughout all Italy, there were cries of astonishment and dismay at this monster of iniquity, and all the hopes of Florence were centered in one man—the Dominican Prior of San Maro—the Fra Girolamo Savonarola.

In Advent of this year, (1492,) the prior had preached a series of sermons upon Noah's ark, the clean and the unclean beasts, and we may well imagine what a fertile text it was to his vivid fancy, and how his imagination must have boiled over on the heads of Alexander and Piero. "The sword of the Lord is on the earth, and soon and quickly it comes," he exclaimed on the last Sunday of his course.

By the influence of Piero with the superiors of the convent, he was sent out of Florence to preach at Bologna. He was not long there before he enraged the haughty wife of John Bentivoglio, the lord of Bologna, (with whom he had previously privately remonstrated on her habit of coming late to service,) by exclaiming on seeing her enter in the middle of his sermon, "Ecco il demonio! Ecco il demonio che viente a perturbare il vertio di Dio." (Behold the devil! Behold the devil who comes to disturb the preaching of God.) The lady laid plans to have him assassinated, but they failed; and when he had finished his course he made the bold announcement: "This night I will take the road to Florence with my slender staff and my wooden flask, and I will sleep at Pianoro; if any person want aught of me, let him come ere I depart. Yet the solemnity of my death is not to be celebrated at Bologna, but elsewhere." He arrived unhurt in Florence, and immediately set about various works of reform, in opposition to the tyranny of Piero. Now that the greatest of the Medici was dead, the people thronged again to hear with new enthusiasm the preacher and the seer, who was said to have given him in his last moments the consolation of the Church.

Now, however, he saw that his preaching must not be merely destructive, but

that this was the time to publish and expound his system of theology. The *eruditi* of Florence had jeered at him as unlearned, but he had in reality, as Mirandola testifies, a store of learning equalled either in quantity or quality by but few in Italy. Yet he embraced the humble and useful plan of throwing aside his secular culture, and preaching only Christ and the day of judgment. In his twenty-five sermons on the 73d Psalm—that most perfect unveiling of the secret councils of Jehovah, which perhaps gives a deeper insight than any other portion of holy writ into the great problem agitating the hearts of the people of God with regard to the apparent injustice of the respective lots on earth of the believer and the unbeliever—he unfolds his doctrine, and takes occasion to show by many illustrations, familiar to his hearers, that after all, God *has* set the feet of the wicked upon slippery places, but the Christian's home is beyond and above, certain and firm as God's throne itself. In order to show that even now, in the day when papal error had reached its highest accumulation and its deepest bathos, both of doctrine and practice, one voice at least was still raised for the old Church doctrine of justification by faith. We quote from a sermon preached by him not much over twenty years before Luther posted his theses on the door of Wittenberg cathedral:

"It is, therefore, not true that through preëxisting works and merits, God gives us grace, and that by them we are predestined to life eternal, as if works and merits were the cause of predestination; as we have said already, the sole will of God is the cause." . . . "And thou, Mary Magdalene, who wast commonly called a sinner, thou didst hear thy Master, Christ Jesus, many times preach, but thou remainedst hardened; although *thy sister Martha* (!!!) corrected thee, and exhorted thee to lead a better life, thou heededst her not." . . . "That grace, O Mary, those gifts were not bestowed upon thee by reason of thy deserts, but because God loved thee, and favored thee." Yet he insists upon the freedom of the will in repentance. "The Lord

calls upon thee daily, be thou also up and doing."

His mission, however, was not as a didactic theologian, but a preacher of terrible things. He thus denounces the priests and princes of Italy. "They speak against pride and ambition, and are sunk in both up to the very eyes; they preach chastity, and keep concubines; they command fasting, and delight to live sumptuously; . . . they seek to occupy the highest places in the synagogue, the chief pulpits in Italy. They seek to be seen and saluted in the public places, to be called 'master' and 'rabbi.' They delight in fringes and phylacteries, they look wise and expect to be understood by gestures, they no longer lay to heart the care of souls; it is enough for them if they receive their incomes; their sermons are composed to please princes and be magnified by them. Go to Rome, and through all Christendom, in the houses of the prelates and of the great lords, nothing is thought of but poetry and the art of oratory. . . . Ye will not find either prelate or great lord who is not in intercourse with some astrologer. There are but two things in the Church in which they delight, and these are the paintings and the gildings with which it is covered. In the primitive church there were wooden chalices and golden prelates, but now the Church has golden chalices and wooden prelates. They have established among us the festivals of the devils; they believe not in God, and make a mockery of the mysteries of our religion. What doest thou, O Lord? Why slumberest thou? Arise and take the Church out of the hands of the devil, out of the hands of tyrants, out of the hands of wicked prelates. . . . We are become, O Lord, the opprobrium of nations. The Turks are masters of Constantinople; we have lost Asia and Greece; we are become the tributaries of infidels. Hasten the punishment and the scourge, that there may be a speedy return to thee; pour out thy wrath upon the nations, for we have no hope left us unless the sword of the Lord threatens the earth."*

* See his Sermons, as reported by Villari.

In his course of sermons upon the ark on the 21st of September, he reached the seventeenth verse of the seventh chapter of Genesis, which records the beginning of the deluge. His hearers had often wondered why he spent so much time in the construction of the ark before he came to the main topic of his series. But the time was not yet.

Piero de Medici had meanwhile incurred the wrath of the young Charles VIII. of France, by his espousal of the cause of the King of Naples, whose crown the latter claimed. By the vacillation of Piero the political clouds were gathered in threatening combinations around Florence. On this very day news had come that the French, 50,000 strong, were swarming over the Alps to conquer Italy. The huge Duomo was crowded.

Savonarola, seeing the terror-stricken mass, did not allay their fear by his sermon on the text, "Behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth." "Just men," he exclaimed, "enter the ark. Behold, the cataracts of heaven are about to fall! They come! I see the plains inundated, the mountains disappear in the midst of the waters."* Even Mirandola was so terrified by the words of the preacher that, as he himself tells us, a cold shuddering ran through his bones and his hair stood on end. "The ark of refuge was now closed, you must now all meet your fate at the hands of the young Cyrus, whom God sends to take vengeance for your insults to his majesty."

The service is over, and the people were in such "terror, alarm, sobbing and tears, that every one passed through the streets without speaking, more dead than alive.† There is no longer a dim looking for of retribution in the dim future, for the preacher had said it would come soon. Ludovico Sporza, the powerful Duke of Milan, Alphonzo of Aragon, and Alexander Borgia have each a greedy eye on Florence. The greatest of the Medici, who might have saved the city, is dead, and the French king is at hand. Piero

* Cerretani Storia—MS. in the Magliabecchian Library, quoted by Villari.

† Madden—"Life of Savonarola," vol. I. page 196.

intrigued against the liberties of the republic, but Savonarola counteracted all his foolish plans and soothed, in a great measure, the wrath of the king. The 17th of November, 1794, was a dark day for Florence; Piero had fled a few days before, and now on the same day, Pico de Mirandola died, and the French troops entered the city. "Pisans false, Florentines blind," is an old Italian proverb, but the men of Florence had now, thanks to the strong head and fervent soul of Savonarola and the prudent counsels of Guido Capponi, a clearer knowledge of their position and their wants. The government had been declared to be a republic in its truest sense, not a mere cloak for aristocratic ambition, as it had been in the days of the power of the Medici. When the Swiss infantry and Scotch archers of the army of Charles entered Florence, they soon found that something more was necessary than to "enter merely with a piece of chalk in the hand and a levelled lance," as they had previously boasted. Owing to the exorbitant demands of Charles, some difficulty was experienced in the drawing up of a treaty. Though he did not talk of the city as a conquered one, he insisted on claiming a large sum of money for his services as the restorer of Florentine liberty, and when the ambassadors demurred, in a rage he threatened, "Then we shall sound our trumpets." Gino Capponi snatched the manuscript of the proposed treaty from the hand of the secretary, and replied, undauntedly, "Then we shall sound our bells."* In a short time more favorable terms were signed by the King.

On the 28th of the month the French left the city, which was free once more, and Savonarola, the stranger monk from Ferrara, who had awed the King of haughty France and preserved the lives of thousands of his fellow-citizens, was now the foremost man in Florence. All

* We cannot convey Machiavelli's pun in a translation.

"Lo strepito dell'armi e de' cavalli
Non potè far che non fosse sentita
La voce d' un Cappon fra cento Galli."
-Decennali.

eyes now are turned to him in gratitude, and he is unanimously chosen as the head and lawgiver of the newly revived republic. He did not however, at first, meddle with political matters which were not within his sphere, until the popular voice called upon him to interfere in the interminable fluctuations of the new legislative council, between the advanced republicanism of Soderini and the more moderate but lurking aristocratic and Medicean views of Vespucci. It was on Sunday, the 12th of December, that he began to preach political sermons. This he did with reluctance, and urged only by the exceptional circumstances of the case. He exhorts the people to forget their private interests and attend only to the public weal, and thus to spread reform over Italy and the world. We have before our mind's eye a conspicuous instance in our own day, of the political truth, that universal suffrage in large cities where the mass of the population is uneducated, ends in the despotism of a few unprincipled leaders of the mob. Savonarola, with a rare legislative insight, saw this principle, and recognized that if the suffrage had been more limited, the despotism of the Medici would have been impossible.

His form of government was perhaps one of the very best ever devised upon paper. Of the 450,000 inhabitants of Florence and its territory, but 3,200 were entitled to vote in the Great Council, and above this Council was the Board of Eighty; but far above all this model republic, which combined the advantages of hereditary peerage and those of broad representation, sat a monarch—Jesus Christ, the Lord of Florence, who governed the theocracy through his viceroy, Savonarola.

Yet Savonarola claimed not the honor, or position, or privileges of a political head. He was but a preacher, a mouth-piece of the Living God, not so much like one of the warlike Judges, (although he could be such if the State required it,) as one of the prophets or advisers of the people. It is at a distance, from the pulpit of the Duomo, that he directs the decisions of the Signori. He was him-

self aware that this was a somewhat anomalous position for a Christian teacher, but looking at the history of the half-century, did he not see in even the Papal chair the Borgia scheming by every most devilish artifice for secular power, and was it not notorious that bishops, cardinals and prelates were lords of cities, and ruled over wide domains? Then why should he, the special commissioner from Heaven fighting unselfishly for God's cause, neglect to take advantage of power because it was abused in the hands of others? Though he had expelled the Medici from Florence, he did not desist from his denunciations. "I tell you to repent, and if ye do not, I announce unto you terrible chastisements. Ye will lose your lives, your benefices and all your wealth, and ye shall go to the mansions of the devil. Every way ye must lose them—and this ye shall know by experience. And as for the regular clergy, they fare no better." In his thirty-fourth sermon, commenting upon a passage in Zechariah, he draws a vivid picture of Augustine, Dominic, and St. Francis in a future state, busied in scourging their degenerate disciples. He inveighs the luxury and notorious vice of the clergy, against gaming, sensuality, blasphemy, dancing, adulterated medicines, false weights and cheating lawyers.

The spirit of party was not yet dead in Florence, and though all appeared to be adherents of the policy of the monk, various cliques began to arise, and in a short time became formidable. The most dangerous of these were the Mediceans, who had been pardoned by the influence of Savonarola, but who were still in secret correspondence with Piero, wishing to restore the old government. These were known as the white party, or the *Palleschi*. The *Arrabiati* were those of the wealthy families, who hated both the popular rule of Savonarola and the despotism of the Medici, and relied on the assistance of Ludovicus the Moor, to establish them as an oligarchy in Florence. The popular party, the friends of Savonarola, were like the modern Methodists, branded with a term of reproach, which they themselves afterwards as-

sumed as an honor. They were known as the *Piagnoni*.

The *Arrabiati* saw that it was useless to fight against the whole party of Savonarola, but they strove to separate him from it, and by defeating him destroy his party. They began to oppose him more openly, Nardi tells us, because of the diversity of opinion entertained about his prophecies. Corbizzi, the *Gonfaloniere*, their tool, called a secret council of theologians in the Palazzo, to hear a charge against the Friar for interference in state affairs; but Savonarola, unaware of what was going on, dropped into the room, and there meeting his accusers face to face, defied them to show that the Bible condemned the interference for the cause of the right, of God's servants in public affairs. The meeting broke up without coming to any decision. The *Arrabiati*, however, sent wide over Italy reports of the audacity of Savonarola, and succeeded in arousing the ire of the Pope, who ordered the monk to preach no more in Florence, but go at once to Lucca. The law of obedience was sacred to the Dominican, and he went, saying, "There are many in this city who would put me to death, but mine hour is not yet come. I go, because it is my duty to obey orders." When the people heard the causes of this arbitrary command they were furious; they must have their darling back, and they succeeded in obtaining his recall, to preach during the Lenten season. Savonarola was exhausted by fatigue, and broken down by the great weight of cares and responsibilities which had been resting on his shoulders for the last few years, but his spiritual power overcame his physical weakness, and his preaching again aroused the popular fervor. A new spiritual life seems to have now come upon his hearers; the women were dressed in high-necked and plain clothes; the Bible, or Savonarola's treatises, were read in every shop-door, and the merchants, even the Jews, refunded vast sums of conscience money.

The enthusiasm spread to the country. Gentry and common folks came from Pisa, and even Bologna and Leghorn, glad if from the outskirts of the crowded

Duomo they could only see the wan but earnest and beaming face of the Prophet-Judge. They delighted to hear him scourge those who were seated upon the high places of Italy, and especially when he poured out his bitterest invectives, and called down upon that city, which he spoke of under no other name than Babylon, and its Petrine ruler, Alexander Borgia, the wrath of God. Yet his enemies were at work. One of his most terrible and scathing sermons was reported and sent by the Arrabiati to Alexander, who, when he saw the burning accusations of simony, incest, and cupidity, was appalled, and with his characteristic cunning, began a series of artifices in order to withdraw the opposition of the monk. First, he wrote asking him to come to Rome to give the apostolic chair the benefit of his shrewd insight of the future. Savonarola received this letter on the 25th of July. On the next Sabbath he preached a terrible sermon against the vices of Florence, which were increasing *pari passu* with the power of his persecutors, and on the last day of the month he wrote to the Pope, "declining his kind invitation." He feared the well-known character of the Borgia family, and the hatred of the Arrabiati, which might assail him with poison or dagger, or starve him to death in the fashion afterwards practised by Clement V. II. towards Savonarola's successor, Benedetto. Though the Pope had said that he would receive him "with all love and charity," he knew that in the papal vocabulary these words had an exceedingly elastic meaning, and his reply was so carefully worded as to decline without giving ground for an open quarrel. "Bodily infirmity is the chief obstacle. So much so, that I am advised by my physicians to give over preaching and study, for they and others are agreed that *unless I submit to proper remedies, I run the risk of an early death.*" The best "remedy," in his own opinion, was to stay away from the Borgia.

"About six weeks after this there came," says Savonarola, "another letter full of abuse, in which there were not less than eighteen mistakes." This or-

dered him in menacing terms, at once to return to Rome, and upon his neglecting this missive, in the beginning of November he was suspended from preaching. This, however, did not much affect the friar, inasmuch as he had been resting from public labors for some months, and the Fra Domenico was supplying his pulpit in the Duomo. The Pope meantime tried another policy, and (by the advice of one of the Dominican bishops, who was commissioned to inquire into the opinions of the preacher, reported that while vehement against simony and corruption he was true to the dogmas of the Church,) offered him as condition of peace the red hat of a cardinal. But "the loud-barking hound of the Lord" looked even more suspiciously at the bone thrown him by the Pope than at that offered him by Lorenzo. The first was at least a *bona fide* bone with meat on it, but ten to one this one was poisoned. "If I had wished for dignity, you know right well that I would not now be wearing a tattered cloak. I want no hat or mitre, great or small; my hat shall be reddened only in the blood of martyrdom," was his reply.

The year 1496 saw the climax of Savonarola's career. Conscious now at once of his immense popularity and of the ominous lowering of the not distant clouds which threatened death, he spoke like one whose every fibre was vibrating under the pressure of the great work which must be done before his short remaining span of life is spent, or else be left undone. During the Lent of the same year, as the carnival drew near, and as the Arrabiati had prepared to celebrate it with heathen orgies, Fra Domenico prepared a counter celebration, which had been famous in Florentine history as the "Bonfire of Vanities." Upon a pyramid in the piazza, 60 feet in height and 240 in circumference, which was filled with combustibles, were heaped lewd pictures, obscene books, and fantastic dresses, gathered from every nook and corner in the city by a band of youthful inquisitors.

"At the bottom," says Milman, "were masks, false beards, masquerading dresses,

all the wild attire of satyrs, harlequins and devils, worn of old in the riotous days; above them books of Italian and Latin poetry, the *Morgante*, the works of Boccaccio and even Petrarch, then came whole female toilets, perfumes, mirrors, vails, false hair; then instruments of music, lyres, flutes, guitars, cards, chess-tables, draught-boards; the two upper layers were pictures, portraits of the most famous beauties of Florence—the works of the greatest masters. Such was the value of the holocaust that a Venitian merchant offered to purchase it for 20,000 crowns." Savonarola has been blamed as a barbarian and a fanatic for the part he took in this performance, and not long since this fire was alleged to have been the cause of the scarcity of a number of valuable books, (amongst others of Valdarfi's edition of Boccaccio, a copy of which sold in Paris sixty years ago for about \$10,000;) but the best historians of the time give us good grounds for doubting whether by this holocaust any object of permanent literary value was lost to the world; and from what we know of Savonarola as the patron of learning in his convent, as the friend of Mirandola, Bartolomeo, Della Robia, Cronaca, and Michael Angelo, and as the purchaser of the Medicean library, we might argue that an allegation which requires the supposition of glaring inconsistency, must be false. On the 1st of May a Signori, hostile to Savonarola, came into power; on the 4th a dead ass was put in his seat before service, and on the 12th he was excommunicated. Excitement was now intense, as may be supposed, from the existence of a law which was passed about this time with reference to bets made on the probabilities of the prior's conduct. As Milman says, "he had but one alternative, as a good Catholic to submit, or like Luther to burn the bull." He did neither, but on Christmas day he administered the mass, and a government more favorable to him having been elected for the new year, he preached again to an immense audience in the cathedral. Now there was a second fire of those "vanities" which had

been hidden during the previous search, but exultingly displayed when in the previous year the preacher had been under a cloud. Savonarola now made a final attempt to call a general Council without the authority of the Pope, in which he might plead his own cause and condemn the Pope. In pursuance of this design, which was not without precedent, he wrote to the monarchs of France, England, Germany and Spain, promising to demonstrate, by miraculous signs, that he was no mere disturber of the peace, but that the Pope was in every way worthy of the severest censure.

Savonarola's messenger to the King of France was murdered by assassins in the pay of the Duke of Milan, and transmitted to the Pope, who, when he read the denunciations of himself as a "Simoniac," a "sacrilegious usurper," and an "infidel," sent a furious letter to the Signori commanding them to enforce the excommunication. This was the critical hour in the fate of Savonarola. He knew that if his courier arrived safely at the court of France his point was gained, for Charles taking the initiative, Germany and England favoring, a general Council would be called and the Pope's authority would be annulled; but he little suspected that in the passes of the Sardinian Alps his messenger lay stiffened in his blood, and that the precious letter was in his enemies' hands. The last and best card was played, but it was in vain. Savonarola was a lost man.

In alarm a commission of twelve, appointed by the Signori, entreated Savonarola to desist from preaching. He consented, and took leave of his hearers in an affectionate farewell, telling them that he never expected to preach to them again. All the biographers of the friar devote a chapter to the "Ordeal by Fire," and each regards it differently. The facts, as nearly as we can get at them, are these:

Mutual jealousy of the Franciscans and Dominicans had one of its chronic outbreaks in a challenge of a Franciscan friar to Savonarola to pass through the fire in proof of his doctrine. Domenico took him up, but his ardor cooled and

he drew back, saying that the challenge was only meant for Savonarola. The Compagnacci however, urged on the Signori and the Minorites, and Savonarola, though at first he had disapproved of the proceeding, was confident of success, and to avoid giving a handle to his enemies, when he saw that it was inevitable, embraced it eagerly. But after numerous delays and subterfuges, the Minorites in cowardice drew back, and the Signori so adroitly transferred the blame from them to Savonarola, that even his own followers, the Piagnoni, were disappointed and deceived by the lies shouted everywhere through the streets by the mob of Arrabiati, Franciscans and Compagnacci, headed by the drunken Doffo Spini, the leader of a band of assassins, who had earlier in the day been prevented from murdering Savonarola by the determination and courage of Marcuccio Salviati. The night passed, and in the morning the Signori passed a resolution for the arrest of Savonarola, and his adherents, Buonvicini and Maruffi. The Compagnacci raised the cry "To St. Marks! Set it on fire!"

Unknown to Savonarola, two of his followers had provided for this contingency by concealing a number of arms in the cloisters. These were brought out, and a gallant defence was made by about sixteen friars, headed by Luca della Robbia and Benedetto, the great artists, and powerfully aided by the musket of Enrico, a young German, who cried each time he fired, "*Salvum fac populum tuum Domine,*" and brought down his man. This defence was undertaken in defiance of the entreaties of Savonarola, who had implored them to let him go to the enemy and thereby save the useless shedding of blood, and finally stung by the words of the traitor Malatesta, he insisted upon yielding himself up. At eight o'clock on the evening of Palm Sunday, the 8th of April, 1498, the yells of joy issuing from the assembled crowd announced that they who had but a few months ago thronged the Duomo to hear the marvellous preacher, were now hurrying him to the prison cell of Cosmo de Medici—the Alberghettino.

The writer is the fortunate possessor of a copy of that exceedingly rare, curious and ancient book, entitled "*Contra fratrem Hieronymum Heresiarcham libellus et processus,*"* from which cotemporaneous source of information we now obtain knowledge in a form inaccessible to most of the modern biographers.

In order that our record of the trial and last days of Savonarola may be devoid of even the appearance of Protestant partiality, we shall assert not a word

* To some of our readers a description of this book may be interesting. It is in black letter, published at Rome in 1498, the year of Savonarola's death. On the first page is an engraving of Savonarola, in the attitude of writing in a book with clasps; in front of him is a figure of Christ on the cross, while behind him are three fiends, one of whom is apparently whispering something into the heretic's ear. Beneath this engraving are the following remarkable lines, written with the usual contractions in Latin verse, which translate:

"Know Thyself,
Thou who by Satan's power canst know the
wily snakes,
Visit and return unhurt from the lake of hell,
And even give foul corpses to the Elysian
fields,
A marvel! But beware of injuring the
heavenly gods,
The holy Christ-thorn bears not thorns,—*He*
bears the lilies of the gods,
Whoe'er he be who happy loves the Pope."

The first twenty-five pages contain the work of John Poggius, which Bayle mentions as conclusive against Savonarola, but it is very doubtful whether he ever saw it, as he makes many mistakes in his account of its contents. As far as we are aware, it is not mentioned by any of the more recent biographers of Savonarola, and Bayle's statement is altogether without point, for there is no attempt at proof in the book, which is a mere recital of allegations. The criticism of Savonarola's prophecies, and especially of that relating to Charles Strozzi, which Bayle supposes to be the main purport of the book, is confined to *one* chapter in the 14 (B. says 13,) and in that chapter is disposed of in one short sentence of precisely 19 words. After this we have the original text of the celebrated "conclusions," the pledges of the two monks at the ordeal by fire, the examination and forged confession of Savonarola, letters of Alexander VI., and a poetical dialogue between the poet and Savonarola, subscribed, *Theodoricus Ulsenius Frisius Medicus Cecinit.*

which has not been admitted in this book, published by the authority of the Pope who persecuted him, and in the volumes of the latest Romanist biography, Madden's. On being taken before the Signori he was asked if the doctrines he preached, and the revelations he claimed to have, were true and from God. His frank answer in the affirmative "enraged the lords of Florence; they seemed to require no further proof of his guilt, and forgetting the solemn pledge they had given of restoring the three friars to liberty, they gave directions on the spot to have them shut up in three separate places of confinement."* A jury of sixteen to try the monks was notoriously packed. Going down the list before us, of the names mentioned at the head of the "processus," we notice the names of Canigniani, of Alberti, and Mazini, the well-known Arrabiati, of Doffo Spini, the notorious leader of the Compagnacci, who had frequently attempted to assassinate the Fra, Rucellai and Arnoldi, commissioners from Alexander VI., and the only man of respectability and fairness whose name we know, is Francisco de Albici, who, though bitterly opposed to the policy of Savonarola, went away in indignant horror from the first meeting, proclaiming that he would not stain his hands with the blood of the innocent, and never appeared among them again. "On the ninth of the present April, Brother(!) Jerome was interrogated and examined, at first by words, afterwards by threats, and then by torture, and he had on that day the Estropade torture, with three and a half turns of the cord. . . . From this until the 19th of April, they examined him without torture or hurt of the body, but with *humane words and exhortations*, and then having well-considered the subscribed examination he confirmed it, and said in presence of the aforesaid clergy, examiners and commissioners, that what is narrated in the said examination is true in every part, and in the whole, and so subscribed himself of his own free-will and with his own hand.†

* Madden, II. 59.

† Original report of Commissioners. In our copy, p. 2.

The meaning of these humane exhortations and of this spontaneous confession is elucidated by the following facts. He was tortured seven times in these eight days, and one of them was the Easter holiday. They thus persevered "several days, extorting nothing from him except some ambiguous words. Finding no evidence of guilt, they communicated with a public notary, Ceccone. The notary undertook the management of the case, and guarantied the condemnation and death of Fra Girolamo. The Compagnacci bound themselves to pay the notary four hundred scudi,* if he should succeed in his undertaking. This notary had been engaged in the conspiracy for the restoration of Piero de Medici, and through the efforts of Savonarola his life had been preserved.† He was put in a secret chamber, where he could hear the replies of Savonarola to his examiners, and his business was so to falsify the answers that the case would be at least plausible. The falsified process was read in presence of a large audience, and when Savonarola was asked, "Are these things true or false?" he replied, "All that *I have written is true*." They all cried out, "He has confessed and signed the process," but the honest Vicar of Fiesole wrote after his signature, "He confessed that all *he had written* was true." To the question of the traitor Malatesta, whether "those things which he had subscribed were true?" he answered not a word.

The last words in the official report made to the Pope in the "Process" are these:

"MAY THE 22D.

<i>Fra Girolamo,</i>	} At the 13th were degraded,
<i>Fra Domenico,</i>	
<i>Fra Silvestro,</i>	
and afterwards burned in the "Piazza de Signori."	

Savonarola had many faults. His prophecies were mere hallucinations, and the reformation which he endeavored to bring about was not broad and liberal, but monastic and Italian. Yet he was

* Traitors as a rule are poorly paid. He only got thirty crowns, one-tenth part of what was promised him.

† Madden, II. 60, 61, 62.

an honest "man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," a beacon-light, warning the people of the encroachments upon their liberty made by the infamous popes, and the crafty tyrants of the house of Medici, a daring fighter against a terrifically powerful tide of corruption which would have daunted any less courageous spirit.

His "Triumph of the Cross" is one of the most devotional and best books that were ever written, and is worthy of a place next to, if not side by side with the "De Imitatione Christi." It has been the lament of the religious world for the

last century that there is no English translation of this exceedingly valuable book, but in this the historians are mistaken, for a learned friend assures us that he has seen a translation of selections from it published in 1661 at Cambridge, by some Puritan theologian, and dedicated "to the scoffers and scorers of the gospel in these days," and we could not be induced to part with our copy of Mr. Hill's recent translation, which has now made accessible to all this book, which every one with five shillings to spare should purchase.

A SPIRIT IN PRISON; OR, THE PASTOR'S SON.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONFESSION.

"**B**UT Father, dear Father, for such you are to me," said Laurent, gently, "you must not cry so; you will make yourself ill; and there is the Angelus ringing now, and if we are gone too long they will send some one to look for us, and O, I have so much to say to you."

"Yes, Laurent," said the priest, struggling to compose himself, "I will, I will for your sake; and I will tell you the whole truth, come what may. I do not know that you will pardon me when you know all."

He was silent a minute, trying to collect his thoughts and regain his usual mastery of himself.

"Yes, my boy," he said at last, "for once we will speak without restraint, as those may who are, of all their blood, alone on earth; and then we must, if we can, forget it all, and I must send you away from me, and never see your face or hear your voice again."

"But why, dear Father?" said Laurent, troubled. "Why can I not stay with you? Surely it is no crime for a man to love his own nephew."

"I could not keep you with me at all events, my boy," said the priest. "If you could conform—you need not be a monk because you are a Catholic, Laurent; if you would I might acknowledge you. I might see you now and then; and though I have nothing myself, for I have kept my vow of poverty, heaven knows, yet there are those to whom a word from me would do much. You surely do not think it is impossible for a man to be saved in the Church?"

"I don't think it would be taking the first step toward salvation to tell a lie, dear Father, and it would be a lie for me."

"Ah, I know too well of what you are made," said the priest, with a strange pride in his own race. "We are such inconsistent creatures, that though I would have given my right hand to see you safe in the bosom of the Church—I mean safe in this world—yet I have within myself exulted when I found that neither bribery, nor threatening, nor suffering had been able to alter your resolution."

"But you, dear Father—surely you are a Catholic," said Laurent.

"I suppose so," said the priest, with a sorrowful smile, "but ah, my dear, the

old blood is strong at my heart yet—stranger than I knew, until the events of the last few years reminded me that before I took the vows I was the son of the Vandois pastor. You can not know what I felt when I saw that staff there in that creature's hands, and heard him speak as he did. I have played with it when I was a child, with your father. Did he ever speak of me to you?"

"Yes, uncle, many a time."

"He little knew that I had forsaken the faith he died for."

"But, dear Father, you were but a child."

"I was just the age you were when you were taken, Laurent. What became of my mother? I never knew."

"She died in 1656," said Laurent, suppressing the fact that his grandmother had been among the martyrs of that Easter.

"Murdered?"

"Yes," said Laurent, sadly.

"I never knew it. I was a prisoner before the massacre—half a willing one it is true, but still a prisoner, for there was no return. They praised my talents, as they called them; they flattered me I know—to save my soul, as they said. They were not unkind to me. I was ambitious, discontented with the hard narrow lot that our faith made the portion of our race. I was convinced, or I thought I was. The Pianezza family adopted me, and promised me help and friendship if I would forsake my own people and my father's house. What you have said about converts is true enough, my Laurent. I grew more Catholic than those born in the Church. I believed in my new faith. I gave up my whole soul to its influence. They sent me to Father Paul's monastery in Florence to be educated. They said I did well. My patrons were proud of me, and I was called by their name, and said to be a French connection of their house. I know you cannot but despise me, Laurent, but you shall know the truth."

"Indeed you mistake me, dear Father," said Laurent, gently. "Why, you were only fourteen, and your trial was a great

deal harder than mine—a great deal. If you had been taken prisoner as I was, and had fallen into Father Gerome's hands, you would have felt as I do."

"Perhaps so. I do not know. Let me but see you safe, and I care nothing for the rest. I feel that the days of my pilgrimage are nearly over; but though the end is dark, it seems to me that no anguish in the next world can be worse than I endure in this."

"But, dearest Father, why?" said Laurent, as he sat beside his uncle, half supporting him, and making him rest his weary head on his nephew's breast. "My father is in heaven now. He is safe and at rest. You tried to save him. You did save me. You believe in your own faith. They all call you a saint; and I am sure you are enough more like one than some of the rest. I don't see any sense in your wearing your life out as you have done, to do what Christ has done for us all, but I am sure you are as sincere as any man ever was. You are not a hypocrite, like some of them. I never imagined such things as I know are done among them. It is not my place to tell tales, only it seems to me that it is only a few such men as you and Father Paul that keep the whole thing from sinking."

"My dear, you could not tell a Provincial Minister anything that he does not know about his own order," said poor Father Francis, "and I have indeed tried to keep my vows, but ah, my boy, you little know how much ambition, and pride, and self-seeking may hide under the monk's frock, nor how every fresh austerity and penance successfully endured, tends to increase hardness of heart and spiritual pride; nor how full of self-seeking I was—how anxious to advance my own cause in that of the Church, until the blow came that crushed me. Listen, Laurent, and I will tell you what there is yet time to tell. I told you that I urged on this persecution. I had almost forgotten that I was not, as I had been represented, the son of a French connection of the Pianezza family. My whole ambition, my life and hope was bound up in the Church. My superiors

approved of my enthusiasm and zeal, and I was advanced from one post of dignity and responsibility to another, till I became what I am—and, Laurent, though I am a slave myself, I hold no small power in my hands. If, as I preached against your faith, or argued for a course of action that should once and for all exterminate heresy, I heard an inward whisper that this faith was my own, as a boy; if memory ever brought up before me the picture of old days, and represented but too vividly the innocence, the goodness of those whom my counsels tended to destroy, I called it a delusion, a weakness of nature, which I was doubly bound to crush; and the more my mind misgave me, the more I gloried in setting aside natural humanity, and acting only as became a son of St. Francis."

"Look here, Uncle Philip," burst out Laurent, in irrepressible indignation, "you are not his son, but the son of a man better than ever he was! Stealing his father's goods to give to churches, and organizing an array of beggars to get their living out of hard-working people! Every bit of St. Francis that was not self-delusion, and that was a good deal, was make-believe."

"Hush, Laurent," said the priest, with a startled look. "This is not for me to hear, and if it were heard, the Pope himself could hardly save you from the Inquisition."

"I am out under God's free air and sky," said Laurent, who had, as it were, fairly got the bit between his teeth. "I'm with my father's brother. I'll say what I think for once. I know, and so do you, uncle, that St. Francis, and more of them, were not fit, as far as real goodness goes, to be compared with my father, or many and many a one of our pastors; only they did what they had to do, and made no exhibition of it, and Francis was always making himself a spectacle with his voluntary humility and will-worship. It's easy to make sacrifices exactly in your own way. It's easy to run away from home, to follow one's own foolish, conceited notions, like that St. Clare your order worships. It's easy enough to take up the cross, when you

have made one for yourself just as you like it! My dearest, kindest friend, my father's own brother, now I know what a slave this Church has made of such a soul as yours, I think worse of her than ever I did before. My uncle Henri used to say that all we suffered was not worthy to be weighed in the balance with that gift God had given us—the liberty wherewith Christ had made us *free*. I know now what he meant."

"I think, my Laurent, that this Arnaud blood of yours has perhaps something to do with your persistence," said the priest, as his nephew, half in wrath and half in affection, bent down and kissed his forehead. "Who would have thought that I could ever have listened to such words? but let me go on, for my time is short."

"Yes, dear Father, I didn't mean to hurt you," said Laurent, half contrite, half provoked, "but I can't help feeling a little differently, now I know you are a Vaudois and my uncle, from what I did when I thought you only a noble gentleman and a great ecclesiastic—condescending to a prisoner."

"You do not know how often I have longed to undeceive you, but I dared not. I had crushed out, as I told you, or at least I thought I had, all feelings of race and blood, and so, though my heart ached when I heard of the work that was done in the valleys, I would not give way. My confessor encouraged me to persevere."

"I dare say he did, the old villain!" thought Laurent.

"I did persevere, even when the prisoners were brought to Turin, and I heard many a well-known name, and saw among the crowd faces which I recognized, even through the mist of years—even then I tried to feel that I had but done my duty, and helped to win a triumph for the Church and over myself. I had carefully avoided knowing anything about my own family. I was determined that I would have no ties out of the brotherhood."

"A nice substitute *they* are for a man's own family," was Laurent's unspoken comment.

"Finally, there came to me one who

alone out of all my school-fellows at the convent had known my story. We had been very dear to one another, but I had not heard of him for years, for when I took the vows, I had made it part of my duty to break all old ties of affection. He was a priest, too, Laurent, but he had been a husband and father. He came to me when I was alone; he called me by my name.

"Philip Leidet," he said, "your only brother, and I firmly believe as good a man as this world holds, lies at Lucerna under sentence of death. Will you save him, or will you help to murder him as you have so many others?"

"My uncle," said Laurent, almost sternly, "you did not hesitate then?"

"No, Laurent. The words were like a lightning flash in a dark night to one on the brink of a precipice. It rushed upon me all at once what I had done and was doing. Old memories that I had thought laid to sleep forever came back to me, as they say the past comes back to those who drown. I tried to save him, but it was too late. The Duke was not in the city; the Minister was with him, and before I could do any thing it was all over. My dear, I left you to suppose your father died in prison. He did not—he died on the scaffold—forgiving his murderers—he little guessed that one was his father's son—confessing his ancient faith, serene, composed, heroic to the end."

"It is but one martyr more," said Laurent, his voice trembling between grief and proud emotion; "and by the prison or by the scaffold, the way leads to God."

"Yes, my son; but now can you understand what a burden I have borne? The simple monks whisper among themselves that I have sustained personal conflicts with the adversary, as is related of so many of the saints. They might say so if they knew in what shape he came. Laurent, from the hour I heard of your father's death, night and day, wherever I go—in the midst of the services, when I have said mass—a voice whispers to me, 'Where is thy brother?' And here my father seems to ask the

same question from his grave, 'Where is thy brother?' and from every rock, in every wind that blows, in every mountain echo, the voice of my brother's blood cries to God from the ground. I feel the mark of Cain upon my forehead."

"No, dearest Father, no," said Laurent, his pity for the wretched man before him overcoming all feelings of resentment. "There is no spot there that full and free forgiveness cannot wipe away. It is not you who were guilty of my father's death. He had made himself too well known by his devotion to our cause to escape; and you tried to save him, and you have saved me. How did you know about me?"

"Ah, Laurent, my confession is not yet ended. I do not know that you will give me absolution when you hear, but you shall know. It was not till after your father's death that I heard that he had a son, and that he was a prisoner here. You, brought up as you have been—you cannot tell what I endured. I would not listen to the voice within me. I still tried to think it my duty to forget all natural ties. I would not send for you, nor come to you. I heard that you were with Father Paul, tolerably well treated, and I resolved that you should be to me as a stranger and an alien. O God, what I endured! I redoubled every penitential exercise. I fasted, and prayed, and watched, and our founder himself hardly inflicted more bodily anguish upon himself than I have, until my superiors interfered, and forbade me to practise farther austerity."

"I am glad they had that much sense anyhow," said the indignant Protestant. "To think of your making such a slave of yourself, when the Lord wanted nothing of you but to be his free man and brother! Did all that make you feel any better, I wonder?"

"No, Laurent. It did not lift one hair's weight from my ever-increasing burden. When I had knelt all night on the stone floor of the chapel—when I had wearied myself with prayers, or put myself to pain that I will not hurt you by telling, and rose weak and worn to carry on my daily duties, the voice rang

in my ears still. My confessor told me that to leave you, the last of my earthly ties, was the sacrifice demanded of me. But to satisfy my weakness, as he said, he promised to make those inquiries about you which I might have made myself in virtue of my office; and he told me, finally, that you had died. I think now he meant to deceive me."

"And you thought God could not pardon you, unless such a false and cruel man gave you absolution. O, Father Francis, how can you?"

"Ah, Laurent, do not ask me. I suffered only the more, for I felt as if your blood rested on my head, adding to my burden. I went almost mad, I think. My confessor died after a time, and then I heard you were living, and since they chose to send me into retirement, I came to Villar. I had thought you were under Father Paul's care. Indeed, my dear one, if I had known how you were suffering, I would have come to you long before. Ah, how little you knew how I felt when you thanked and blessed me for my care; and yet it was like the one drop of water. I thought at first that I would send you away into Switzerland, and not let you know how dear you were to me. You do not know how hard it was to keep you at a distance from me, but when I came back from Pignerol and found how you had been used, I ceased to struggle, and took you to myself. From that hour my one object in life has been to save you, since I could not convert you."

"Convert me!" thought the young man to himself, as he set his teeth. "I'd rather turn Mohammedan."

"My old ambitions and hopes are dead," continued the priest, sadly. "My heart is broken—and let me but once know that you are safe, and I feel I shall not have much more to endure in this world, and for the next—ah, me—there seems no hope there."

"A broken and a contrite heart He will not despise," said Laurent. "O, if you would have gone to Him in the first place, instead of to confessor or Church!"

"And you can forgive me? If you knew how dear your affection has been

to me, how I have felt when you were so grateful for the little I could do, and seemed to look up to me so. You have grown so dear to me day by day. Can you really forgive me, Laurent?"

"With all my heart; as freely as I hope God will forgive us all. There, rest, dear Father, be at peace," said Laurent, hushing and soothing his kinsman like a child, and feeling that for the moment their relations were almost reversed.

Father Francis rested his head on the young man's bosom with a long sigh, and for a few moments gave himself up to the sense of rest and relief which he felt in his nephew's affection, and in having confessed the burden which had so long weighed on his tortured mind.

"Ah, Laurent," he said at last, "how can I bear to send you from me?"

"Must that be, dear Father?" said Laurent. "It breaks my heart to leave you, and to think you will have no one with you but the monks, and though they call you a saint, there is not one of them that loves you as I do—even before I knew who you were."

"That will not bear talking of, my boy; and take no thought for me. I will tell you the truth. If it were known that I had kept you near me while you were yet a heretic, that I had used my power as a Churchman, as I have, Laurent, to secure the safety of your father's son and Henri Arnaud's kinsman, that I had, while doing this, carried the idea that you meant to conform, as with Father Paul's help I have done, I should at once be brought before a tribunal, by which to be suspected is to be condemned. I should be a prisoner for life in some monastery, and to put myself out of the question, you would either be sent to the French galleys, or kept in confinement as a hostage for Arnaud. I very much fear that even Father Paul, poor harmless old man, could hardly escape. Any moment may betray your relation to me. I very much fear that the passion I could not altogether suppress before that man from Prali has roused suspicion. You have spoken openly to the Chevalier, and it may be that even now our connection is a theme

for wonder and comment among the ladies of the Propaganda, whom I would to heaven were set to mind their tapestry work," said the Provincial, in some irritation. "You Protestants blame us for all their extravagances, but they are perhaps quite as much to blame for ours. Even now I should be back at my post. I had letters yesterday expressing a hope that I should be able to resume my duties. The only safety for you is to leave me, and happily I am able to place you in the hands of a guardian that I can trust, and who, I hope, will soon be able to send you over the frontier."

"But Father," said Laurent, troubled, "is it right to deceive people in this way? I don't want any one to think I am coming round. Heaven knows I never was farther from it in my life."

"Laurent, if you were travelling through an enemy's country, would you hold it a sin to wear a disguise?"

"But war is one thing, and to deny one's religion is another."

"Then let the sin, if it be a sin, rest on my head," said the Provincial, earnestly. "I will say nothing of yourself or of me. I ask you only to think of the kind old man who has been a father to you. They would spare his gray hairs no more than they would your young head. He has been in disgrace already, and it was only my influence that saved him from a much worse fate than banishment here."

"Was ever such an accursed system of slavery devised on earth?" said Laurent, in a kind of fury at finding himself involved in such a dilemma. "Well, for his sake and yours, I will do as you tell me."

"It will not be for long," said the priest, sadly.

"Father," said Laurent, struck with a sudden thought, "why need we go back to that prison yonder? Why can we not escape? Here is the mule. She is the superior's, to be sure, but we could send and pay for her afterwards. Why can we not get over the frontier into Switzerland? My uncle would receive us; and indeed, Father Francis, if he has a roof over his head, I am sure you would be welcome to its shelter; nor

would he ever trouble you about your religion. He is not one of those that think all Catholics must be fiends; and, Father, I cannot help thinking that you feel in your heart after all, that this Church is but a false and cruel idol, exalting herself in the place of God.* Why should a man like you submit to this tyranny of your superiors? We might make a home together. I might be your son indeed, and we should be free to love each other, and serve God without disguise?"

For one moment, as Laurent eagerly urged his design, which was not so impracticable as it might seem, the monk allowed his mind to dwell on the picture which his nephew's words called up. Then he shook his head.

"You forget, my boy," he said, with a sad smile, "I have taken the vows. I was not coerced into the order. I entered it at full age, knowing what I did, partly from devotion, fanaticism—call it what you will—partly, I fear now, because the Church seemed to open the readiest path for my ambition; but having taken the obligations of the order upon myself, I cannot cast them off. You would not have me a deserter?"

"And do you really believe in the mass?" asked Laurent.

"Do not ask what I believe or do not believe," said the priest. "My mind has long been in a tumult, like the storm they call in the mountains the *tourmente*, when every thing is wrapped in whirling, blinding snow—tossed with tempest and not comforted—but I must play my part to the end. It may be that I can use some of the influence I used for evil in behalf of those of our blood and race yet lingering in prison, but I can only act with the utmost caution. Do you re-

* "All that was done, (by the Friar's minor,) was done by the will of God, *because* it was done in obedience to the will of superiors *who held to them His place*." [St. Francis and the Franciscans, page 168.] We confess we never should have ventured to impute such a sentiment to the Catholic clergy; nor could we have believed that at this day such an opinion would have received the sanction of a Catholic Bishop. It seems, however, that such is the case.

remember the story of the magician who raised the evil spirit, and could not lay him again, and was torn in pieces by the power he had conjured up?"

"I heard the prior of the Observantines say that he tried to save some of the poor women and girls whom the soldiers treated so cruelly, but that they only laughed at him, though they were ready enough to listen to him when he preached the crusade; but, dear Father, you will take comfort now, will you not, and not let this dark shadow come between you and our blessed Lord? If you have done, or have been made to do, what was wrong, did not St. Paul—and was he not forgiven?"

"I do not know that there can be much comfort for me, dear," said the priest, "but in this hour I have a sense of something like peace, such as I have not felt before in years. The cloud has lifted a little, and if I can save you I may hope that I am not utterly forsaken. It is well you brought me here after all. My father loved me well, Laurent; and I think the lessons I learned at his knee have not been wholly forgotten. Leger was pastor of Prali then, and many a time I have heard him tell of his early days. How little he thought the boy he used to say was made to be a corner-stone in the ancient temple of his faith, would ever be what I am. Ah, I would love to talk over those old days with you here, but it cannot be. If it is given to me to meet my father and mother, I wonder if they could know and forgive their son."

"My grandmother, I have heard, forgave her enemies with her last breath; and surely a saint in heaven will not be less like our Lord, but more. But now you will let me take a little care of you before you return, will you not? If you go back looking so worn out, they will call me a bad guardian."

"You shall do what you will with me, Laurent, since it is for the last time," said his uncle, with a sigh.

"Shall we stay here, or is it too sad?"

"Let me stay here while I can. Here I have found something like peace, and

I shall probably never see the place again. My father! my dear father! Ah, Laurent, he was so good! He would have been proud of you. Would to Heaven that when my time comes I could rest beside him."

"They'll never make a saint of *him*," thought Laurent to himself. "He's a great deal too good—the poor dear!"

He brought water from the stream and bathed his uncle's brow and face, and Father Francis, worn out by the emotion he had undergone, suffered himself to be waited upon like a child. Laurent made him eat and drink; and when they finally rose to leave the spot, though the priest's face was sad, it no longer wore the half-despairing, strained, suffering look which had been so long habitual.

He stood a moment by the grave in silence, leaning upon his nephew's arm. Then he gathered a violet leaf from the little hollow and put it in his breast. "It shall be a sign to me," he said.

"And I will keep one, too, dear Father," said Laurent, "and I shall never see it without thinking of you and of this hour. O, it is so hard to find you only to lose you; but I am not sure but after all I love my Father Francis as well, or better than I do my uncle. But when I go, if go I must, I want to leave with you the staff. It ought to be yours, and it will serve to remind you of me, as often as you look at this motto around it: 'Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.'"

"I shall want nothing to remind me of you, my own one," said Father Francis; "I shall remember you but too well; but though I fear it is selfish in me I will take the token; it may be that when I am gone it can be sent back to you, and in exchange; if it be not against your conscience, you shall take this rosary. It is the only thing I can call my own almost; it was given me by a cardinal, and has been specially blessed by the Pope—but that cannot hurt you, Laurent."

"No, Father, a blessing can hurt no one," said Laurent, as Father Francis took from his robe a splendid rosary of agate and gold with a golden cross; "but I will love the beads more for your sake

than for that of pope or cardinal. But will they not miss it?"

"I have never worn it, though I have used it, and there is never any lack of beads for a monk," said the Provincial; "but you have a set already," he added, noticing the string of wooden beads at Laurent's girdle.

"Father Paul gave them to me when I first knew him, and asked me to wear them for his sake; I believe he thought they would bring about my conversion some way."

"And you have worn them?" said Father Francis, surprised.

"Yes, Father; I did not count my prayers on them. I'm sure I never could pray if I had to keep count; but if it pleased dear Father Paul to see me with a string of beads, why should I not wear them? I did not think they might suppose that I was changing my faith; I only wore them because it pleased Father Paul, and they did me no harm."

"Some of your Geneva brethren, or the faculty of Tübingen would say you made yourself partaker with the idolaters," said Father Francis.

"Let them say so, then. They have no more right to judge my conscience than the Pope," said Laurent.

"I fear, my boy, that your life will not be a very easy one in the world," said Father Francis, as he hung his rosary round his nephew's neck. "As for these beads, they are all I can give you. Do not hesitate to dispose of them, if need be. You can keep the cross for a token; I would I could provide for you better, but there is nothing in my power but the funds of the Order, and I think you would not wish me to be false to my trust?"

"Of course not. It is easy to see, my uncle, that you are half a Vaudois still," said Laurent; and indeed, it is probable that few church dignitaries would have been as scrupulous where a nephew was concerned.

"And this uncle of yours. He is a good man, Laurent?"

"O, indeed, yes. One of the best men in the world."

"And you were fond of him?" said the Minister, smiling at himself, for the acute pang of real jealousy that for a moment shot through his heart.

"Yes, Father; he was always very kind to me, and my father loved him dearly. He has been persecuted from his youth up, driven out of Dauphiny, hunted like a partridge upon the mountains, and now chased out of his refuge here, and he is as great a preacher with us as you are with those of your faith. Nothing breaks him down. I dare say wherever he is now, if he has not a crown nor a crust of bread in the world, he only hopes for better things to-morrow, and will say his prayers and go to sleep on the ground as though it were in a king's chamber."

"I have heard much of him. When you meet him, if you do, commend me to him. Tell him that I will try to do what I can for the pastors yet captives; and tell him, Laurent, about the two priests who have helped and comforted those sick and in prison, that he may know that all my brethren are not as blind as I was."

"He will have known about them from the exiles," said Laurent. "He will be pleased, too, for he is not one to rejoice in iniquity."

"And you may tell him, too, Laurent," said the monk, lowering his voice, "that the French influence at Court is waning. I know something of his hopes, and how he has sought to advance them. Tell him that it may be that the remnant of the flock, his adopted people, may yet find a place in their old home; I dare say no more—and say to him, from me, that he has a right to be proud of you."

"He was always fond of me," said Laurent, "but he has boys of his own, and I am just your only one. It does seem too hard that I must leave you. It is like parting with my father over again."

"It is but for a time, my son," said the priest, who had quite regained his mastery of himself. "We may never meet more on earth, but since you can pardon, I may hope that He who is the fountain of mercy may also have mercy

upon me, and unite us in His presence. And now, Laurent, we must return. I charge you not to betray our relationship by word or look. Whatever I do or say, however I bear myself toward you, you may know that you are dearer to me than any thing else on earth."

"Give me your blessing, dear Father," said Laurent, kneeling and kissing his hand. "If my grandfather can know, he will feel that his children are one in heart, at least."

The priest laid his hands on the young man's head.

"May our father's God bless thee, my son; may he guide and keep thee here and hereafter."

With one last look at the spot where his father lay, as if to fix the whole scene in his memory, the monk turned away. Neither he nor his companion spoke until they were on their road back to the convent.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCERNING HANNIBAL.

"See, Reverend Father," said Laurent, as they came within sight of the convent, "what is all that crowd at the gate?"

"Some guest, I suppose," said the priest, preparing to take up his part again, wearily enough, but with a resolute heart. "Remember, or rather forget, who you are and who I am."

He held Laurent's hand for an instant in his own, and then resumed his usual composed dignity of manner.

The guest turned out to be no less a person than the Bishop of Turin, in whose diocese the valleys were at that time included. Having, wonderful to relate, come to Pignerol on a pastoral visitation, the Bishop had extended his journey, and partly to visit the Superior, his cousin, and partly to see Father Francis, had resolved to honor the convent of Villar with his reverend presence.

Up the valley he came, accordingly,

"With many a cross-bearer before,
And many a spear behind,"

throwing the convent into a state of excitement which can only be compared to that of a young ladies' seminary at examination time. Cook and cellarer, sacristan and chorister, were flying about, each in his own department, to provide fitting physical and spiritual refreshment for the episcopal body and mind.

Only Father Bernard's native indolence proved superior to the general fuss, and he prepared to receive his distinguished relation with the happy mixture of dignity and laziness which characterized his manner.

Father Francis and Laurent reached the gate just as the Bishop and his train halted, filling up the street, and presenting to the eyes of the villagers a spectacle of unwonted brilliancy.

The Bishop and his retinue were magnificent in priestly and military splendor, but Laurent could not but see that neither priest or knight had so noble a presence as Father Francis, in the severe plainness of his attire, which only seemed to distinguish him in the midst of the glitter about him as one in authority. Not a tremble in his voice, not one anxious look betrayed that he was anything but the dignified, high-bred ecclesiastic, conferring almost as much honor as he received. And, as after an exchange of compliments between himself and the Bishop, knight, noble and priest, greeted the saintly Minister of St. Francis with the utmost reverence, Laurent could hardly believe that the observed of all observers was the same whom he had so recently comforted, soothed and forgiven, as he wept beside the lonely grave of the outcast heretic.

Laurent was dismissed with such a quiet "*Benedicite mi fili*," as it became the great man to use toward a humble attendant, and after seeing that the mule was taken care of, was going to his cell, where he judged it best to keep himself as much out of the way as possible. On his way, however, he passed the library, and stood hesitating a moment whether he should seek Father Paul, who was usually to be found at that hour among his books.

As he stood still, a metallic, somewhat

harsh voice, suddenly exclaimed from within, in tones of scornful emphasis:

"Vinegar! Father Paul! Vinegar indeed! Vinegar!"

Laurent, amazed no less at the manner than the matter of these remarks, involuntarily stood still, to see what would come next.

"You *don't* think so, Monsieur?" said Father Paul's gentle tones, rather timidly.

"Of course not—surely not," returned the other voice. "I wonder, Father Paul, that a man of your learning should be able to credit such a statement."

"But it is here in the book," said Father Paul.

"A fable, an exaggeration of some other incident, or a sheer invention."

"But that tunnel in the Monte Viso, Monsieur?"

"And can you for one instant, imagine *that* tunnel—that excavation, was made by such means as that, and in four days? Hot vinegar, indeed! Monstrous!"

Laurent could not but be curious to see who it was that entertained such a violent objection to vinegar.

He looked in at the library-door, and saw Father Paul seated on the floor as usual, in a sort of nest of books, and looking not unlike some mild old hen in a manger. Over him stood a rather slight, small gentleman, whose dress bespoke the Curé, but whose whole air and manner proclaimed the soldier. He carried in his hand a little cane, which he flourished by way of emphasis; and his alert movements, his carriage, his sparkling blue eyes, reminded Laurent irresistibly of a hawk.

"He never went near Monte Viso, in my opinion—never; and as for his having passed the Haute Luce—why, St. Denis!—only look here! Take this St. Augustine," and down went a folio edge-ways on the floor; "then just throw down these smaller volumes and manuscripts round it; imagine that your mountain; multiply it by five hundred thousand—all rock, and moraine, and debris—cover it six feet—eight feet—ten feet deep with snow—and millions of tons of ice—and *then* tell me he took his army over there that time of year. And his elephants!—

Elephants, indeed!" cried the Curé; "Elephants!" and he flung out his hand, as if challenging Father Paul to produce those animals on the spot.

Father Paul was crushed into silence, and had not a word to say. He began to gather up his books, and Laurent stepped forward to help him.

"Ah, you have come, my son," said the librarian. "You have been long gone."

"We stopped to rest; Father Francis was tired, and the doctor bade me to try to keep him out doors as much as possible," said Laurent, stealing a glance at the Curé, who apparently had not recovered from the indignation experienced at the idea of elephants on the Haute Luce.

That instant, however, he whisked round upon Laurent with the swiftness of a cat.

"Father Francis! and how is he? Better?"

"Yes, monsieur," said Laurent, wondering whether this apparition had come in the train of the Bishop.

"Glad to hear it. Are you his attendant?" with a quick, piercing glance.

"Sometimes, monsieur."

"Bien! The man's killed himself with fasting and vigils. All nonsense, for any one that has the work to do that he has. God made the night to go to sleep in. Isn't that so, Monsieur Leidet?"

"So I suppose, Monsieur," said Laurent, astonished at being called by his name—and still more by such unclerical sentiments.

"And perhaps *you* believe that he burnt his way through the rocks, and made the tunnel in Monte Viso with hot vinegar?" said the Curé, with a manner that seemed to say, "if such is your opinion, prepare for instant death."

"Monsieur," said Laurent, beginning to see that it was Hannibal, and not the Provincial, who was supposed to have performed this exploit, "I am too ignorant to understand the subject."

"Why! A child three years old, an infant in arms would know better. Do you mean to tell *me* that in four days a man by such means made a hole in the

solid rock big enough for an elephant to go through, with hot vinegar? Why, I'd as soon believe in St. Ursula's three heads."

"My son, my son!" remonstrated Father Paul. "Surely the multiplication of the holy relics is but one more miracle to show that our Holy Church is indeed built upon the rock."

The Curé tossed his head like a war-horse.

"Yes, Father Paul, but men can build upon that foundation with wood, hay and stubble; and a pretty parcel of combustibles you monks have heaped up in one place and another."

"Holy Virgin!" said Father Paul, alarmed. "My son, think I beseech you what you say; but as to Hannibal, except that the story was written in Titus Livius—his book, I confess I do not understand where he got so much vinegar."

"Vinegar! vinegar! nonsense. But I was too warm, Father Paul; you know me of old. I beg your pardon. Take warning by me, Monsieur Leidet, and never let the heat of discussion make you forget due respect; but hot vinegar, and elephants over the Haute Luce! It is too much for human nature to endure."

"But how do you think he did come, then?" asked Father Paul. "Laurent, my son, this gentleman is Monsieur de Silvenoir, Curé of Bonneval, of whom you have heard our Reverend Father speak."

"I have heard of you, Monsieur Leidet," said the Curé, with a salute; "but

I had some way the idea that you were but a child, and behold, a young man."

"Ah, Laurent was but up to my shoulder when I saw him first, and now I have to look up to him," said Father Paul, with a fond glance at his pupil.

"And I suppose it is you who has kept the boy alive," said the Curé, lowering his voice, however. "Is it not so, Monsieur?"

"It is, indeed," said Laurent, with emotion. "Father Paul has been a father to me, in truth."

"Ah, he has more than repaid me," said the kind old man. "But, my son, you must be weary with your walk. Go and rest."

"Yes, go, Monsieur Leidet," said the Curé, with a swift sudden glance of warning; and he added, as Laurent passed him, "You will not do ill to keep yourself quiet, while there are so many guests here."

Laurent was not sorry to be dismissed, that he might have time to think over what had passed. He felt no resentment toward his unhappy kinsman. His repentance had been too deep, his suffering too bitter, and his kindness toward Laurent too great to allow such a feeling to find place in the boy's heart. But while he loved Father Francis, and pitied him with all his heart, that very love and pity helped to increase his horror of the system which had perverted and enslaved a nature so noble, and used such talents and such a character for purposes of cruelty and persecution.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROCK TOP LIGHTS.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

ROCK TOP, the pastoral charge of a young man named Peter, having survived the first commotions of his settlement, subsided into a profound calm. During this interval of quiet, Peter and his coadjutor, Cousin Dick, established themselves in the parsonage, keeping a kind of bachelor's hall. Peter

gave himself to sermonizing and Hebrew. Dick had ample opportunity to carry on his investigations in mental philosophy, and study the human race, as developed in Rock Top. A calm which had at first been welcome became monotonous, and finally alarming. In vain did Peter, in his best style, thun-

der the terrors of the law, and the eternal consequences of evil doing. The Rock Toppians had not the slightest idea that he meant them, and placidly wished some of the sinners had been there to catch it so royally.

The anxious pastor then devoted himself to a personal work among his people. He went from house to house, conversed and prayed with the different members of families. This was received in the same easy spirit, as everything else. Dignitary Pottinger said that he *liked to see* a man earning his money, as if he knew he ought to. In the Dignitary's opinion, two sermons a Sabbath were by no means an equivalent for seven hundred a year.

"I *get my money*," said the Dignitary, "by taking off my coat, and going in and digging for it; and I can't see as the person has any right to earn his *salary*, if he has been to the seminary. In my view, the seminary was a mighty good resting spell. I never had such a three years' holiday in my life."

Calm still, unbroken calm.

"Dick," said Peter, "I don't like this; my people are stagnating; they do no religious work; seem to have no religious feelings; they are dead asleep."

"Well," said Dick, puffing out a great cloud of smoke, "in that sleep they are having very lively dreams of butter and quinces."

"More's the pity," said Peter, pacing up and down the room; "parents seem to have no anxiety about their unconverted children; wives are not distressed by the danger of careless husbands. The calm is like that of those seas where vessels lie unanchored but motionless, until the sails drop from the masts, and the ship falls apart upon the water."

"The calm," said Dick, "is tropic; take my word for it, there will be a tempest of some sort before long. Clouds gather after such dead, lazy noons. I wouldn't wonder if there came up such a blow here as will send you and me clean out of Rock Top. I wish there would," added, softly.

"Yes," said Peter, with a sigh, "if people were any better for it, and

the Lord would send them a more worthy pastor."

The prophesied storm came—came to Rock Top, as in nature, at the time of the autumnal equinox. The sun crossing the line occasioned terrific winds and pouring rains. The windows of heaven seemed opened, and the fountains of the great deep appeared to be again broken up.

At this inopportune moment the roof of Rock Top church proved false, and the ceiling presently showed great stains, the carpet in the aisles was wet, hymn-books and Bibles lying in the pews were warped and defaced, and a mouldy, unhealthy smell greeted the Sabbath worshippers.

"The roof has given out," said the people.

"We must have a new one right away," said Peter and Dick.

"The old church is not worth a roof," said Mr. Province; "it is a miserable wreck every way."

No man in the congregation had so much influence in a money way as Dignitary Pottinger. Not that he was rich or liberal, but he was loud-mouthed and obstinate. He flew in a passion at once at mention of a new roof.

"The church has been roofed since my house has," he cried, "and if I can stay in my house all the time, I guess we can stand the church once a week. Times are too tight; we can't afford to lay out money for a roof now; we have just paid the taxes; and quinces are not half a crop."

"It does not seem possible to delay roofing," said Peter, "the leak is very serious. I was talking to Mr. Province this morning, and he said—"

"O! yes, I know what *he* said; he cried out for a new roof, *of course*," interrupted Mr. Pottinger. "I know why. It leaked in the gallery, where all his folks sit to do the singing. Well, it hasn't leaked in *my* pew yet, and I mean to stand out against roofing till it does, any how."

"But consider what other congregations will think of us if we leave our church in such a miserable state," expostulated Peter.

"It is none of their business," retorted the dignitary.

"And our congregation will lessen if we do not make the building comfortable. People will not want to risk rheumatism and consumption sitting in a damp church."

"Folks should show more faith than to be afraid of such things; I'm not," replied the Dignitary. "However, I don't want you to think I'm opposed to a new roof; it is only to paying money for it. If some of these people" (and he looked sharply at Dick) "who have no families, and more money than they know what to do with, would only take the church roof in hand, I would think it just doing their Christian duty, and I'd be much obliged to them besides."

Dick whistled. Then he spoke.

"Mr. Pottinger, I think you mentioned hard times. You often mention them. They seem chronic with you. May I ask if you ever saw any other sort of times?"

"I don't know as I ever did," said the dignitary, gruffly. "I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth, like some of you fellows."

"There's a recipe for getting rid of them—an antidote which is not a question of spoons. My Cousin Peter will tell you it is lending to the Lord; there you'll get the very highest rate of interest on a safe investment. My own experience is small, but I have seen very wonderful prosperity follow liberal giving. It is my opinion, sir, that if you take hold heartily, and help get a new roof on the church, you will at once find yourself able to do the same for your house."

"I don't want to roof my house," said Mr. Pottinger; "new roofs are all folly and ambition."

So the Dignitary rode away in a pet.

The great storm was followed by a succession of rains, which frequently occurred on Sundays. The people of Rock Top began to forget that there had ever been clear Sabbaths, and the leaky church became a very serious matter. Old people, semi-invalids, and children stayed at home; the sexton vowed he

would resign; the choir had to leave the gallery, and all the Provinces were incensed thereat; but still Dignitary Pottinger cried out loudly against any expenditure; got up a strong party on his side, and each Lord's-day serenely mustered his family in the pew where it did not leak. Dick occupied the adjacent slip, and on the third stormy Sabbath, a stream of cold water trickled over his uplifted nose, as he sat with his eyes fixed on Peter's lofty station. Dick retreated behind the stove, but the opposition dignitary looked as if he regarded it a pure matter of preference on the young man's part.

The fourth Sabbath the red velvet pulpit-cushion was soaking wet. Peter, not perceiving it, laid his sermon and handkerchief thereon, during the preliminary services; when they both caught an ominous gory hue, and the kerchief was unfit for use. This place being too wet to occupy, Peter went down beside the communion table.

Mr. Pottinger frowned; he never liked to see a pastor descend from his position. But drip, drip, drip came the rain on the table; and sometimes on Peter's back, and anon on the top on his head. He took the sermon in his hand, and went to stand on the pulpit stairs. Having tried two or three steps, he secured one as dry as his Dignitary's family pew, and finished his sermon in peace.

"It is a shame, we must do something," cried the Provinces, the Churches, and many more. But the Pottingers and their friends said cheerfully, "It won't rain all the time."

The fifth rainy Sabbath ended Dignitary Pottinger's immunity. The rain came into his pew, and deluged his daughter's new bonnet. Mrs. Pottinger found her feet wet; and began to sneeze, because she had sat on a damp cushion. When Mr. Pottinger opened his hymn book, two leaves stuck together, and tore frightfully. All the Pottingers then went and sat with Dick behind the stove. Miss Pottinger almost forgot her chagrin about her bonnet, when she looked over the same book with our dear Dick, and he softly whispered that he hoped she suf-

ferred no inconvenience from her change of place. Miss Pottinger forgave the roof, and did not want a new one: but then Dick would not always sit behind the stove!

The new bonnet was entirely ruined, and Miss Pottinger stayed at home next Sabbath and suiked. Her mother also remained at home: she was in bed with influenza. Influenza prevailed in the congregation; more than half the pews were empty. Dr. Jehu and the Provincials, the Litkips and the Churches, swarmed about Mr. Pottinger, vowing that a meeting of the trustees and officers must be held, to consider the question of roofing. Therefore, a notice was hastily written, and sent up to the pulpit. Peter gave a sigh of relief; a meeting to consider of repairs! his troubles then were over!

On the contrary, they had but just begun.

The next Saturday afternoon various vehicles wended their way toward the church. Even Drs. Cor and Jehu were there. A money matter was to be discussed, and it behooved every man to have his say. It was quite a large meeting; all the influential people were on the spot. Peter took his seat by the communion table, and resting his head on his hand, hoped and prayed that his people might be endowed with a spirit of love and harmony.

Richard meanwhile mingled with the groups in the church-yard, and became convinced that there were two very strong, resolute, and nearly equally balanced parties in the congregation.

One party went for repairing the present church, or that "it would do for a while longer." The other party was for building at once a new church in Rock Top village. No less than four village men were ready to donate a lot for the new church, so a choice of sites was presented. This idea of a new house would be fiercely battled. Dick went in and whispered the state of affairs to the pastor.

"Richard," said Peter, "you and I must not commit ourselves on that question. Let them settle it in their own

way: it is a point on which the people will feel keenly. You and I must keep quiet."

"I'm for the village party," said Dick.

"Keep still about it, until it is decided."

"Yes, we'll let 'em quarrel it out alone, and they'll go it cat and dog, tooth and nail," said Dick, with relish. "What an opportunity I will have to study human nature!"

Peter shuddered. The people trooped into the church: the meeting was called to order; Peter was moderator, and Richard was secretary.

All the people who lived in and near the village were opposed to maintaining the old church edifice; all the outskirts of the congregation were furiously against building a village church. The Pottingers and the Churches, who had always been enemies, were of one mind on this subject; both of these powerful families were jealous of village influence; and they were inclined to make the most of their new coalition.

Doctor Jehu began by declaring "that to repair the present church would be nearly as expensive as building a new one. He thought no one questioned that the church was in the wrong place; there was only one house near it; it was inconvenient for every body. All the people had to ride to service. The village was the place for the house of worship; then fully half the people could walk to church. He hoped all Rock Top knew the fourth commandment. He was willing to give a building lot and five hundred dollars to a church in the village. Laying out money on the present building was like pouring water in a sieve. He would not be guilty of such folly."

Mr. Litkip bounced upon the floor. He wanted to remind Doctor Jehu that "when everything had been arranged to suit the village people, and give them a chance to walk to church, other people, as the Litkips, would have to ride twice as far as before. That was not fair."

Doctor Cor rose. "Twice as far made no difference when once people had geared up. If people had to drive two

bles, it would not be much trouble to rive three. Churches now-a-days gravitated to the villages. Evening services and Sabbath-school could then be in the church building; and it would be much easier for the pastor. *He* would give a lot and five hundred, if the congregation would agree to build a church in the village."

Mr. Dickons, a red-faced man, not a member, flounced into the aisle; he said, loudly, "that village people held themselves too high; he, for his part, had to go to the village to buy his sugar, get his shoes mended, and sell his butter; he had also to go there for his mail—but he'd be hanged if he went there to church; indeed he would, sirs!"

Here Peter rapped on the table and said, "Order!" and Mr. Dickons fell into his seat.

Mr. Province next had the floor. He would give a lot and five hundred to a village church—

"And expect us to buy all our putty, and nails, and items at your store," cried Mr. Dickons, tauntingly.

"Order!" rapped Peter.

Mr. Province scorned such imputations. He would not reply to them. "The present church," he said, "cannot be made comfortable or beautiful by an outlay of ten thousand dollars. Its position inconveniences every body. If you cannot accommodate the whole of such a large congregation, accommodate half. The other half will be no worse off than now, and village people will know how to appreciate the concession."

Mr. Province must also speak a word for the young men; the young men were dear to his heart, and they were in danger. "Why, sirs, a tavern lies like a monster at the church door, to beguile unwary young men. Yearly we sacrifice our sons; I feel more on this subject than I can say, but I will say, yes, I will—"

But here he was prevented saying by Mr. Pottinger, who towered up in anger. "What does Mr. Province mean by his offensive remarks? Is he slandering church members? Must he call in question the character of that house across the way, kept, if I must remind you, by

my brother-in-law, whose wife is a church member?"

"But they sell liquor," interpolated Doctor Jehu.

"But they *have* a license, and people must live. Perhaps they have as much right as Mr. Province to sell eggs, or Doctor Jehu pills," shouted Mr. Pottinger.

"Order, order!" said Peter.

And now Mr. Church arose. He was a fine looking man, polished and urbane in manner and inclined toward public speaking. He dealt in pathos. He wanted "to remind his brethren that the present spot was sacred. The building was more than a century old. Doctor Stamford had come there a young man; had worked there until his revered head was white—"

"And openly urged us to build a village church," said Doctor Cor, loudly.

Mr. Church proceeded. "The people of the present meeting had been brought up in that old church, their holiest memories clustered about it, and what one of them could endure to have it deserted, desecrated, demolished! But more than this, had they forgotten the graveyard lying near? The graves of their fathers in sound of the preacher's word of the Resurrection and Life. O, who would remove the church from that holy city of the dead—who would take the house where their fathers worshipped, away from their father's graves!"

Here Mr. Province pertly remarked that "the church and the sermons were no manner of use to the dead; they had had their chance, and now the living ought to have theirs, and their conveniences should be considered."

"Sir," pursued Mr. Church—"Mr. Moderator, every grain of that dust is sacred in my eyes; every niche of this house is sacred as my mother's Bible; I could not worship in any other spot than this. In my view it would be profanation to remove the church. I protest against it; I will never consent to it. Here I have sat for the Sabbaths of fifty years, and from this house I must be buried. No; I will never agree to close this house. I call those graves, those sacred ancestral

graves to witness"—Mr. Church stopped to look for his handkerchief, and Dick suddenly remarked that he had been lately promenading amid said graves and had found them covered with thistles, lost in nettles, turned into a blackberry ground for squads of boys, given over to rubbish to such an extent that he supposed nobody cared for them. He thought Mr. Church ought to head a subscription to put the yard in order.

"I will," cried Mr. Church, red in the face from losing the last of his oration—"I will subscribe ten dollars at once, and hope the other brethren will do the same."

Mr. Pottinger sprang up. "It is all nonsense subscribing money for what can be done without money. Suppose the yard is overgrown somewhat. A flock of sheep would eat *that* down in a few days;" and Mr. Pottinger was ready to turn them in, if the meeting gave the word.

Sheep nibbling the ancestral graves! All Mr. Church's finer feelings were outraged. The new *entente cordiale* which had sprung up between himself and his brother Pottinger was destroyed. He attacked said brother furiously; he held his suggestion up to scorn, he showed that it arose in the fact that no Pottingers lay in this graveyard; he scorched and scathed Mr. Pottinger, utterly regardless of his sufferings. The main object of the meeting was forgotten; every body took sides; they disputed until so nearly tea time that they all felt hungry, and Doctor Cor moved an adjournment.

Mr. Church had succeeded in getting forty dollars voted to set the graveyard in order, and the sexton was commissioned to see to it.

The Pottingers and Churches eyed each other in hostile silence, as the meeting broke up in some disorder.

"We are not defeated," said the village party.

"Neither are we," retorted the old church party.

"We will never give in, and repair here," said the village party.

"We will never help to build down there," said the other.

"There is a meeting called for next Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock," said Peter.

"The storm has begun," remarked Richard.

During all the week there was no topic of conversation but the question, "Shall we build, or repair?" People discussed it on the church steps, and in the pews; they considered it while they should have listened to the sermon; they gossipped of it in store, post-office, and depot. When they arrived at the meeting the succeeding Saturday, every man was more set in his former opinion than he had been the week before. Dignitary Church had got his way about the graveyard; he was, moreover, a Christian man, and regretted that he had been betrayed into anger against his brother Pottinger; he said as much while they were tying their horses, and the two entered the church together peaceably. It was a poor time for them to quarrel when all the village people were a unit for a church in their midst.

To this convocation came Peter with a sinking heart. He and Richard, while careful not to add fuel to the already hot fires of discussion, had in private weighed all arguments, and had coincided with the village party.

Very stormy Sabbaths now saw the old church deserted, for those who dared brave the weather on their own behalf, would not leave their teams and vehicles exposed to the storm, and no sheds had ever been built near the church. In the village a very respectable congregation could be relied on in the worst weather. Much of the pastor's Sabbath must now be consumed in riding to and fro, a difficulty a village church would bring to an end. Peter agreed with Mr. Province that a tavern was not a good neighbor for a house of worship. He thought with others that it was not worth while to inconvenience the living for the sake of preaching in sight of the graveyard. Still, if Peter expressed these convictions it would not be adding strength to the resolves of the village party, for they were now like adamant, and it would infuriate the opposition. He yet hoped

that Christian common sense would prevail.

At the next meeting every village man clinched his remarks by offering his quota for a new church, and cheerfully setting it beside the "*not one penny*" which he meant to give the present building. The country members did not venture to offer fixed sums, but they spoke vaguely of what they would do in repairing,

"All I can say is," said Doctor Jehu, "that if you folks want to repair the old church, go on and do it. We won't help."

"Go on and do it!" cried Dignitary Pottinger, "and let all you fellows worship in it free of cost! We don't see it."

"You won't see it," said Doctor Cor, "for we won't come."

Mr. Church now thought it best to wheedle, he rose and spoke eloquently of the evils of schism, the excellence of amity, the beauty of concession. "Let us unite in repairing the house of our Lord," he said. "Let us get it in good order; we elder men will lay down our prejudices. Brother Province, we will even have an organ."

"Yes," replied brother Province, not to be bribed, "we mean to have an organ—down in the village."

"Brethren," said Mr. Litkip, "can it be possible that you would extinguish a candle which has burned more than a century; that you would put out the old light?"

"We are going to kindle a new one," said a village man; "that candle you mentioned is about burned out."

"Put it to vote, to vote!" cried Mr. Pottinger; "let us see if there is not as much power in the old light as in the new."

From this the rival parties were called Old Lights, and New Lights.

When it was put to vote the parties were so nearly equal that Peter for a moment trembled, lest he must give the casting vote.

When each man had thus declared himself, the asides, and the bickering through the pews became so sharp, that by a motion of Mr. Province the parties

divided themselves, and went to the north and south sides of the church. Thus separated they scowled grim defiance at each other across the centre aisle. From this the belligerents got another name—North Lights and South Lights.

Mr. Church arose, and rhetorically stated how he and his friends would repair the present building, the venerable guardian of his fathers' graves. Dignitary Pottinger shrugged his shoulders at this mention of graves, but refrained from speaking. The village men floridly told what they would do, and showed a lot and three thousand dollars already promised.

"The church *must* be moved," said Doctor Jehu.

"Never, while I am above ground," said Mr. Pottinger; "it would ruin my brother-in-law, who has re-leased the tavern for eight years."

"But," cried Mr. Province, "I never before understood that it was the business of a church to support a tavern."

"You always seemed to be my enemy; I hope you do not speak from private spite," cried Mr. Pottinger.

"Order!" said Peter.

"Let expression of opinion be free," said Mr. Pottinger.

"Friends" said the pastor, rising, "I entreat you to be cordial and brotherly. I think you are all Christian men; don't in excitement say things to be repented of. Be harmonious. Cannot some course of conduct be suggested in which you all may agree?"

"It seems," remarked Richard, "that you are totally opposed to each other."

"As opposite as black and white," said Dignitary Church; "we cannot agree."

"But black and white make a very nice gray," suggested Dick, amiably.

"One or the other party must give in," said Mr. Litkip, "we'll have no gray here."

"We won't give in," asserted the village men.

"Nor will *we*," said the country members, just as vehemently.

"Then we must split," said Mr. Dickons, who was not a member, and regretted but little this great breach among brethren.

"If there is a split," said Mr. Pottinger, in conscious innocence, "it is the New Lights which will go off from us. They may do as they like; one thing is sure, the church property belongs to us."

"We make no claim on the old church building," said one village man, scornfully.

"And the parsonage is ours too," said Mr. Church.

"And there's a hundred dollars in the bank, the beginning of an organ fund, that is ours"—said somebody else; and this was as bad as the graveyard question, for every one began a hot dispute about that hundred dollars. It was the result of a May-day fair, and the people said the fair originated among themselves; that the work was done by the village young folks; that the country people had opposed the organ, the fair and every thing connected with it, and they claimed the money as absolutely theirs.

Some one appealed to Richard. He arose. "The fair, so far as he knew, was undertaken by the village people"—the village people nodded approval—"but he saw other people buying freely;" here the Old Lights nodded encouragement. "Suppose each party agree to give it to the other." Everybody shook their heads. "Suppose they divide it equally, if worst come to worst, which I hope will not be." Every one scowled at this; like the woman before Solomon, they wanted the whole child or none. "Suppose they choose an umpire."

Mr. Pottinger said, uneasily, that umpires always decided wrong.

"Suppose you draw lots," said Dick. "I am willing to hold the lots for you."

But here Peter interfered. "Brethren, order! You are not divided, heaven forbid; you are one church yet. You can no more divide this money than I can divide my money with myself. If you must separate, the church court must provide the terms, and divorce you with ecclesiastical justice. They will adjudicate your differences. But think again before you take an irrevocable step."

"I'll never help repair," said Mr. Province.

"I'll never help build down yonder," said Mr. Pottinger, resolutely; while

Mr. Dickens said, "Well, divorces are fashionable now-a-days, and I go in for one in this case on the ground of incompatibility."

The money wrangle had taken up all the time until evening, so the meeting adjourned with their affair still unsettled.

"I wish," said Peter to a belligerent on the door-step, "that you could settle this difference amicably."

"Tell the village party to give up then."

"I do not know that I ought to take that course; I might not, in conscience, be able to give that advice, even if there were the least possibility of its being followed."

"Domine," said the parishioner, hotly, "once Doctor Stamford meddled in this building matter, and he meddled on the wrong side. He learned that it was well for him to hold his tongue, and you'd better take the same lesson."

"Mr. Pottinger," said Peter, "can you not concede something for peace's sake?"

"Submission is not my part. I'm a ruling elder," said Mr. Pottinger, loftily.

"And I am a teaching elder," said Peter, mildly.

"You needn't teach me," said Mr. Pottinger.

And now were Peter and his Cousin Richard in hot water, truly. Despite their discretion, they were attacked on all sides. Each party by times claimed them, and anon denounced them as helping the other party. Mr. Province upbraided Peter for declaring that the opinions and preferences of such men as Mr. Pottinger and Mr. Church should not be lightly dismissed; while both these latter gentlemen were highly indignant because Peter said that Dr. Stamford had always favored a village church.

"There is no use of my staying here amid this confusion," said Peter to Dick. "The church will divide, and where will I belong? I cannot stay with the old church party for many reasons; nor with the new, for just as many. New men, unversed in these quarrels, would do better here than I; besides, the village church will not be ready for a pastor this somewhile."

"I'll advise you," said Dick. "Get out of the building before the roof falls in. You resign before they split. Be ahead of them."

"But these people are my first love," said Peter, dolefully.

"Humbug!" said Dick. "Men never marry their first loves, nor the second, nor the third, usually. I didn't. There are plenty more loves just as good as this of Rock Top."

"And the church seems to me like Doctor Stamford's legacy," continued the unhappy parson.

"And like many another heir, you've got through with the legacy. Come, I say, go!"

"But I shall go with hard feelings. I have been roughly handled by the whole of them—almost—and I'll remember it, I fear."

"That 'almost' is a saving clause," said Dick. "Do you know, Cousin Peter, the '*almost*' will grow so large that it will overshadow all the rest? Departing, you may feel a little bitter over opposition which you have met, and hinderances cast in your way; but time heals all. The distance of years shall lend enchantment, even to Rock Top. You and I, Peter, will one day look back to Rock Top lying in the soft effulgence which lights the past, and from among its quince trees we shall see Doctor Stamford's dear face, the goodly figure of Dignitary Church, the jolly doctors, Mr. Pottinger grown venerable, Mr. Litkip mellowed like a ripe apple, and Mr. Dickons a good fellow, Province forever kind, and even the falsest true. Thus, with all rough edges smoothed, and crooked ways made straight, Rock Top shall appear to us Arcadia!"

"And I must really go?" said Peter.

"I say so," said Richard. "Your own manliness and common sense say so, too. Your pride shrinks from the thought that either half of Rock Top can get on without you; but no man was ever indispensable to a church. The Lord will manage here without you, Peter, and even without me."

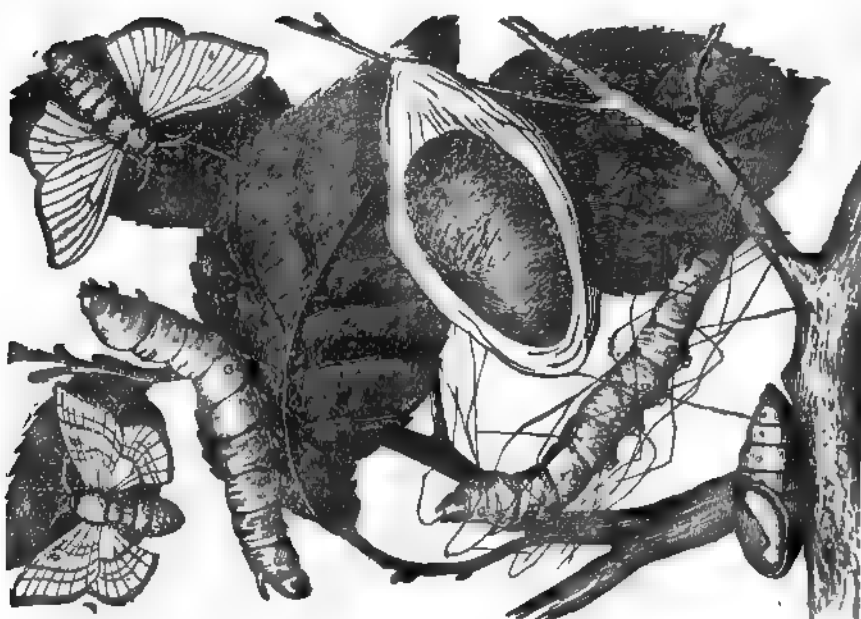
And so on a dismal, raw February afternoon, the ecclesiastical court having had its say, Peter and his Cousin Dick may be seen flying from Rock Top. The train has reached the depot, and the travellers shake hands with the group who come to see them off. The distant village, where blue smoke curls above the white roofs; the quince orchards lifting like shrubs above the snow; the low-lying hills, with dark woodland crests, which break the monotony of the gray horizon; the dreary, unpainted depot, where friendly figures cluster in the doorway—these last sights of Rock Top are slowly left behind as the engine ploughs through the drifts, and Peter's first charge is lost to him forever.

But time passes; and off on a holiday tour, Peter and Dick agree to drive through Rock Top. Years have wrought the change foretold by Dick, the seer. Peter, happy in the glamour of better days, looks genially at Rock Top. The Old Lights and the New Lights burn each in its own candlestick. The village rejoices in its stone church. The old building still keeps ward over the graves, but its front door is in front; the house is painted white, and has a steeple; and as each Sabbath the people gather under their respective fanes, they have forgotten the bitterness which parted the Old Lights from the New, and drove Peter and his Cousin Dick out of Rock Top.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE SILKWORM, (BOMBYX MORI.)

BY REV. SAMUEL FIEDLEY.



DURING the summer vacation, our young friends, whose interest in the study of the forms and habits of insects was so gratifying to Uncle Samuel, spent much of their time in collecting specimens. Their zeal as students of natural history was greatly increased by their uncle's familiar talks about every capture that was new to them. And while they were thus rapidly increasing their collection, they were becoming familiar with the names and instincts of a large number of the inhabitants of the insect world. It was a study of which they never became weary. Every walk in the fields brought them in contact with old acquaintances whose history they knew, or with strange faces that excited

afresh the spirit of inquiry. "A new insect! a new insect! Let us go for him, quick." At such a call, all earnestly plied their nets, till some one would cry out, "I've caught him, he's my prisoner;" and then no time was lost on their way to their uncle's study, where they would soon learn its name and history, and something about its mission into the world.

The example of our young friends is worthy of imitation by all my young readers. There is no better nor more exciting exercise than a butterfly chase. And the collections made during the summer would embrace a large number of insects, which would afford study, profitable and interesting, for the entire winter season.

Now it happened that one evening

Henry caught a large moth, with brown wings, marked with an eye-spot on each hinder wing, and having two feather-like antennæ, or horns, on its head. This bird-like moth excited the interest of our young naturalists very much.

"What can it be?" said Mary. "What big wings it has! I wonder if it can see out of the eyes it has in its wings! Let's take it to uncle."

Henry was very proud of his capture, and carrying it carefully, he soon found his way into his uncle's study. "I've caught him, I've caught him!" he exclaimed, as he presented his prisoner to Uncle Samuel. "I've caught the king of all the insects. Isn't he one of the giants? He didn't care, neither, for he let me come right up to him, and put my cap over him, and then I put my hand under my cap and caught him."

"It must have lived a long time to get so big," said Mary. "And it has two little wings on its head. I wonder if it flies with them!"

"You have, indeed, brought me a very fine moth," answered their uncle; "and if you will all sit down and listen to me, I will tell you about it, and also about one of its relatives that has become very famous in the world."

"That we'll do, willingly," said James. And they were soon all ready to hear something about the great moth, and its more distinguished relative.

"This moth belongs to the silk-spinning family, whose name is *Bombycidae*. This high-sounding name is derived from the Greek word *bombyx*, which means *silk-worm*. The caterpillar of this moth is a silkworm, and is called the American silkworm. Its specific name is *Polyphemus*. It gets this name from the king of a race of very large men who are said to have lived, a long time ago, in Sicily. His name was Polyphemus. He was a great giant, and had but one eye, which was placed in the middle of his forehead. The size of the moth, and the eye-spot in its wing suggested the name."

"Its caterpillar is green, and is about three and a half inches long. When it is full grown it draws two or three leaves together by threads of silk, as the foundation of its cocoon. It then spins its cocoon, in which it changes into a chrysalis. It takes about four or five days to complete its cocoon, and in making it, the worm moves its head from one end to the other 254,000 times, never stopping to rest. When the silk is manufactured, it is unreeled from the cocoon, and used for making stockings and silk floss. But is not as profitable a silkworm as its more famous relative, about which I propose to tell you.

"This relative is not as large nor as handsome a moth as this one. You would never think of calling it 'the king of all the insects,' and yet it is more worthy of the honor. It is of moderate size, and very unassuming in its dress. It is not decorated with any brilliant spots nor lines of beauty, although queens are indebted to it for the richest robes that adorn their persons. It is about an inch long, and its wings extend two inches. It is of a whitish or pale-yellowish color, with two or three obscure streaks and a moon-like spot on its upper wing. The males have small antennæ, or horns, like feathers in appearance, and they fly about in the evening, and sometimes by day; but the females are inactive. They lay their eggs on the mulberry tree, on the leaves of which the caterpillar feeds. The eggs are about the size of a mustard seed, and the worm is very small when it is hatched. But it has a ravenous appetite, and is very fond of its food, and in a short time it grows three inches long, or nearly 500 times as large as it was when it first saw the light. If either one of you would grow as large in proportion, you would be more than 415 feet high when full grown.

"This is the worm that produces the fine silk, of which our dresses, shawls and kerchiefs are made. Its name is *bombyx mori*. You know that *bombyx* means silkworm, and *mori* is the Latin word for

mulberry, so that the two names mean the *mulberry silkworm*. This worm has a remarkable history. Its ancestors lived in the world thousands of years before their value was known. All this time they lived in the woods, spinning away at their silk, but without attracting any attention from man. At length, as the story goes, a long time before ever Noah thought of building the ark, 2,600 years before Christ was born, one of the queens of China, while walking through the royal grove, noticed one of the cocoons of this worm, and plucking it from its fastenings, she took it to the palace. Examining the threads of which it was composed, she admired them for their fine quality, and discovered that she could separate them and wind them in a ball for use. She then collected a great number of cocoons, and wove the threads into fine cloth for wearing apparel.

"This was a very important discovery, because up to that time the clothing of the Chinese was made from the skins of animals. And there was not enough of skins to supply the wants of the increasing population of that country. There was, therefore, a great demand for some other fabric out of which good clothes could be made, and the silk of this worm was so employed. It was a great thing for this neglected and despised worm, that had been kept away from the habitations of man for 1400 years, to be raised at once to the rank of a special favorite of queens and royal ladies. But so it was.

"I do not say that this is a true story, but the Chinese believe it, and they say that the name of this queen was *Si-ling-chi*. Now if ever such a woman lived, it is well to remember her name, and the Chinese have done well to tell us who she was. Her husband, the story says, built an enclosure joining his palace, where the mulberry was planted, and the silkworm was raised. So every day the queen went into that enclosure with her maids of honor, and she and they fed the worms and gathered the cocoons, and the finest pieces

of silk were always woven by her own hands. She was an industrious queen, and the Chinese regard her as one of the best of their race.

"Well, it was not many years till the people in China made large quantities of silk and sold it to other countries. It became, therefore, a source of great wealth to the Chinese, and for fear other nations would learn to make silk for themselves the emperors forbid the carrying of the eggs of the silkworm out of the country. In this way, for a long time, the manufacture of silk was confined to China, and its price was greatly increased. About the year 360 before Christ, when Alexander the Great was but a little boy, silk was sold in the cities of Greece for its own weight in gold.

"Julius Cæsar, who was born 102 years before Christ, was the first who introduced silk to the Romans. He dressed himself in silk robes, and after him the emperors and rich men were very extravagant in the expensiveness of their silken garments. But they did not know how it was made, and the people had no idea that the splendid robes of the emperor and the senators were the product of a worm; they supposed the material to be of vegetable origin. Aristotle and Pliny, two learned men, one of Greece and the other of Rome, said that the caterpillar made the silk, but they were not believed.

"I know you will be glad to hear that some one was cunning enough to get the eggs of the silkworm out of China, and so introduce the manufacture of silk into other parts of the world. Well, it happened in the year 530, while Justinian I. was the Emperor of Constantinople, that two monks were sent on a mission to China. While there they learned how to raise the silkworm and to manufacture silk, and securing a quantity of silkworms' eggs in their hollow canes they returned to Constantinople. From this small beginning the culture of silk took its rise in Turkey.

"Spreading into Greece, the cultivation

of the mulberry became so general there, that that peninsula was called *Morea*, from *morus*, the Latin word for mulberry.* A long time after this, in 1340, the people of France commenced to raise the silkworm and to manufacture silk. This trade has now become a very important one for that nation. England did not manufacture silk successfully till about the year 1824. And although many attempts have been made to raise silk in this country, they have not been successful, and at present there is no silk factory of much importance in the United States.

"The cut represents this insect in all its stages. You see two caterpillars, full grown—one just getting ready to feed on a leaf, and another commencing to spin its cocoon. A cocoon is represented as laid open, and the chrysalis lies on the branch below, while the male and female moths spread their wings at the left of the picture.

"When the caterpillar has arrived at its full growth, and the days of its wormhood are all numbered, it looks out for a good locality in which to spin its cocoon. It calls not upon its insect neighbors to make its shroud and lay it in its tomb, but proceeds, in a business way, to weave its own grave clothes and to lay itself down to rest and wait till its great change shall be complete.

"It takes it about three days to make its cocoon, during which it makes no less than 300,000 movements, or a little more than one every second. This part of its work being done, it gradually changes into a brown red chrysalis. From fifteen to seventeen days the little worm seems to rest within the hard chrysalis case. But it is not resting. There are remarkable changes going on within this dark workshop of nature, which show a wonderful activity. The form of the caterpillar is changed into that of the perfect moth. Thousands of distinct eyes, all acting together, are set on each side of

its head. Feather-like horns are set on the head near the eyes. Wings attach themselves to the sides of the thorax, covered with scales, which are for ornament as well as protection. And when all the apparatus for its higher life is complete, and its instinct moves it to seek release from its imprisonment, it splits open the dry casing in which it is enclosed, and is ready to make its way through the outer silken wall of its prison to the world."

"But how can the poor thing ever make its way through such a covering of silk? It seems to me it would perish in the attempt to cut open such a wall of strong silk?" said James.

"It can easily overcome that difficulty. It has a little vessel in its head that contains a peculiar liquid which, as soon as it has freed itself from the chrysalis, it throws out on the cocoon. The threads of silk are moistened by this liquid, but not broken. All it has then to do is to push aside the moistened threads, and come forth into the light of day. Its wings are wet and folded back on themselves when it first stands upon its cocoon and surveys its new situation. But they are not long so. They begin immediately to expand and take their proper shape, and soon the caterpillar with its new organs and its new tastes is ready to enjoy the pleasures and perform the duties of its new life.

"Before laying her eggs the female selects with care a locality in which they will be safe, and the young will find their food. She then lays them side by side, covering each with a liquid which causes it to adhere to its place. She lays from 300 to 600 eggs. When they are all laid, which usually takes about three days, having fulfilled her mission and provided for her posterity, she dies. When the little worm is ready to leave the egg it gnaws a hole through the shell and escapes. It is from the first provided with apparatus for cutting the leaf upon which it feeds, and it loses no time in putting this apparatus to a good use."

Charlie, always thoughtful and reflect-

* It is generally believed that the Greek peninsula took its name from its shape, which is that of a mulberry leaf.—Ed.]

ing, spoke now for the first time. "I wonder," said he, "of what use the silkworm would have been in the world if man had never been created. It seems to me that God designed the one to meet the wants of the other, and for that reason He gave man the ability to discover the usefulness of the worm, and the genius to work up the silk into garments. Doesn't the fitness of the silkworm to the wants of man prove unity of design in the existence and structure of both?"

"Your reflections are very good," said Uncle Samuel. "It is certainly very strange that any reflecting mind should fail to see the unity of design so manifest in the different departments of nature—how one animal is made to minister to the welfare of another, and how one part of nature depends on another for its continued existence and comfort. You study Natural History profitably if you notice carefully the evidence it affords of the being and attributes of God."

A SHADE IN MAMMA'S SUNBEAM.

BY L. C. JAY.

"**T**HERE, Fan, hold your iron straight. So, can't you? I'll pound you instead of it, if you don't."

The little hands clasped more tightly the old stick her brother was pretending to beat into a horse-shoe; but the mallet missed its aim, the threatened blow was dealt without intention, and one of Fan's little fingers was crushed and bleeding.

Her loud cries soon brought mamma, and Frank made his escape.

An hour later Mrs. Seymour sat near the door of her cottage, holding her little girl in her lap. The child's sobs had ceased, but traces of tears could still be seen, as with face uplifted she was listening eagerly to the old nursery story her mother was narrating; how the pig wouldn't go over the bridge and the poor old woman couldn't get home to get her old man some supper, how she applied to many things, but all refused to act their part until the rope began, and then, O, happy consummation, the pig went over the bridge, and the old woman did get home to get her old man some supper.

"Mamma," said Fannie, as the finishing stroke was reached at last, "what a funny story! So many big things watching for the little rope to begin."

"Yes, my darling, and that is the

only part of the old story that's true: many big things do wait for little things to begin them; there are big things waiting now, for my little Fannie to begin."

"O, mamma, what?"

"A little brother waits for you to begin to forgive him for the blow he gave; can you do it?"

"Yes, mamma, but that would not be a big thing."

"Yes, my dear, it would be a great thing, if a forgiving little sister would help that brother begin to be gentle and loving, wouldn't it?"

The sun had sunk below the boughs of the great elm tree that sheltered the house, and cast a flood of light through the doorway; a round shadow in it, whose outline she recognized, told Mrs. S. that she had another listener.

"Frank," she called in a bright, cheery voice, "step in the door a moment, I want to show you something." What boy would not face even a punishment to be shown something?

"There, my son, stand still in the door. Do you see what a bright gleam of light the sun has thrown into our room?"

"Yes."

"Do you see something dark in the centre of it? What is it?"

"Why, me!"

"Yes, my darling; 'tis you that has cast a shadow in Mamma's sunbeam to-day."

He looked quickly in her face and caught her deeper meaning,

"I didn't mean to hit her, mamma; indeed I did not."

"I know that, Frank, but the wicked thought had passed through your mind,

and you had allowed your lips to utter it."

"I know it," he said, frankly; "will you forgive me, Fannie?"

Her loving arms were soon around his neck.

They are both man and woman now, but neither ever forget the lesson of that day, nor ever cast a deeper shadow in "mamma's sunbeam."

OUR MISCELLANY.

THE AGED MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Much is said and written in praise of the young mother. Artists love to paint her, and carve her figure in marble. Poets sing her praises, and it is all just and beautiful. But still more worthy of regard and praise is the old mother, who has faithfully done her duty in her day. The sons and daughters of such a mother delight to rise up and call her blessed.

Last autumn it was my privilege to attend the gathering of a large family circle to celebrate their mother's seventy-fourth birthday. It was not a home-coming, that required but a few hours journey by railroad or steamboat. Thousands of miles were traversed before the group could meet in that mother's pleasant home, among the sunny vinelands of New Jersey. One son had journeyed from Texas, a daughter and her husband from South Carolina; a son and daughter from the State of New York; a son from Leavenworth, Kansas, and last of all, on the latest train came "mother's baby boy," a stalwart man with a ruddy, glowing, laughing face, and by his side a fair young wife and two beautiful little ones. All looked as if Minnesota air and wonderful products were good for both body and spirit. One son and daughter only lived near their mother.

The birthday feast was spread on the ample tables, which might metaphorically be said to "groan." The placid, silver-

haired mother, whose face showed not a ripple of excitement, nothing but most peaceful joy, was led to her place by her eldest son. Then all were seated by him according to their birthright, and the few guests placed opposite them at the table. Strangers would not have followed the order observed in seating the children. Some of the younger ones looked grayer and more furrowed than the eldest, showing that other influences than age leave footmarks of decay on the frame.

The youngest still was absent, and a shade of regret filled every heart.

"But he's sure to be here to-night, mother," was the constant assurance of the rest.

Mother did not worry. It was not her way.

"Never once in her life," said her daughter to me, "did I know her to lose her presence of mind, though she has passed through many very trying scenes."

Much, perhaps, was due to natural temperament, but more was due to grace. Her soul was at rest. Every one of her children but the youngest was in communion with the same church as herself (the Presbyterian) except the youngest, and her faith could not but be strong that he too would be brought into the same fold.

The dinner passed in pleasant chat and many old-time reminiscences, which brought the laugh down upon one and another silvered head. It seemed so strange to think of that grave, mature company of men and

women as once laughing, romping, mischievous boys and girls, taxing a mother's vigilance and patience to its utmost limits.

As evening drew on all were excited and anxious for the evening trains, and mother went more than once to the window to look out and see if her boy was coming. A bevy of merry grandchildren and two or three brothers went down to the station to greet the tardy one if he came, and escort him home. What anxious moments they were! The old mother kept her place at the window, looking out into the twilight.

"I don't think Nelson has come," she said once, but just then the merry group came in sight, and there was no disappointment in their appearance. As they drew nearer, the tall youth was plainly discerned, and the glad cry went up-stairs and down,

"Nelson has come!"

There was a little bustle and confusion at the door, so many crowded about to greet him; but he laughingly passed through the group straight to the little parlor where mother was waiting, and folded her aged form in his strong arms. I knew there were tears in more eyes than one at that meeting. As they met at that threshold it seemed like more than the common meeting of parent and child. He with bounding pulse stood on the threshold of active life, just "coming in;" she with years and feebleness, was trembling on the doorway, "going out." This was doubtless their last meeting. Soon Nelson was claimed and seized by dozens of hands, and the two chubby grandchildren came gliding in. It was curious to see their ready confidence in her, though shy of all the other strange faces about them. They cuddled close to her side, and allowed her to take them on her ample lap, and to kiss their rosy cheeks while she passed her wrinkled hand softly over theirs, saying with a grandmotherly smile, "How fat you are!" The little things *knew Grandmother*. They had heard all about her, though neither they nor their mother had ever seen her before.

Supper was soon spread for the new comers, and then a long, happy evening was spent together. One proposed to measure the boys, and they were all five ranged along the wall by their ages, just as they had

been doubtless many a time in childhood. But the order of height was strangely reversed. Now the eldest was the shortest, the next eldest a little taller, and so on down to the youngest, who was some inches taller than any of his brothers. Age had not tamed all the spirit of mirth and mischief in their hearts. The gathering seemed to take them all back to their childhood again. So much had been said about "mother's baby," for whom they had watched so anxiously, that during the evening the other boys picked up the stalwart fellow and laid him softly down upon the old settee, where they rocked and sung him a lullaby.

For nearly a week the little company kept together, parting at last one by one, so that the mother was not left suddenly alone. One Sabbath they all attended church with her, filling several of the longest pews, which were cheerfully given up to them. It is rarely such a gathering is seen in church, except at a mother's funeral. It was a beautiful tribute of respect to an aged living mother, who had labored long and hard for her children.

Would there might be a thousand such gatherings this year in our land. Have you an aged mother, whose passage down life's sloping hillsides might be brightened even down to the river, by such a mark of her children's loving remembrances? Remember, the last birth-day will soon come for her.

MRS. MCCONAUGHY.

SHALL THE SERMON BE READ?

The most effective method of public speaking is inquired for by a large number of ministers at the present time. Advice has been sought, lectures have been delivered, books have been written on this subject.

The manuscript has been condemned, and extemporaneous efforts have been highly commended.

The Moderator of the last Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland declared, "That if the pulpit of Scotland held its own among men in the future, it must, like the senate and the bar, discard the written discourse."

It is said that the Methodist pulpit is

losing its power, because many of her ministers have taken to reading their discourses.

Without attempting any thing elaborate in defence of the manuscript, let us gather a few thoughts on the subject of preaching, from the lives of Presbyterian ministers who have finished their work.

In looking over the biography of a long list of ministers who have been distinguished for their pulpit efforts, we find comparatively few who were extemporaneous speakers.

Drs. J. Blair Smith, J. P. Wilson, J. H. Rice, and John Breckinridge, were very successful in this method of preaching.

While we find comparatively few, as we have already remarked, who preached extemporaneously, a larger number preached from brief notes or a skeleton.

This was Gilbert Tennent's method, until he was called to Philadelphia, in the eighteenth year of his ministry. The effect of his preaching during this period is represented as "both terrible and searching." As a preacher, few equalled him in his vigorous days. His reasoning powers were strong; his thoughts nervous and often sublime; his style flowery and diffusive; his manner of address warm and pathetic." Blackburn, and Hill, and many others, who preached with great power, adopted this method, either from choice or of necessity.

Some of the most effective preachers wrote their sermons in full, and delivered them from memory. In the list of these will be found the name of Witherspoon. Few men have exerted a greater influence, or abounded more in labors, than this eminent servant of God. His sermons, and indeed all his important speeches, were carefully written, and delivered memoriter. That it might not appear that he was repeating from memory, he resorted to several expedients, such as occasional extemporary remarks, and instead of repeating scripture from memory, he would turn to the Bible and read.

In the early part of his ministry, Dr. Samuel Miller wrote his sermons in full, and delivered them memoriter.

Dr. John Mason wrote the exordium and peroration of his sermons with the greatest care, and delivered them from memory.

That remarkable preacher, Sylvester Larned, generally wrote and delivered his sermons memoriter. The announcement that he was to preach in any particular church, was the signal for that church to be filled to its utmost capacity.

Now while it is true that success has attended the efforts of ministers who have adopted these different methods, it is also true that many who preached from the manuscript have been very successful.

Such names as the following will remind many of preaching that was both attractive and profitable: Drs. Green, Cuyler, Romeyn, Chester, Spencer, Inglis, Nevin, Nott, Erskine, Mason, and the Alexanders.

Indeed, if we had not such names to recommend the method they adopted, might we not ask, Why may not this method be as effective as any that can be adopted?

An elocutionist reads a piece from a book, which many of his audience have read several times, and they go home wondering if they had ever read it before.

Such was the power of Thackeray. Dickens had the same power.

A familiar hymn has been read with such expression and meaning, that many have been filled with new thoughts and feelings.

Dr. Griffin on one occasion read the hymn, "My God, the spring of all my joys," with such eloquence, that before he had completed it his audience were in tears.

Dr. Nettleton read the hymn, "Behold a stranger at the door," so touchingly, that the congregation turned their heads toward the door to look.

It is said that men would go further to hear the elder Mason read a chapter, than to hear most men preach a sermon.

Dr. Nott read the Psalms at the worship in the college chapel so touchingly, that he often brought tears to the eyes of the students.

Now if something that we have read a hundred times can be reproduced, so that it will fill us with strange and tender emotions, why may not the sermon be rendered in the same style?

Good readers almost invariably make good speakers, and on the other hand, poor readers make poor speakers.

If more attention were paid to reading, we have no doubt that the style of preaching from the manuscript would be greatly improved.

The most tender and beautiful passages in God's word, and hymns expressing the sweetest emotions of the Christian heart, are, too often, read by the minister in such a manner that they convey no meaning to the worshipper.

Prof. Park says, "That a sermon to be preached a second time, must be born again." This is true also of its first presentation to the people. It is a thing born in its preparation, and it should be born again in its delivery.

There is a degree of warmth in the preparation of sermons, which is too often lost before they are preached. If this could be retained in preaching, less fault would be found with the manuscript.

Good reading will assist in retaining or restoring the interest and warmth which were felt in the study.

ROB'T H. WILLIAMS.

THE PROPOSED PRAYER TEST.

In the interests of science ostensibly, but really in the interests of infidelity, Professor Tyndall of England, through some friends, has proposed a test of the question, Does God, either in the course of nature, or above it, answer prayer? It is proposed to select one ward out of several in a hospital, the Christians in England to make its sick patients the subject of their prayers for a stated time, at the end of which a comparison is to be made between the condition of the sick in the ward selected and that of the rest. And this is considered a fair test of the great question.

Believing Christians are not likely to fall into such a snare as this. They have no objection to tests of God's abounding grace, for he says, "Prove me now herewith," &c. But the object in all such prayerful tests is the same as that of all other holy exercises, to glorify God, and promote the soul's welfare. The exercise must not only be authorized, but it must be untrammelled.

The Christian conscience is, in a measure,

shocked by the form of the proposal. It treats God as if He were an atmosphere, or some other measurable factor in nature; whereas the answer to prayer for such benefits as healing, depends finally upon his sovereign will. It is with this proviso that effectual prayer is ever offered, therefore it would be profane to try an "experiment," such as is here proposed. In Christ's time, when a wicked generation "sought after a sign," He gave them to understand that the holy things of God were not to be profaned by converting them into tests such as they demanded.

It would be impossible to convince a praying people that it is not the will of God that the hospital wards omitted in the plan should be prayed for. Unquestionably many a pious heart would breathe to heaven a desire that they, too, might participate in the blessing. The sympathy of the Christian public would be at once aroused in behalf of the inmates of those wards.

To try the test would be a tempting of God. Testing, trying, tempting—these are so much alike that when we think we are doing the one, we may be in reality doing the acts implied in the others.

Why should believing Christians be called upon to make a trial like this? *They* have no doubts to be removed in regard to the efficacy of prayer. They have, indeed, a controversy with sceptics upon this question, but the evidence is already satisfactory to them. If sceptics are not inclined to pray, there is no use in their being convinced that prayer is a power upon earth. We know that it is, and our conviction rests on evidence abundant and sufficient for us. But the sceptics say, we want to be convinced also, if there be such a power. Then let them seek conviction in the true way, by direct intercourse between their souls and God, with such measure of faith as they may command. The experience, such as believers have, is the best evidence.

The scientists of the day are evidently much exercised upon this subject. Perhaps they are jealous of a power beyond them; to own the effects of force outside of natural laws, their chosen field, is baffling and thoroughly distasteful to them. They see,

for instance, that so far as Britain is Christian, Britain has prayed for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from what seemed fatal sickness, and Britain believes that an answer to prayer has been granted; a belief in which thousands of wise and learned men on both sides of the ocean heartily concur.

The difference between the believer and unbeliever upon this subject is fundamental. It is too great to be removed by a test like that proposed, whatever might be the issue of such an experiment. The real question is, whether an infinite, personal God works now in nature and in human affairs. If this be granted, all philosophical difficulties in the way of answers to prayer are at an end. If it be denied, the improvement of patients in a dozen hospital wards in answer to prayer, would not convince; the sequence would be pronounced a coincidence, entirely devoid of religious significance.

The truth is safe. We are not to mistake the bravado of infidels for a sign of danger to Christianity. The noise they are making argues something quite different. It is a plain problem; given, the Bible, its own witness, and conscience, God's witness, two tremendous facts, and the solution, let the performer mask it as he may, is inevitable. Our sympathies are not needed for Christianity, but for its foes, who owe their all to its nurture, and who live in its radiance. We recommend for them, as a relief in their heart-trouble, a prayer test. Philosophers, when they would discover a new law, first assume its truth, and then, when they have facts enough for a safe induction, compare their facts with their hypothesis, to see how far they confirm it. Let them pursue this course with the question of the existence of a law of believing prayer and its answer. Let them, for one month at least, dismiss doubt, and sincerely go to God upon their knees, and beg, as needy suppliants. The question to them is a vital one; as for us, we run no risk in holding fast our doctrine. The man who runs the risk of danger is irrational; he alone who chooses to be on the safe side is rational. We hope Mr. Tyndall and his friends will act upon this suggestion, for we believe it is sound philosophy.

A CHAPTER OF MISTAKES.

It is a question whether mistakes occasion more pain than pleasure in the world. In this remark, of course errors in reference to such matters as life and death, a nation's welfare, or the future world, are not included. When a blunder occurs, while it may be very provoking to one, it may also be diverting to many. We cannot help laughing at an honest, harmless blunder, in which things quite unlike are brought into unexpected and grotesque juxtaposition, or in which the very reverse to what was intended is said or done.

The best mistakes are those in which the perpetrators remain in what is extravagantly called "blissful" ignorance of any thing wrong or ridiculous. An instance is the following: A Frenchman of some distinction, by the name of Moreau, on visiting America, was present at a largely attended concert. Towards the close a song was sung, in which the refrain was "To-morrow, to-morrow." The gallant Moreau, not understanding our language well, took the words as signifying his own name, and the song as an ode in honor to himself, and at the close of each verse he arose with his chapeau in hand, and bowed as only a Frenchman can do. The serene, balmy consciousness of the Frenchman throughout the performance and at its close, that all was as he had understood it to be, was precisely what was needed to make the blunder one of the most capital of jokes.

Here is a mistake, in which the perpetrator did not so well escape mortification. A clergyman of Massachusetts, in exchange, preached in a brother's pulpit. Taking up a note which he found when he opened the Bible, he read that Brother A. requested the prayers of the church that the loss of his wife might be blessed to him, etc. The preacher prayed most fervently. To his amazement and mortification, he found that the note had lain in the pulpit a year, while the bereaved gentleman was on this Sabbath sitting with a new wife in the congregation.

We may classify mistakes to be adduced into blunders spoken and blunders acted. A preacher at his week-day lecture referred to the cases of two widows mentioned in

Scripture. "In the one case," said he, "the widow's husband was dead." Seeing a smile upon the faces of some of his auditors, he corrected himself by saying, "In fact, both the husbands were dead." This looks as if a little confusion of mind, in consequence of one's first misstep, tends to make matters worse. Bashfulness is a great foe to that presence of mind which is essential in keeping one's self from laughable mistakes.

An incident is mentioned by a correspondent, who was desired by his aunt to go over to neighbor Shaw's, and see if he had any straw for sale for filling beds. "Mr. Shaw," said our informant, "was blessed with a goodly number of Misses Shaw, and I therefore felt a little timid at encountering them. To make the matter worse, I arrived just as the family were seated at dinner. Stopping at the doorway, hat in hand, I stammered out: 'Mr. Straw, can you spare me enough shaw to fill a couple of beds?'"

"'Well,' replied the old gentleman, glancing around at his large family, and enjoying my mistake, 'I don't know but I can; how many will you need?'"

"Before I could recover, those hateful girls burst into a chorus of laughter, and I ran home in a cold sweat."

Nearly all ludicrous blunders argue a simplicity which it is refreshing to contemplate. In a small country town resides a clergyman who is the pastor of a small flock, who esteem him very highly, and whom he is fond of catechizing. A few days since, while taking a ramble through the village, he stopped at the house of one of his parishioners, and after the usual salutations had been exchanged, the conversation ran as follows:

"Well, Mrs. W——, can you tell me how Adam fell?"

The lady commenced to smile audibly, and finally replied, "Why, my dear doctor, you're not serious?"

"Very serious, indeed," responded the doctor.

Mrs. W——, whose husband's name happened to be Adam, replied, "Well, well, you have it, doctor. You see Adam went to climb over the fence the other night to go to Deacon M——'s for a bottle of whisky,

when an oar lying on the ground took him on the foot. Over Adam fell, and barked his shins; and that's the whole truth of the matter."

A candidate for deacon's orders made so poor a show in his examination before the bishop, that he was in danger of being rejected. But having piety and zeal, he was allowed to go through, with the understanding that he was to pay particular attention to the study of Butler's Analogy. The bishop accompanied him to the door, saw him seated in the omnibus, gave him a cordial shake of the hand, and as a parting reminder, said, "Good bye, Mr. —; don't forget Butler." "O no, my lord," said the young man, "I've just given him five shillings."

Sometimes, however, the parties are by their position and experience above the suspicion of simplicity, but still in ignorance of the construction that may be put upon their words. Such are the phrases of professional men, who identify themselves with their clients or their work—that of the lawyer, for instance, who said: "We can prove that at the very time we were accused of perpetrating this dreadful deed we were serving out a term of imprisonment in the penitentiary for larceny."

Or the invitation of the undertaker: "Will our friends be kind enough to take a last look at us?"

Among professional mistakes may be classed one of the tragedian, Mr. Murdoch. He was leading a patriotic multitude of supernumeraries, who had been well-trained at the rehearsal, and made an inadvertent transposition of his own lines during the performance, with the following impressive result:

Hero—Would ye be slaves?

Shouters—We would! we would!

Hero (finding it too late to cry back, and trusting to luck)—Would ye be freemen?

Shouters—We'd die first.

Somewhat different from this was the blunder of the actor who, being greatly annoyed by the crying of a child in the audience, and having lost all patience, advanced to the front of the stage and exclaimed, "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped the child cannot possibly go on." The uproar of applause which followed this

announcement was enough both to quiet the child and to put the actor in a good humor.

There was a deacon in New Hampshire by the name of Day, by trade a cooper. One Sunday he heard a number of boys playing in front of his house, and went to stop their Sabbath-breaking. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them: "Boys, do you know what day this is?" "Yes, sir," immediately replied one of the boys, "Deacon Day, the cooper."

When Bryant, the poet, was in Mexico, recently, he met an American lady, and, after the introduction, she said to a friend: "Everybody in New York knows Mr. Bryant, and they all go to hear his minstrels sing."

Much more profound than this is the ignorance sometimes displayed by students under examination. It is told of an Oxford student, who with his fellows could not get a degree without passing a Scripture examination, that when asked who was the first king of Israel, he was so fortunate as to stumble upon the name of Saul. He saw that he had hit the mark, and wishing to show the examiner how intimate his knowledge of the Scripture was, he added, confidently, "Saul, also called Paul." Another was called upon to mention "the two instances recorded in Scripture of the lower animals speaking." The under-graduate thought for a moment, and replied, "Balaam's ass." "This is one, sir. What is the other?" Under-graduate paused in earnest thought. At last a gleam of recollection lit upon his face, as he replied, "The whale!"

The whale said unto Jonah, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!'"

The music committee of a church in Brooklyn having advertised for an organist, received the following: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

The following occurrence, dating from the Second Advent excitement of 1844, shows how easy it is, when a man becomes a pitiable dupe of his own imagination, to be duped again. Among the towns and villages that had their circles of enthusiastic believers in Millerism, one of the foremost was Oberlin, Ohio. The Second Adventists met every night, the women with their ascension robes on, which were long and flowing, with a quantity of shot or a few leaden balls nicely hemmed in at the lower edge. One evening, during the meeting, one of the believers who had been away for a few days, on entering the room and seeing a much larger attendance than usual, was so delighted and encouraged that he shouted in exultation—"The Lord is coming! the Lord is coming!" The brethren and sisters present quite mistook his meaning, and supposed, as he had just come in, he was announcing the great event. A scene ensued utterly indescribable. To the astonishment of the newly arrived, the women screamed and fainted; men groaned, fell on their knees and prayed aloud for mercy and forgiveness; till at length, with the explanation of the cause of the uproar, order was restored.

[To be continued.]

OUR SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

ANOTHER ASTEROID.—Another new planet was discovered by Dr. Peters of Hamilton College, on Saturday night, the 24th of August. It is the 124th of the group of asteroids. It is bright, shining as a star of the 10th magnitude, and its position one hour after midnight was in 22 hours 21 minutes and 22 seconds of the right ascension, and in

7 degrees 18 minutes and 30 seconds of the south declination.

THE GREAT HEAT OF THE PAST SUMMER.—The present summer has been characterized by unusual heat in almost every part of the Northern world. Prof. Tacchini, by means of spectrum observations and other carefully

conducted experiments, has discovered that for some time past the sun has been throwing off immense and unusual volumes of magnesium gas from all parts of its surface. Magnesium being one of the most inflammable and fiercely burning substances in nature, the Professor thinks that here is the explanation of the great heat that has prevailed.

GROWTH OF THE BAMBOO.—It is said that the bamboo of the tropics sometimes grows so rapidly that its growth can actually be seen and watched by the aid of the microscope.

DIAMONDS AND RUBIES.—While diamonds of all sizes bring a price proportioned to their weight, and while rubies of the smaller sizes are so abundant and cheap that they are used in great quantities for watch pivots, the larger rubies are much more valuable than diamonds. A ruby weighing ten carats will sell for three times as much as a diamond of the same size. Solomon evidently chose the strongest comparison when he declared that wisdom was more precious than rubies.

SPECTRAL WAFERS.—Place three different colored wafers, or paper, say red, violet and orange, upon a piece of white paper, in a triangular form, and fix your eyes steadily on them for two minutes, and then turn them away from the wafers to a blank part of the paper, and you will see three spectral wafers, but the colors will be different; the red will appear green, the violet yellow, and the orange blue.

A FLYING MONSTER.—Among the remains discovered last year in Kansas by Professor Marsh and party, were bones of the flying dragon. Professor Marsh judges that the dragons, to whom those fragments of bone belonged, must have measured, from tip to tip of their extended wings, some twenty feet.

THE ACTIVITY OF BIRDS.—Some curious statistics about small birds have recently been laid before the House of Commons. The thrush is said to work from 2.30 in the morning until 9.30 in the evening, or nineteen hours. During this time he feeds his young 206 times. Blackbirds work seventeen hours. The male feeds the young 44

times, and the female 55 times per day. The industrious titmouse manages to spread 417 meals a day before its voracious offspring. According to naturalists, their food consists largely of caterpillars.

REMEDY FOR POISON.—The best remedy for ivy poisoning is said to be sweet spirits of nitre. Bathe the parts affected freely with this fluid three or four times during the day, and the next morning scarcely any trace of poison will be found. If the blisters be broken so as to allow the nitre to penetrate the cuticle, a single application will be sufficient. The spirits of nitre may be prepared by dissolving one part of nitrous ether in eight parts of common alcohol.

IRON SHIPS.—Of forty-two Atlantic steamers lost at sea between the years 1841 and 1872, thirty-eight were of iron, and four of wood. Of the line of iron ships running into the St. Lawrence and Portland, nine were lost between 1857 and 1864; and five iron sailing vessels, all built in Great Britain, and sent to sea in 1865 and 1868, have never been heard from. This singular fatality is thought to prove that in heavy seas and storms, iron ships are inferior to those built of wood.

FIRE PROOF SHINGLES.—According to the *Fireman's Journal*, shingles are rendered well nigh fire-proof by the application of a wash composed of lime, salt, and fine sand or wood ashes. It may be applied as one applies whitewash. It is added that by this means the shingles can be made to a large degree proof against the effects of the weather, and also fire-proof. The older the shingles are, the more useful the application will prove.

SPILLING SALT.—The popular superstition that overturning the salt is unlucky, is said to have originated in the picture of "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, in which Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the salt.

MODE OF PLACING BOOKS IN ANCIENT LIBRARIES.—In the public libraries of ancient times the volumes were placed on the shelves with the *leaves*, not the *back*, in front. And the two sides of the binding were joined together with neat silk or other strings; or,

IN some cases, where the books were of greater value and curiosity than common, they were even fastened with gold or silver chains.

NEW USE FOR PAPER.—Paper houses, warm, durable, and cheap—the frame, doors and floors, being of wood, and a thick, heavy paper being used to cover the outside—is the latest invention of house-builders. The inside walls and ceilings are also covered with paper. Make them fire-proof, and they will everywhere be erected.

INCREASE OF THE FLY.—Scientific observation with the microscope has demonstrated the fact, that from the eggs of a single fly, the increase in one summer will be 2,080,330.

MUCILAGE.—The best quality of mucilage in the market is made by dissolving clear glue in equal volumes of water and strong vinegar, and adding one-fourth of an equal volume of alcohol, and a small quantity of a solution of alum in water. The action of the vinegar is due to the acetic acid which it contains. This prevents the glue from gelatinizing by cooling; but the same result may be accomplished by adding a small quantity of nitric acid. Some of the preparations offered for sale are merely boiled starch, or flour, mixed with nitric acid to prevent the gelatinizing.

TO PURIFY WATER.—Chloride of iron and carbonate of soda, in the proportion of 32 kilos. of the former salt and 8.45 of the latter to a quantity of water equal to 1,000 cubic metres, has been found a most valuable and quite innocuous means of purifying water, even such as is otherwise quite unfit for drinking purposes, and could not be rendered fit by alum. The salts alluded to are best previously dissolved in some pure water, and the solutions, that of iron first, poured into the tank containing the water intended to be operated upon. The soda solution is not added until after a few moments, the water being first vigorously stirred. The soda solution having been added, the fluid is stirred again, and then left quiet for the purpose of allowing the very bulky and flocculent sediment to deposit; this takes considerable time—from twenty-four to thirty-six hours.

THE AURORA AND MAGNETISM.—The effect of the magnetism which precedes the aurora upon the Atlantic cable, enables the operators to predict confidently the coming of such displays long before night sets in.

YELLOW LIGHT.—Yellow rays of light are without chemical power. Therefore any substance that deteriorates by exposure to light, can be best kept pure in a yellow glass bottle.

RAIN AS A FERTILIZER.—The rain annually carries to the earth a quantity of nitrate of ammonia, equal to three pounds per acre.

QUICKNESS AND RETENTION OF SIGHT.—The actual duration of a flash of lightning, it is said, does not exceed the millionth part of a second. But the retina of the human eye retains the impression of the electric flash for a much longer period.

FROGS AND TOADS.—It may sound odd to speak of utilizing frogs and toads as indispensable "farm hands," but that is what is being done. They are found to be of such value as insect destroyers, that gardeners in England are paying high prices for them, to serve in that capacity.

THE PACIFIC GULF STREAM.—S. Wells Williams, the distinguished Chinese scholar, has recently published a translation of the diary of a Chinese writer on an excursion to the Loochoo Islands on a government expedition in 1801. Besides giving many interesting facts respecting the Loochoowans, it shows that the Pacific Gulf stream—Kuzo Siwo in Chinese—an oceanic current flowing northward along by the Asiatic continent, was then well known to Chinese navigators.

THE NUMBER OF EGGS FROM A HEN.—A German naturalist answers the question, how many eggs a hen can possibly lay, as follows: The ovary of a hen contains about six hundred embryo eggs, of which, in the first year, not more than twenty are matured. The second year produces one hundred and twenty; the third, one hundred and thirty-five; the fourth, one hundred and fourteen; and in the following four years, the number decreases by twenty yearly. In the ninth year only ten eggs can be expected, and thus it appears that

after the first four years hens cease to be profitable as layers.

WOOD CARPETING.—A correspondent recently suggested that a substitute for matting for covering floors, cheap, durable, and cleanly, was desirable. The wood carpeting made and laid by the National Wood Manufacturing Company, New York, is the best, cheapest, and handsomest material for halls, dining-rooms and kitchens, that we have ever used. The expense is not so much as that of carpeting, and but little more than that of matting; and when properly laid, it will last a number of years. We have

substituted it for matting in a summer residence, and find that it possesses all the advantages of a solid hard wood floor.

METEORS.—The shower of meteors on Friday night, the 9th of August, was unusually brilliant. From observations taken in Washington it was ascertained that between half-past one and half-past two o'clock in the morning, there were visible 212. Adopting Prof. Loomis' estimate, there were 1,696,000 per hour over the whole earth. The display surpassed any since 1860, and altogether is regarded as one of the most remarkable August showers on record.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

From Robert Carter & Brothers, New York, and for sale by Alfred Martien, 1214 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

STUDIES OF CHARACTER FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.
By Thomas Guthrie, D.D.

Nothing that Dr. Guthrie can write is devoid of interest. Sixteen Scripture characters are treated in the present work in an interesting and instructive manner, while the suggestions and illustrations presented are of great force and beauty:

"**TOWTOU AND PEASY.**" "**KITTY'S ROBINS.**" By JOANNA H. MATHEWS, author of the "Bessie Books," "Flowerets," and "Little Sunbeams."

These are Nos. 1 and 2 of the "Kitty and Lulu Books," intended for the youngest readers." This charming writer combines all the essentials of a producer of healthful books for children. The tone of piety which pervades these, their sprightly character, and their naturalness, make them deservedly sought after. They are beautifully illustrated.

TALES OF THE WARRIOR JUDGES. A Sunday Book for Boys. By J. R. Macduff, D.D., author of "Memories of Gennesaret," "Morning and Night Watches," &c.

The contents of this volume are, "The Stories of Ehud, Deborah, Gideon, Jephthah, and Samson." This is a valuable addition to the religious reading of our juveniles,

bringing to light, as it does, many points of interest apt to be overlooked by the casual reader of sacred biography. We are glad to know that it is the intention of the gifted writer to follow up this work by another on "Tales of the Warrior Kings."

From Anson D. F. Randolph, New York.
For sale by Alfred Martien, Philadelphia.

UPLANDS AND LOWLANDS; or, Three Chapters in a Life. By ROSE PORTER, author of "Summer Driftwood for the Winter Fire," "Foundations; or Castles in the Air."

There is a mournful tenderness and pathos, mingled with Christian truth, which strikes the reader from the beginning to the close of this book. Miss Porter has a pure and fertile imagination, with great felicity of expression, and her books are calculated to do good.

From the Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1334 Chestnut street, Philadelphia:

BIBLE WORK IN BIBLE LANDS; or, Events in the History of the Syria Mission. By the Rev. Isaac Bird. Pp. 432. Price \$1.50.

We have in this valuable work a full account of the earliest missions in Syria, its self-denying missionary laborers, and their struggles and encouragements. The book is finely printed, while its maps and numerous illustrations add greatly to its interest.

OUR MONTHLY.

A

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER—1872.

FOOTPRINTS OF THE JESUITS.

BY DUNCAN M'GREGOR.

WHEREVER, in a life full of adventure and unrest, it has been my lot to wander, no matter how remote from civilization the path I threaded, I have ever found the same footprints passing on before me. These footsteps have become familiar; I find myself seeking for them, and ever recognizing them. Not that they are hope-inspiring, or comfort-hinting steps; not that they are in the least like those gracious and shining footprints which once crossed a weary world, bringing a great hope. On the contrary, they are always marked by disaster and decay, and I am daily searching for them in a sort of terrible fascination, as one searches for a serpent in its track, and breathless, loathing and curious, watches its way. These traces are the footprints of the Jesuits.

The growth, power, and resolution of the Society of Loyola, fill us with astonishment when we see it in cities, and the busy abodes of men. But come upon the relics of Jesuitism among northern snows, tropic jungles, the rude haunts of the extreme south, where cold and barrenness again begin their reign, and only then will you appreciate the indomitable courage, the rugged perseverance, the deathless purpose of the Jesuits. Then

only will you suitably regret that so many of the strongest qualities of our nature have been dedicated to a cause so vile.

The Jesuits have on these outposts of civilization been standard-bearers for architecture; in savage nations they have led the advance of a certain culture; they have called themselves the conservators of education. This all sounds well. Religion, culture, progress—evidently they are benefactors of the race!

But time has proven that their religion is a palsy of the soul; their culture is spurious, and their boasted progress suddenly retrogrades, and wheels back into the black desolation whence it so gallantly emerged. The vaunted improvements of Jesuitism remind me of the work of the worm, whose fatal bite decks the leaf for a day in gorgeous colors, but presently it shrivels and drops from the tree, long before the autumn of its age has come. The workings of Jesuitism terminate in death, either in the civilized or the savage nation where it establishes itself.

When it finds in freedom a foe strong enough to battle with it, there is a long combat, and then the mask is plucked from its Gorgon head, its deadly fangs are revealed; the poison of its gnawing teeth is shown, pervading all the veins of

civil and moral life, and the monster is torn out of the body politic and the wounds it made are healed. On the contrary, where it lives and battens as it will, it makes monarchs despots, and people slaves; it brings down men to the brute level, until suddenly the human tiger by some mischance gets a taste of blood, and bursts into such a paroxysm of fury as was lighted by the fires of the Bastille.

If there had never been Jesuits in France; if they had never swayed the councils of the sons of the De Medici, and pampered the magnificent Louis; if these rulers and assassins of kings and corrupters of the people, had never pervaded France, as omnipresent as the very atmosphere, the nation would never have become a God-defying and humanity-hating mob.

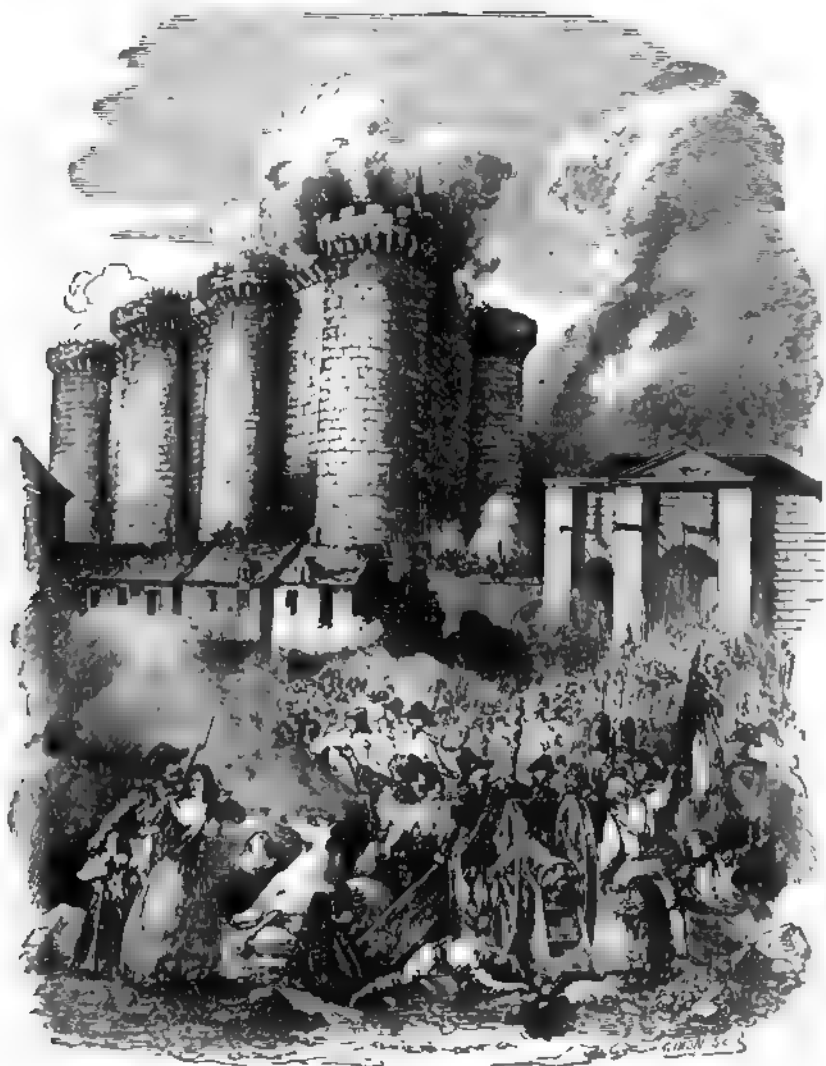
But the records of Jesuitism in Europe are open to all students of history, and of the times. It has been my fortune to trace their footsteps, and come upon their remains in great wastes of silence, whence they have vanished like the black frost, leaving desolation in their track.

I once spent a year travelling in Paraguay, often quite alone, unless a horse, dog and gun could be called companions. This little inland kingdom was formerly a favorite stronghold of the Jesuits. Its mild, healthful climate and fertile soil, its plains prodigal in sugar, cotton, rice, tobacco and maté; its forests rich in gums, dyes and medicines, offered a very paradise to the crafty, keen eyed and thrifty Society of Loyola. Before them, as at the summons of a magician's wand, rose convent, chapel, and stately church. The simple owners of the soil were their serfs, who toiled and rested, gave tithes and prayed, according to their word. Doubtless among these men shut out from native lands, vowed to an ascetic life, and afforded ample time for meditation and study, were some fair examples of an humble and pious life. The Paraguayans found some real fathers among the monks, tender-hearted, faithful creatures, who made the earth better by living on it. But such characters are the exception, and not the rule of Jesuitism.

No land can bear the Jesuits long; it sloughs them off, and lies exhausted, waiting for kindly nature to restore the strength its would-be teachers and rulers have sapped. Thus, though for a while, the Jesuits thrived in Paraguay, the land cast them off, and they departed, leaving their memorials written by the ghostly finger of decay.

In one of my solitary excursions during my year of travel, I had left the banks of the Paraguay river, and wandered up one of its small tributary streams. I found the forest thinning as if I were upon an ancient clearing; the trees were smaller and further apart, and the undergrowth was different in kind from that found in dense old forests. Suddenly, as I turned about a bend in the stream, I faced a huge and curiously sculptured doorway, and the massive walls of some large building. The doors, windows and roof were gone; within, weeds and briars ran riot over the debris of arches and columns, lichens clung to the sculptured scrolls, flowers, fruits and harps which ornamented the portal. Here some beauty-loving Brother, dust long ago, had wrought his most precious dreams in enduring stone. I stood before the once hospitable door of a Jesuit Convent. We entered, horse, dog and man. The kindly grasses had carpeted the deserted chambers, and our feet woke no echoes on the flagging. Within, the room had been adorned with rows of graceful columns; one stood uninjured still, with its elegant, scroll-wrought capital; beneath it lay a shattered pillar, and above and around this, wild roses clambered and bloomed, writing in fragrant flowers the epitaph of the old monks whose ashes fed their roots. Nature as well as human charity indulged in the apotheosis of the dead! I sat down on the broken shaft to rest. Evening was coming on apace, and here as well as any where I might spend the night.

That here had been once a flourishing colony, the size and beauty of the ruined convent bore witness. All were gone; the stillness was oppressive. I would have summoned up the spirits of the dead order if I might, but had no



DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILLE.

incantation that could call them back; they had their day, and mayhap had lived it ill.

A black and golden bee boomed in, seeking his supper among the roses; after him a great blue and silver dragon-fly came sailing on a flash of departing sunset, and darted up and down through the archway.

I heard a faint rustle at my feet, and there was a little serpent, with head up-

lifted, tongue darted out, and playing like forked lightning from side to side. I watched him creep under a mass of stones; there had been so much death here already that I would not kill even this little snake, sole heir of a brotherhood!

Still looking down and musing, I became aware of another intruder on my reverie. Here was a copper-colored adder, spotted with orange. Strange as it



DOORWAY OF JESUIT TEMPLE.

may seem, there was something horribly human in the appearance of this reptile. Though the small snake might have been innocuous, one could not give this demon the benefit of a single doubt; I had seen his kin before, and they all carry poison. Nevertheless, a spell of charity was on me; it seemed that the world was wide enough for both him and me, so I allowed him to go his way unharmed.

I lighted a fire, cooked and ate my supper, swung my hammock from projecting stones in the wall, wrapped myself in my poncho, and lay looking up at the stars. There had been an arched roof here once, and it had rung to litany and hymn; also doubtless to much was-sail and jollification on the part of the Brothers. Peace to the ashes of those who sleep near their ruined convent in

these sunken graves, marked each by a fallen stone cross.

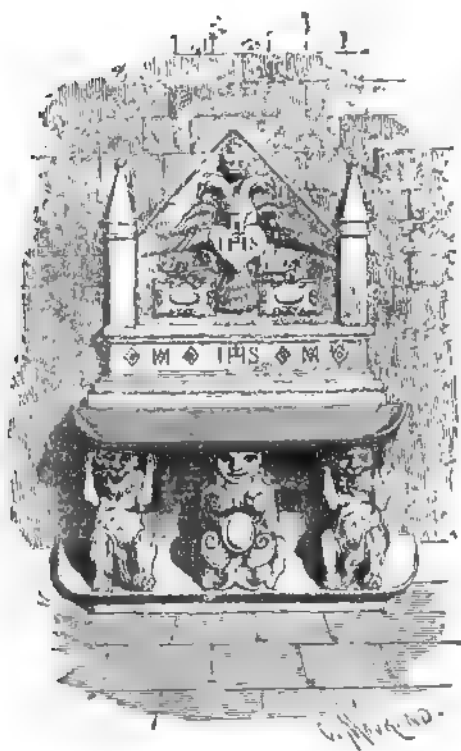
The carving and elaborate decoration of the Jesuit architecture in Paraguay deserves more than the passing notice of this hasty sketch.

Hardly two days' journey from the fallen convent where I spent a solitary night, I came upon the remains of a church. The exterior of this building was plain, but within, the walls were richly ornamented—Here the grotesque imagination of some artist monk had run riot.

In this church, about the walls, were some twenty shrines, or shelves, whose carvings were a singular mixing of demonology and papism, of Romish symbol and old mythological reminiscences. Each stone shelf was upheld by a grinning gargoyle, a hideous faun, or hamadryad. The two external figures were bearded; the central one held a shield, and had a smooth,

woman's face. Above the shelf thus supported was the inscription I. H. S., and still above, a double headed eagle, holding a key in either claw, bearing on its breast the Sacred Heart emitting flames, and inscribed also I. H. S., while between the heads of the eagle rested the papal crown. What had these emblems meant to the simple natives who had once crowded this fane? Had they mingled the devices of their monk-teachers with the myths of their forefathers?

The Jesuits have overspread the whole of South America. From the Isthmus to Patagonia, they are to be traced in churches, convents, wayside crosses, and the names of towns. From New Grenada they were banished, and their property has fallen into ruins. Whatever may be said of the dangerous character of their tenets, and the necessity of ex-



JESUIT ARCHITECTURE IN PARAGUAY.

selling them, since their opinions and teachings are ever treasonable to the governments under which they live, as far as they had gone in New Grenada they had done much for the civilization, and little for the detriment of the people. Time might have developed their worst traits, but so far as opportunity served, they had striven to convert the dull and indolent Grenadians to thrifty tillers of the soil. As for morals, it would have

been utterly impossible for Jesuits or any other body of men to make the Grenadino more immoral than he is.

The cinchona of South America was a treasure which greatly enriched the Jesuits, as long as they were allowed to stay and collect it. Indeed you generally find the ruins of their establishments near some place where they have found a source of wealth. Their footprints are the same, the world over.

GETTING ALONG.—When you cannot see how you are to “get along,” visit a few of your sick or poorer neighbors, and then come back and try it again. If it does not seem to work well, repeat the prescription, taking with you some little

delicacy or comfort. If there should still be a want of light, then pray earnestly—not long at a time, however. If it should still be dark, mix in some hard work and cheerful song with the treatment. No failure then.

SOMETHING ABOUT TREES.

BY H. R.

"THE best earthly friend to man is the tree, and strange to say, the worst enemy of the tree is man," said the Professor. He and I were sitting with our backs to a block of pure white granite, in the path that leads below the summit of the Yosemite gorge, at the place where one of the first views is enjoyed.

"Of all man's earthly friends," I replied, "you would have me believe the tree bears the palm."

The Professor was one of the gentlest of men, though I too often tried his patience with a play upon words, when I should have given a fitting answer to his sage remarks. He only smiled benignly.

"True," he said, "one order, at least, bears the palm. By the way, is it a mere coincidence that the word palm, as a token of victory, should be the name of the most perfect vegetable the world has ever seen? But we were talking about man's ingratitude towards his best earthly friend. If the time ever ceased when 'a man was accounted great according as he lifted up axes against the thick trees,' man has, nevertheless, continued to swing the axe, until, to his own detriment, the forests have half disappeared from the earth."

"He has shown himself to be a bad fellow in proportion as he has proved himself a good feller," I said, desperately.

The Professor resumed. "He does not know the worth of trees, or comprehend the part they have played in the creation. The scene before us may furnish a comparison. Look where I point, and see, far down this valley, amid the trees that help to render this scene overpowering in its loveliness, several green objects, small, but yet distinguishable. They appear to be no larger than a pica-yune rose-bush. That is about the

dimension of trees in the human estimation. Now you would scarcely think that those little green upstarts are in reality trees two hundred feet high and six or seven feet in diameter! So great is the difference between the tree in the eye of man, and the real tree."

"He looks at it through the wrong end of the telescope," I said, laconically.

"He is converting the world into a desert by a relentless war against the trees," said my friend.

To this I observed: "If he does not soon leave off, there will be nothing left with leaves on. And he must plant trees, or he will be soon supplanted."

"A forest does not grow in a day," he replied. "The cure is slow and doubtful, therefore prevention is much better. If some one with the spirit of Mr. Bergh would organize a society for prevention in this particular, he would be a public benefactor. The author of the poem 'Woodman, Spare that Tree,' did a good work for man, whose results are beyond computation."

Wishing to draw out my friend on the point he had touched upon—the worth of trees to man—I said, half by way of a challenge, "Let us see; we analyze a dry tree, and find it to be carbon, 49 per cent., oxygen 45, and hydrogen 6. These are very common-place products, and there is no lack of them in the world."

"Your remark suggests the wonderful part trees have played in the long interval between the upheaval of the continents and the appearance of man. The superabundant carbon with which the atmosphere was loaded, in the poisonous form of carbonic acid gas, rendered the earth unfit for man and the superior animals, and while much of it was being embodied in the crust of the earth in layers of limestone miles in thickness,

through the deposits in the oceans of minute animal organisms, which, dying, showered down their shells of carbonate of lime to the floor of the ocean, trees and plants were at work accomplishing the same desired end. It was not, however, until the carboniferous age, that this process in the vegetable world went on commensurate with the formation of limestones and marbles by polypi. The coal measures testify to the extent to which the trees of that period, like lightning rods conveying the bolts of Jove harmless into the earth, transferred a fatal element to an underground habitation, whence it should in time be drawn forth to drive our machinery, to cook our food, and to mollify the temperature of our parlors and dining-rooms."

"Those were wonderful transformations, Professor," quoth I. "Following Moses at a great distance, and without a spark of his inspiration, I look at the atmospheric envelope which of old wrapped this planet, and see trees; I look into the trees, and see the anthracite; I look into the anthracite and see the diamond."

"That is the order of change," said he, "and Moses must have been inspired to set forth an order in creation entirely unknown in his day, and corresponding with the deductions of modern science. The age in which trees figured most conspicuously in the past, the carboniferous period, corresponds with the third day of Genesis, after the continents generally had been lifted from the seas, and ere the atmosphere was so far cleared of its vapors and gases, that the sun, moon and stars could shine out clearly."

"Were there not animals before that time?"

"Not many which, in point of species or size, would strike the eye of a prophet in a vision. They were not terrestrial, but marine and amphibious. The order would be, first trees, and then the birds and mammals that find shelter among them. I suppose that Moses, like other prophets when they received intimations of the unknown, saw the truth, or so much of it as he needed, in a vision. All that he needed for his purpose was a

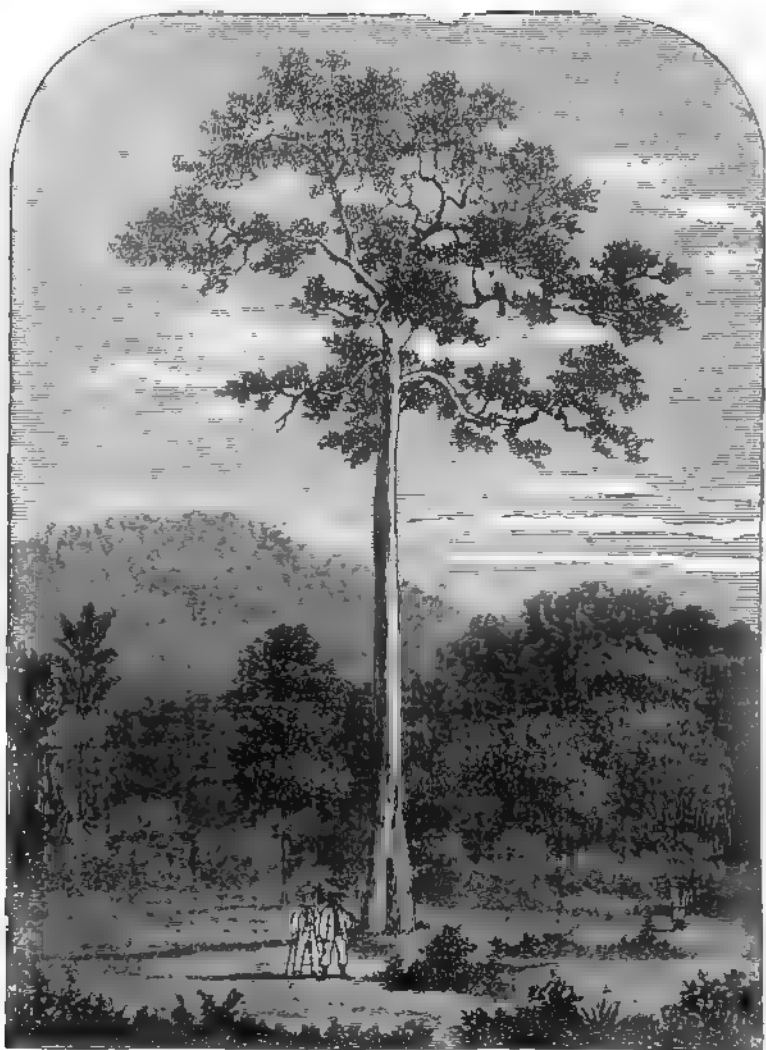
review, under the appearance of successive days, of the leading incidents of the six ages that ended in the silvan glories of paradise, amid which the first human pair found a pavilion."

"Your doctrine of the usefulness of trees," I remarked, "needs some qualification. There are trees destructive to human life—the Upas tree, for example, the 'hydra tree of death,' as the poets call it."

The Professor shook his head. "A mistake," he said, gravely, "a great mistake. In the early days of the Dutch East India Company, a hair-brained traveller, Foersch by name, gave the Upas tree a false celebrity. Like a bad report that grows by moving, Foersch's account was enlarged upon by sensational writers—of that class who write for the columns of Sunday papers, or the coarse pictorials, or who get up works entitled 'Wonders of the World'—who represented that poison lurked in the soil and air around the Upas, so that nothing could grow, or nobody live for a mile in every direction. It was absurdly said that in a civil war in Java, 1,300 out of 1,600 men being driven within the baleful influence of the Upas tree, perished miserably."

"The Upas tree grows to a height of one hundred feet, the trunk for two-thirds of the distance being clear of limbs. Birds not only fly over it, but settle and sing upon the branches. Underbrush and vines are found in its shade, the same as beneath other trees. The juice, which flows from beneath the bark when the tree is tapped, is poisonous, but as much may be said of many other vegetable juices. If ever you visit Java you may tell a Upas by the spread of the trunk near the root, forming two thick projections, like buttresses.

"The Upas is not without utility. Garments are sometimes made of the inner bark, and who knows what other uses time may reveal? There are no Upas trees outside of Java and Sumatra; and the injury that they all combined may do, will be outweighed by the benefit to man of a single caoutchouc, or India-rubber tree.



UPAS TREE OF JAVA—(ANTHURUS TOXICARIA.)

"The caoutchouc is large in size and of great beauty. It belongs to the fig family, and is thus related to the banyan, famous for multiplying its trunks according as it extends its branches. The banyan is an architectural tree, sending down its living columns when it needs to enlarge its umbrageous roofs. The relationship of the common fig tree to the banyan may be seen in the drooping branches of the former. I have seen

in southern Mississippi fig trees, which growing without trimming, resembled hemispheres of leaves, the branches holding closely to the ground. One of these green mounds measured fifty yards in circumference, and on pushing my way through, I found a shady retreat within, where I would be quite invisible to people outside. You remember the passage in John's Gospel, where our Saviour, for the purpose of commendation as well

as to establish his divinity, said to Nathaniel, 'when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee.' Screened from the view of mortals the Israelite rested under the green canopy of fig leaves, engaged, as we may suppose, in private devotion. This serves to account for Nathaniel's answer, 'Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel,' for Nathaniel now perceived that Jesus was gifted with omniscience.

"It may seem singular that the highest trees in the world should be trees which, as some would say, are leafless. They belong to the family *Pinus*, and have needle-shaped leaves, objects so different from what we call leaves that they deserve another name. Humboldt says that in travelling from a port of the Pacific coast of South America to Mexico, he witnessed the singular and painful impression which the first sight of pine trees made upon a young nobleman, born at Quito, under the equator, who had never seen trees of the pine family, or trees with '*folia acerosa*.' He could not believe but the trees were leafless, and he already felt a chilling influence, as if, in going north, he had already come under the pinching influence of the North Pole."

"Are not the highest trees the oldest, as a general rule?"

"As a general rule they are, but there are exceptions. The yew tree is long-lived, attaining, as some suppose, an age of thirty centuries. But the Baobab, sometimes called *Adansonia*, and monkey bread-tree, is both long-lived and large. Three or four hundred years ago Portuguese sailors inscribed their names on Baobab trees, with the date, cutting letters in some instances a foot long. Comparing the depth of these carvings with the new growth around them, one may form a pretty correct idea of the time required for the tree to grow to its present size. Naturalists have thought the age of certain Baobab trees to be five or six thousand years."

"Do not the 'annual rings' in the trunk of a tree show to a certainty their age, counting a ring for a year? I remember a poetic reference to this peculiarity:

'Gloom without, and gloom within.
Let me feel the awe that broods
O'er primeval solitudes,
Where the voice of centuries
Speaks from patriarchal trees,
Whose concentric annals shame
Written lines' remotest fame.'

"The age of trees whose trunks show these rings may be safely judged by an observation of them. Dicotyledonous plants increase by a yearly outside ring of wood, the growth taking place outside a central axis. This is the case with our oaks, maples, and most of our fruit and forest trees. The palms and the grasses, our Indian corn, for instance, in which a section of the stalk would disclose no rings, are examples of an entirely different class, the monocotyledons, whose age cannot be determined by this rule.

"You have heard of the great chestnut tree of Mount Etna, in which, as tradition says, Jane, queen of Aragon, then on a visit to the volcano, being overtaken by a storm, took refuge, with one hundred of her attendants. A house was afterwards built in the hollow in which the queen found shelter."

"Please tell me something about the Baobab tree, for all the idea I have of it is a vague one that there is something quite remarkable about it."

"The Baobab was for a time considered the largest tree in the world, but the discovery in California of the colossal pines has deprived it of the honor. Though a monstrous tree, the Baobab, for want of height, looks like a stunted giant. It is found in Africa, from the Cape de Verd Islands to Abyssinia, and as far south as the river Zambezi, where Dr. Livingstone saw it. It sometimes grows to a width of thirty, and even thirty-four feet. When it is one hundred feet in girth it rarely rises higher than ninety. You look in vain for leaves, except in the rainy season. The bark inclines to a white color, and when in their leafless state, those which are very broad at the base seem like huge white tents, or like enormous white ghosts, with scarecrow arms thrown up in the air.

"When the interior has become hollowed by age it is converted by the natives



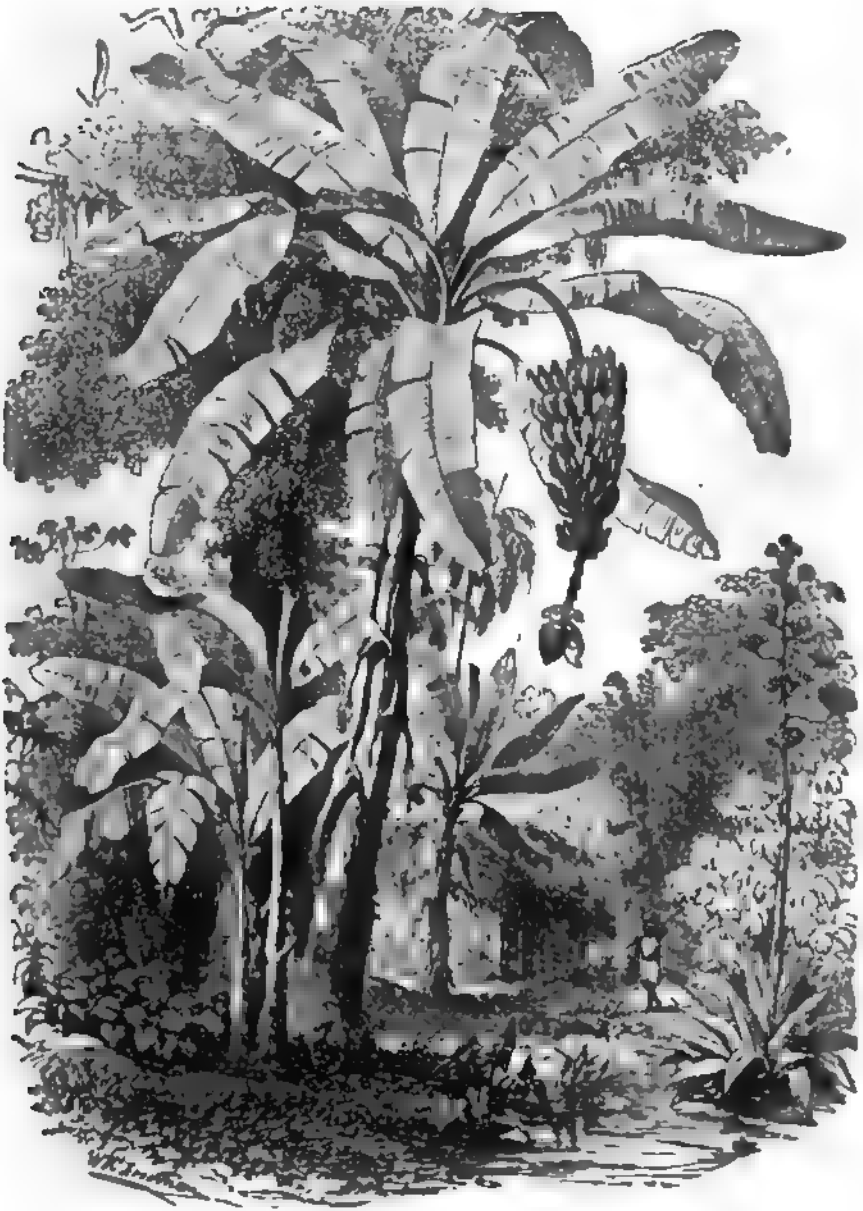
THE SAVANNAH TREE.

into a dwelling, a place of amusement, a prison, or a tomb, according to their savage fancy. The natives have a superstition in regard to burying the remains of criminals, and also their poets, in the ground which brings forth bread, so they place them in the hollow of baobab

trees, tightly closing up the opening with boards or planks."

"What is the bond of connection between criminals and poets, Professor?"

"O, I suppose they imagine both to have some relation to the evil one. Their poets have a hand in witchery, I believe."

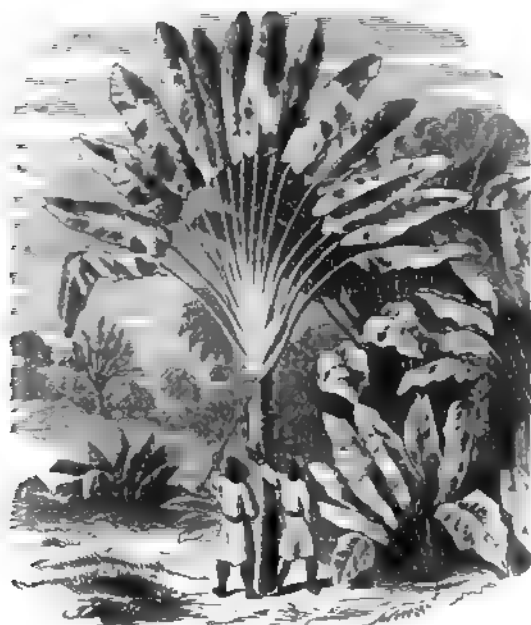


THE BAFANA TREE.

"That is carrying poetic license too far. And their poetry, no doubt, is very distressing, making you feel as when a witch sticks pins in you."

"Well, for some reason, the natives,

after burying the bodies of these people in the hollow Baobab, shun the place with horror. The tree bears a fruit resembling a gourd, and for this reason it is often called by foreigners the African

TRAVELLER'S TREE—(*UAPACA SPECIOSA*.)

calabash. The fruit is sometimes called monkey's bread, being from twelve to twenty inches long and six or seven broad. Within are bean-shaped seeds, and a mucilaginous pulp, much enjoyed by those who are accustomed to the taste. The flowers are large and showy."

"I have noticed, Professor, that the fruits of tropical countries are either juicy or pulpy. Is there a reason for this?"

"The reason is in the needs of the people. The hotter the climate the more liquids or semi-solids, refreshing and healthful, are required by the people. There is the Banana, or Plantain tree, for both names apply to one class of trees. What plant more celebrated for its nutritive food than this? It is the most important tree in the world. The same space of ground that would support ten persons if wheat were raised, would support fifty with bananas. Without this tree what would life in the tropics be? Besides the food it supplies, its fibres furnish thread for weaving into cloth, its leaves answer for thatching, and the young shoots are eaten like asparagus."

"The water tree of Madagascar, better

known as the Traveller's Tree, is a species of plantain. A quart of water will flow from the tree when the leaf stalk is pierced or cleft. This little water tank is placed at the base of the petiole of the larger leaves; the water enters from the substance of the tree itself, and is kept constantly fresh. The thirsty wayfarer, when he beholds this tree in the distance, knows that there is timely refreshment for him in the joints of its fan-like foliage. The trunk is often thirty feet in height before a leaf is reached. The stalk of each leaf is six or eight feet long, and the leaf itself is four or five feet more.

"So many of these Traveller's Trees are seen in Madagascar that they often form the principal feature in the landscape. The fruit is not

unlike the banana. So useful as a water supply are these trees, that workmen in their neighborhood, instead of taking the trouble to go to the stream, prefer to strike a spear or a hatchet four or five inches deep into the firm end of a leaf stalk. The stream of water which flows they catch in a vessel held up for the purpose.

"Those mammoths of the California forests which we saw the other day, judging from the one which, before it fell, rose to a height of 490 feet, and now measures 130 feet in circumference, must have been, according to the concentric rings, between three and four thousand years old."

"The largest plants in the world, are they not?"

"No. Sea weeds, shaped like cables, have been drawn out of the ocean and measured, and found to be 1,500 feet long. A convolvulus attained in six months, according to Boscowitz, the length of 6,000 feet.

"The cedars of Lebanon, rising to the height of 150 feet, are not so lofty as their giant cousins of California, but

they cover more ground with their shade. They seem to have yielded somewhat to the force of the elements, although Southey wrote of them as

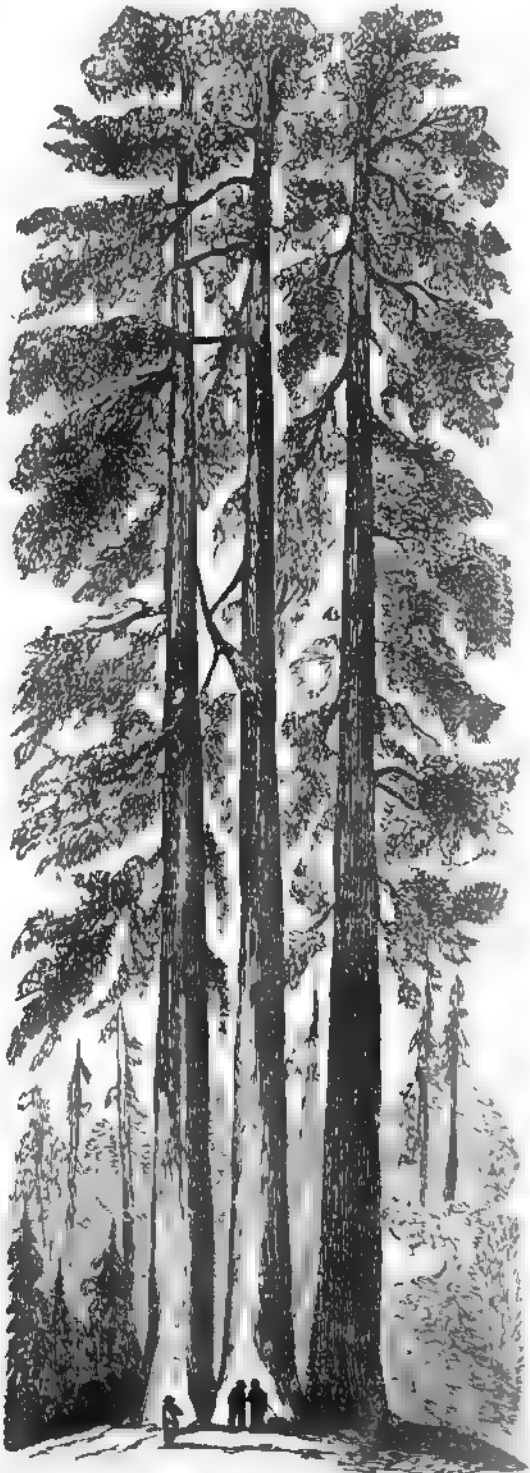
'Standing in their strength erect,
Defying the battled storm.'

At this moment I remembered once viewing a tree, different from any I had ever seen, and I availed myself of the Professor's affability to learn the name of it. Said I,

"I saw a curious tree in a park once in an eastern State, and when I have described it you may be able to tell me its name. It had long reddish-brown pods, like those of a locust. It was seventy feet high, and its trunk three feet in diameter. The light green leaves were small, and as are those of the willow, were arranged in numbers on each side of a long stem. The peculiar feature was the sharp spurs or thorns on the trunk and branches, sometimes single, but often three-pronged."

"You have described," said my friend, "the Three-thorned Acacia Tree, or Honey Locust, (*Gleditsia Triacanthus*.) Its native region is the States west of the Allegheny Mountains, and the fertile valley which in Virginia is called the Shenandoah, and in Maryland and Pennsylvania, Cumberland and Lebanon Valleys. It rejoices in a deep, rich soil, and in the older western States contributes its share towards forest-making, where it finds soil that is congenial. The wood is hard when seasoned, but it is not compact enough to be used by carpenters, turners or wheelwrights. On account of the thorns, the young trees are often planted in hedges.

"The delicate, feathery light-green leaves have won for this tree the favor of gentlemen who have grounds to ornament. Mr. Downing was a great admirer of it, and he thinks the airy and



"THE THREE THORNED," CALAVERAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.



HONEY LOCUST—(GLEDISCHIA TRIACANTHOS.)

transparent look which it owes to its feathery foliage, and the picturesque shapes it assumes in growing up, commend it, as an ornamental tree, to all who wish to render their gardens or lawns attractive. The flowers, which are greenish, are not very conspicuous, and the thorns are considered dangerous by some.

"In the larger quadrupeds the old world excels, but in trees, America is the nursery of the world. The dense forests of South America have no parallel anywhere. The parks of Europeans show many species of trees imported from our own country, and among these is the Honey Locust, as well as the common Locust, which is a widely different tree. In 1823 the celebrated Mr. Cobbett was in this country, and on his return he praised our common Locust so highly that he produced a great sensation in its favor, in consequence of which great

numbers were imported by English gentlemen. I believe they did not all find as much in them as Mr. Cobbett had predicted.

"Mr. Hallam's criticism on a silvan passage in the *Fairie Queen*, shows the inferiority of English forests compared with ours. The lines objected to are:

'The sayling Pine, the Cedar
proud and tall,
The vine propp Elms, the Pop-
lar never dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of
forests all,
The Aspine good for staves,
the Cypress funerals,'—

and so on through an enumeration of thirteen others. The distinguished critic says,

'Every one knows that a natural forest never contains such a variety of species.' In a report on the Forest Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts, made to the Legislature when Mr. Briggs was Governor, it was shown that the forest nearest to Boston, in Brookline, contained, in less than half a mile space,

the white pine, the red cedar, the elm, the large-leaved poplar, the white oak, the aspen-leaved poplar, two or three species of willow, the birch, the ash, the beech, the plane or buttonwood, the maple, the hemlock, the tupelo, the spruce, the pitch-pine, the alder, the shellbark, the hornbeam, the leverwood, the chestnut, the linden, besides nine others.

"In the garniture of this round ball of ours trees have the most important office. There would have been little inducement to nature-worship had there been no trees. The tree has shaped many of the ancient religions of the world; to this the 'groves' of the orientals, and the oaks of the Druids bear witness. Not only by the grandeur of old forest trees, the solemnity of silvan aisles, and the mystery of tree life did trees produce these effects, their beauty had much to do with it. Oceans, prairies and Alpine heights have each

their attractions, but the forest pleases us most, because we never tire of it; while the others are monotonous, no two forests are alike. Dr. Johnson said, 'when you have seen one green field you have seen all green fields;' but who would think of saying this of groves and wood-crowned heights? And when the autumn edition of the book of nature comes out, what brilliant illustrations does it contain!"

"Ah, Professor," said I, "that is the time when, as Hood says,

—'the Book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves.'

I see now the reason; the illustrations are so tempting that little fairies, children like, pull the beautiful leaves out."

"And leave us sad at the sight of the mischief they do," said he. "The element of tree beauty is to a great extent

manageable; none but a Nebuchadnezzar or a Pharaoh could erect a mountain; rockeries, which might almost be named mockeries, are poor things; but a grove, or a winding lane of trees any one may plant who has the ground, and time will do the rest. You have but to exercise some taste in the selection and location of each tree, having regard to its periods of leaving, and of casting its foliage, as well as to its shape and its shade of green."

As we walked down from our granite perch, and climbing over or edging through granite obstacles, crossed the bridge, and shortly saw the great rock wall and the foamy, misty stream that fell from heights more than a thousand feet above us, I felt, on looking around, that the beauty of even this transcendent scene would be greatly marred if in its creation trees had been omitted.

FOUR QUIET SUNDAYS.

BY REV. H. D. JENKINS.

III.—IN THE ALLEGHENIES.

YESTERDAY, when I was taking something out of our camp-chest, I saved the paper in which it had been wrapped; for until one has been cut off from the outside world he does not know how dependent upon the press he has become. I suppose if the question were asked of one hundred people, what one article of food is most necessary to their comfort and health, very few would answer "salt." And yet the truth is, that while this one item may not figure very conspicuously in their grocer's bills, they could lose any thing else better than this. So, too, no one knows what a positive necessity to his intellectual life reading has become, until he is put beyond reach of it. Any one who goes to the woods for health had better leave his library behind him; but I warrant he will learn, as never before, the mental stimulus there is in printed paper. A stray

almanac or a torn column of advertisements is faithfully preserved, and as critically studied by each one of the party in turn as if it were a new scientific manuscript.

So this bit of paper, which I took out of the chest yesterday, having been laid carefully in my hammock, came, in the course of the afternoon, to be read by the three of us to whom the tent is a common home. The only complete paragraph upon this waif was one eulogizing the song birds of England, at the same time disparaging those of our own land. It was the first thing we spoke about this morning. The day broke about four o'clock, and with the first light the whole wood was ringing with music.

We lay a good while, wrapped in our blankets, and it was not until the song was dying out that either of us spoke.

G.—(rising on his elbow)—Do you

know that I think inspiration is needed to reveal earth, almost as much as it is to disclose heaven?

M.—I presume then you are ready to play the part of an oracle, since no one could begin more ambiguously.

G.—Not that; but I wish I could. Now I suppose, since the world began, or thereabouts, this concert has greeted every summer morning in these woods, but the world does not know it, and neither you nor I could tell it so as to make it to the world a positive truth.

H.—I suppose you are thinking of what we read yesterday about the birds of England.

G.—Exactly; the birds of England have had four centuries of prophets.

H.—It is very plain that the Grand Tour of Europe, as it is called, owes its lines to your "prophets," rather than to any intrinsic superiority in most of the places visited. Half of the guide-books would not have been written, had not Byron interpreted mountain, lake and castle. His poems have had as positive an influence upon real estate in Switzerland and Italy as the introduction of railways.

M.—This is one of the necessary evils of a new people; their children are always educated, one may say, by their grandmothers, rather than by their own mothers. Before I was ten years old I was in love with the sky-lark, the crimson-tipped daisy and the sweet violet; yet to this day I have never seen one of either in its native place.

G.—But while you were reading of these beauties of England, the woods all about the home of your boyhood were bright with flowers and vocal with song; and the new world to this day is to its own children unrevealed.

I have thought of this a good deal during the day, and am more and more convinced of its truth. I remember reading somewhere,—and I think it was in one of Mrs. Stowe's works,—that every child suffers a feeling of loss when it first learns that the sky-lark is not found in America. From Shakspeare to Mrs. Browning, the lark has had its worshippers. I do not believe in insti-

tuting comparisons between God's singers, as if they were rival prima donnas, but I cannot help believing that when genius has given apt and fitting phrase to the rural sights and sounds of our own country, we shall at least find what a wealth of each there is in our land. No man fairly sees a painting until he gets it in a certain particular light. No people realizes the natural beauties about their homes until some one, by the sudden shining of just the right word—light, brings it all out. England has not a bird, from the wren to the raven, that fails of its place in our literature. The mountain-daisy has been immortal ever since Burns called it

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,"

but it was no less beautiful before he showed its beauty to men's eyes.

We may say, with but few exceptions to the statement, that America has had no "out-door" poets. Probably two things have conspired to make this true. The one is that our rural life has been necessarily a life of hard, pioneer work, and not of educated leisure. The other is, that all of late poetry in English belongs to the emotions and the passions. Since the days of "the Lake School," England herself has turned toward introspection rather than toward nature; and America has followed the leading of the mother-country. Wm. Cullen Bryant has done more for us in this direction than any other, and no time can render obscure his picture of the water-fowl flying against the rosy depths of a summer sunset:

"Vainly the fowler's eye

Might mark thy distant flight to do thee
wrong,

As darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

* * * *

There is a Power whose care

Teaches thy way along that pathless
coast,—

The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost."

It was only a few days since that I looked through a large catalogue of books to find something for my little girl, which should awaken in her a sense of the

beauty of the common things in our fields and woods. I found several that bade fair, but on opening the books, each proved to be an English work, descriptive wholly of English scenes.

I remember, too, that while I was in primary schools, it was always a wonder and a mystery to me where the people were who talked as the personages in my Readers talked. It was a long while after that I found out the selections were from standard English authors, the acknowledged purity of whose tongue had won them the privilege of making the first impressions upon millions of young minds.

There is a noble task here for some one to accomplish, the revealing to Americans the beauties of the home in which they live. The materials as yet are scanty enough, but they will multiply as we develope the taste for them. If our children now could be taught to look at the world that is about them with the eyes, and to hear its music with the ears of Thoreau, Irving, Whittier, Bryant, Longfellow and Holmes, another generation would give us a crop of naturalists who would in turn give to our own birds and flowers and trees a place in the hearts of the whole people.

For my part, I have ceased to long after English larks and daisies. Here, about our fishing camp, I have counted not less than twenty-five varieties of birds, the most of whom are singers. There is the largest number to be seen or heard in early morning; but from the first note of the cuckoo before dawn, until the last of the whippoorwill at midnight, we are never without some musical attendants. The fire-bird, red from crest to tip of tail, whistles in the oak; and in an alder above the trout stream a rose-breasted grossbeak is even now singing a trill that no canary could surpass. All day long the cat-bird is calling out of the low bushes by the brook, breaking now and then into imitations of his neighbors on every hand. The brown thrush rings the chimes upon his silver bells all the morning, and the black and white bob-o-link dances and flutters up and down in the clearing with the merriest note that ever was given to a bird. The oriole has

not been wanting to us, the flash of his orange and black being followed by the scarlet and black of the tanager. A red-start and a gold-finch, sitting close together in one tree, sang a duet all the while we were at breakfast this morning. Some of our best music came from a half-dozen different species of warblers, even the names of which were not certainly known to us; or rather they were known to us by two or three names apiece. One little humming-bird took his honey out of a columbine close by our tent door. Woodpeckers climbed up and down the trees, swooping from one tree to another in long swinging plunges. Here was one as mottled as a trout, another had red and black and white in broad bands, while a third wore for his colors purple, gold and drab. An indigo bird, from beak to tip a deep, lustrous blue, flitted about the banks of the brook; and after him came a female tanager wearing a whole suit of pale green.

When we had talked about American song-birds for some time, feeling that the prophets who should glorify them in popular literature and immortalize their worth in popular estimation were yet to come, our conversation took another turn. One of our number makes a speciality of arguments in favor of congregational singing, and he took up his favorite theme.

M.—Henry Ward Beecher says that the morning concert of the birds ought to be heard by all who believe that a choir can do the singing for a whole congregation. There is no worshipping by proxy among them.

G.—That is true.

M.—Could any thing be more ridiculous than the idea of four hundred birds hiring four birds to do the singing for all of them.

G.—Well, if I were one of four hundred crows, I think I should get more profit to myself by listening to one canary, than by using my own voice, or asking the other three hundred and ninety-nine to join me in a song.

M.—You have just acknowledged that the birds never worship by proxy.

G.—Yes, and I might have added that

the birds did all the singing; and we three lying here upon our backs, all the worshipping.

By the way, I believe that argument is good enough to go further. The great "organ question" has lately rolled like the annual earthquake that it is under one of the Scotch General Assemblies. Now I never knew any devout man, Scotch or otherwise, who remained unmoved, unbenefited by this unworded bird-chorus of a summer morning. If a man's heart ever goes up in loving praise Godward, it is when his soul is taken captive by this glad but inarticulate melody. And yet what is bird music? This "kist fu' o' whistles" against which so many from John Knox to Dr. Candlish have thundered, has as good a comprehension of God as the nightingale.

I have heard congregational music that was effective, and I doubt not it will play a more important part in the worship of the future than in that of to-day. Personally I desire it, and have no quarrel with, but only love for it. It is only when it endeavors to circumscribe my liberty that as a freeman in Christ I protest. I have praised God in the great bursts of song that go up from the worshipping congregations of Plymouth Church and the London Tabernacle; but no less have I felt my heart melted within me by the sweet, sad solos of a convent vesper-service; I have trembled at the terrible cry of the *miserere* as it filled the Sistine chapel in the gathering gloom of a Good Friday evening, and have been softened to tears by the wordless breathings of a flute. And if in these hours my soul has magnified God my Saviour, and if in them my hands have found strength for the morning's toil, shall any man take from me my liberty of service, tying me down by his bare theories to one mode and only one mode of worship? God forbid. If the thrush song without words, or the organ's melody without help of human voice, brings me into a sweeter communion with God than my own worded song might do, then the thrush and the organ shall be voice to me, and my praise shall be in ways most helpful to my soul. It

is not words that God wants, but worship; and worship springs not from the larynx but from the heart.

I was lying in front of the tent this noon, when one of our party placed beside me the plate of speckled trout which he had just washed for our dinner. He called my attention to the bands of light and shade upon their bodies, and I saw how these changed, even upon the plate.

There is something noteworthy in the fact that the higher, the more delicate the organization of every living thing, the more susceptible it is to sympathetic influences. While we were talking about these trout, and noticing how sunlight and shadow each photographed itself upon the transparent skin, my thought ran to those Old Testament representations of God, wherein Jehovah is spoken of as being angered, as rejoicing, as weeping, as smiling, as passing through every un sinful emotion, according to the fidelity or remissness of His people. We try to explain away all these modes of speech in the interests of our logical definitions, but they certainly need no commentaries in the life of Christ. Following the laws of all higher life, he felt as no one else ever felt, all the untold maimedness and all the glorious possibilities of human life; he wept by graves, he brightened in the presence of affection; at the presentation of the Greeks in the temple his exultant prophecies ran swift through centuries of successes, and in lonely Gethsemane he was sorrowful even unto death. The objections raised against him were that he made friends with all sorts of people, and that he was glad even in the welcomes of little children.

Granted to logic that God is unchangeable in life and attributes, does this necessitate that He is unchangeable in emotions? Is patripassianism a heresy after all? If so, it is a heresy founded upon an analogy which runs unbroken from the lowest creation up to "the first-born of every creature."

Later in the day we fell upon a discussion of the flowers.

M.—If "the undevout astronomer is mad," what must one say of the undevout botanist?

G.—Is a flower greater than a star?

M.—According to my measurement it is. The measure of greatness in spiritual being is not strength, but love. To estimate a man by his simple weight, is to degrade him to the plane of physical being. The greatness of God is not a question of more or less horse-power.

H.—There was once a king and a man of might, who said that he who unselfishly rules his own spirit, is "greater" than one who takes a city.

M.—I do not think that filial affection is ever begotten in a child by admiration of his father's wealth. It is only when he thinks upon that father's tenderness that his heart is melted. David had more to say about the stars; but Christ talked more about the lilies and the sparrows.

H.—I picked a little violet in the wood this afternoon, and the more I studied it the more sure was I that the Christian world need not yet stop building what captious persons call "Protestant Cathedrals."

G.—Did it look like a church?

H.—No. But it looked like God's seal, pressed by his own signet ring upon the divine warrant to art. When God pulls up his own violets, then I will cease advocating the embellishment of our houses of worship.

M.—You know how conscience-smitten the churches of Chicago were after the fire, to think of the money that had been expended upon buildings which went down in an hour. If they had sent the same amount to rescue paganism from its wretchedness, or to help struggling Christian communities upon our own frontier, that money would still have been a power for good.

G.—The question never has been whether beauty was desirable or not, but whether it was the best use one can make of money. It did not cost God any thing to make a rose.

H.—Just as much as it did to make a cabbage.

M.—Come back to the churches, if you please.

H.—To state the question, then, as it appears to me, it is this: Art costs

as much in our homes as in our churches. If we are to banish beauty from our church-buildings, because a better use can be made of the money, then we must banish it from our homes for the same reason. If art, because of its cost, is not permissible in church-buildings, it is clearly not permissible at all. We must then give it up altogether.

G.—Your argument does not yet touch the bottom of this matter. Why is it not a duty to give it up, as you say, altogether, and to turn the money to the evangelization of the world?

M.—And does a flower prove to you that the evangelization of the world is not the most worthy object of all human effort?

H.—What I say is, that the flower proves to me that salvation is not the only object of divine endeavor, and therefore it need not be simply ours. God works not only for life, but, as we see in this wood, for the culture of that life. This world is not only a place in which to seek salvation, but it is a place in which to seek for the development of every blessed possibility of the soul. God made the world not solely that children might be born in it, but that men might be manfully developed in it.

G.—Still you must remember the question of cost. Our churches are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars upon one building, while hundreds of thousands of souls are perishing for lack of the gospel.

H.—Well, you have read of the famine in Persia. They say that the people there are dying by scores of thousands for lack of food. Why did not God leave out the flowers from the making of the world, and make more potatoes?

M.—Your argument assumes that to be true of Him, which is only true of man. Man can do only so much. If he spends a certain amount of labor upon one object, he must spend just so much less upon some other. But the creation of flowers did not of itself limit the amount of food to be created.

H.—And yet God's will stands in the same relation to him that restraining necessity does to us. He willed to create

so much food, and so much beauty. I do not claim that the amount of beauty in the world actually lessens the amount of food created or creatable. I only affirm that the possibility of men's starving was not to the divine mind a reason for the omission of flowers. He showed to us thereby that it was not morally necessary that every man should have bread guaranteed to him before the beautiful had a right to be. I say, therefore, that this little blossom painted by God's own hand with a delicacy that no human skill can rival, is the divine warrant for the moral right of art to exist; and if it is not defrauding a needy world, to use it in building and adorning our houses, then the argument of David is yet valid, and the Lord's house should not be builded less nobly than the king's.

The sun set early to us here, for our camp was at the base of a high, wooded spur. In that quiet and reverent hour between light and dark, we sat without speaking, watching the shadow that crept

by us. We saw it when it first darkened the brook at our feet; but the brook still sung and danced between its now sombre banks of alders. Then the shadow went on with a gentle, noiseless haste to the little meadow which lay disclosed in an opening of the trees. There was a lesser mountain opposite us, and the van of the night marched steadily up the steep, the line never broken. The air grew cool and still about us. The smoke of the camp fire became a thin blue column, twisting and curling like the choicest pillar of some gothic cathedral. The evening singing of the birds died away into a faint chirping here and there, and then into silence. Presently, as we looked, a sudden change shot over all the scene,—the wood, the hills, the brook and the valley were but one broad stretch of silver moonlight, broken by dark shadows, while afar off in the depths of the night behind us, the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill seemed not to disturb, but only to make more profound the silence in which God had wrapped the earth.

THE DREAM-WHEEL UTILIZED.

BY MRS. C. H. B. LAING.

"Honest labor bears a lovely face."—DECKER.

CHAPTER I.

IT is a simple story which I am about to relate, a story of humble life; yet by industry, by noble aspirations, and untiring perseverance in well-doing, it may, perhaps, surpass the usage of more courtly ranks.

Then why do I say "*humble life*?" for no life is humble which aims at the good of its fellow-man, and marks some

"Foot-print on the sands of Time."

Life, with a sublime motive—with all its energies devoted to man's advancement, either as an individual, or as a class, is

time; a life of diligence and faithfulness; the discharge of those duties

appointed that life, is perhaps more exalted in the sight of our Heavenly Father than that of the crowned monarch. The poor man—poor in this world's favors, who rises from his bed ere the morning breaks, and toils with horny hands until twilight in her soft mantle enfolds the earth; toils in the sweat of his brow for dependent beings, for the wife and children he loves in the cottage home, or perhaps dwellers in some close attic of the city's noisome street; this poor man may be humble, nay, degraded, in the eyes of man, but not in the sight of his Maker!

What says Mr. Beecher? "A man who can take the place which God puts

him in, and stick to it and fight it through, and stand a man every inch, has, I think, awaiting him an estate of glory such as has not been known in this world."

Labor is no curse. It is a blessing. Idleness is the bane of our lives. The hand of labor strikes down the fiends who would enslave both mind and body. The hand of idleness beckons them on, and submits to be enchained. The goodness of God was manifested to our first parents when driven forth from Eden. Under the so-called *curse*, man's greatest blessing was hidden. Next to the gift of his blessed Son, God gave to his creatures the necessity of labor.

"*In the sweat of thy face, shalt thou eat bread.*" Give us, then, labor for the mind, labor for the hands, and blessings will crown the end.

What days and nights of patient, laborious study have Agassiz and Pierce given for the benefit of science, and to the glory of the Creator, in deciphering the grand hieroglyphics of creation—the one its terrestrial, the other its celestial mysteries; and while Agassiz interprets both man and turtles, Pierce soars amid the stars; the planets are his pastime, he plays with a comet as a boy with a kite, and as unceremoniously unravels the tail, that thereby he may soar still higher in the illimitable space. Professor Hitchcock trod the round earth as confidently as a child the boundaries of his father's garden. He hammered at the foundations thereof, and understood its mysteries more clearly than one can fathom the intricacies of a Chinese puzzle. Morse held the lightning in his hands, and

"Put a girdle round the earth,"

and trellised the seas.

A Mrs. Williston, in a quiet New England village, sits calmly down at her cottage door, and studies out the mechanism of a—button! She holds in her hand that tiny mold of British art, and thinks the Yankees can beat it. So she turns it over and over, and finally essays her skill. She is successful. And now upon no other foundation than that sim-

ple *button* is reared a stately structure of learning; and the beautiful, prosperous village of East Hampton, Massachusetts, with its great wealth, its noble button manufactories, and others as useful, employing thousands of hands daily, may be said to owe its origin, certainly its prosperity, to the skill of a New England matron. And Betsy Baker unravels the mystic braid—she plats, un-plats, and re-plats the straw fabric. A bonnet she will have, and of her own making; and a bonnet she had. And in that simple, but laudatory undertaking, Betsy unconsciously covered the heads of all America's sons and daughters.

How many others might be named, whose "works do follow them."

But my story waits to exemplify its prelude. I will also add that there is much truth, combined with fiction, in the events which I am about to relate; and yet so strange is the *truth*, and so probable the *fiction*, that one might readily believe the latter and give discredit to the former. But to one who meditates upon the goodness of God, and discerns his hand in every thing, even to the tiniest insect which microscopic power can alone bring to our vision, and who attentively considers the mysterious way in which man is often guided and sustained under difficulties the most disheartening, such an one, I say, will understand my assertion, and confess

"There's a divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

CHAPTER II.

How many such little cottages as that of the Widow Fletcher dot the valleys and the green hill-sides of our favored land? We never pass from out the busy turmoil of the city, leaving behind us the suburban villas and luxurious homes of wealth which radiate from the grand centre, but we come upon some such rural abode, whose outward neatness and taste bespeak the industry and thrift which dwell therein. Nature delights in these wayside shrines where labor sets up her *lares*, and I think she takes

peculiar pleasure in showing her delight, by giving to them

"Her purest of crystal and brightest of green."

Upon the edge of a broad meadow stood the cottage of Mrs. Fletcher, and between it and this harvest in prospective for the widow's cow, a narrow footpath wound in a half circle to meet the village road. Two tall elms spread abroad their wide branches, gathering into their umbrageous folds roof and chimney, and threw so dense a shadow across the door-sill that even at midday the sun could only wink through the dancing leaves. Upon the south side of the cottage was the little garden, where the young heads of thrifty vegetables sprouted up bravely from their dark loamy beds. There were but few flowers, it is true, to variegate with the deep purple leaves of the beet-root, or the shaded green of cabbages and turnips, for there were mouths to feed, and the inmates of this pleasant home were neither bees, nor humming-birds, to live on honey dew. Yet here and there were seen among the sweet herbs and currant bushes, which formed the useful in the narrow borders, tiny beds of mignonette, clusters of pansies, and bright scarlet poppies; while a clematis and a fragrant sweetbriar disputed their claim to the latticed windows, and became entangled in the strife to such a degree that they almost lost their own identity.

In the rear of the cottage stood the barn, with its doors swung wide and the pleasant afternoon breeze sweeping in, rustling through the haymow and softly fanning the patient swallows sitting upon their nests under the eaves. And into the barn, quite uncereemoniously, I will now conduct the reader. Follow me then, if you please. There is no need of being dainty in picking our steps, for Roy is a thorough lad, and the barn floor is as clean as a parlor.

And here we find the two lads whose lives I borrow to illustrate the axiom I began with. The one, tall, broad-chested and straight as an arrow; with large gray eyes, deep set, and glowing with anima-

tion from under their black curling lashes, and with determination stamped upon every feature of his bright young face. The other, a fair-haired, slender boy, with eyes as blue as the robin's egg; and although his features are small and delicate as those of a girl, yet there is health in the rosy cheeks and coral lips, while over all there is that touching expression of confiding love and tenderness which imparts so much of angel beauty to the countenances of some children, seeming as types of that fairer world where little ones enter with welcome from the lips of Jesus: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

Such are Roy and Rupert Fletcher; the one fifteen, the other eleven years of age.

Upon a rough bench in front of Roy, is placed a miniature steam engine, the product of the boy's own brain. There it stands, so small that he can almost span it, and yet every minute division, shaft, and cylinder carved and arranged with such nicety and proportionate adaptation, as proves beyond a doubt the mechanical genius of the lad. For months has Roy labored diligently every moment he could snatch from his daily duties, to bring his little engine to its present state of finish; and yet it will require much more study and patient investigation, ere his success will be complete. He is justly proud of his work, and he scans it over and over with the critical eye of a master—but, *unless he can discover or invent some motive power*, of what use are his labors! and poor Roy wipes his brow uneasily, and again bending over the skilful fabric, applies himself anew, heart and brain, to his cherished hope of future success.

The widow Fletcher, as she was styled in village parlance, has all a widow's need for the industry of her son Roy. Failing health has checked her own active exertions, and she who lately was so energetic, whom no hardship could daunt nor toil discourage; who daily proved by her own cheerful example, that "where there's a *will* there's a *way*," could now only attend to the duties of the household, or

occasionally earn a few dollars with her needle. Health failed Mrs. Fletcher, it is true, but not courage; and although there was sometimes a scarcity of food, and the wood pile dwindled down to a few logs, yet there was no complaining, no distrusting the goodness of Providence.

I cannot say that the Fletchers had seen better days, if "*better days*" are intended to signify a sudden revulsion of fortune—a downward step from affluence to necessary labor—gold and copper, satin and home spun, in counteraction! It is often suggested, or affirmed of those who seem gifted by nature with gentle manners, intuitive self-respect, and a craving for higher attainments, that they have seen better days! This is often the fact, certainly, for we know how riches take wings and fly away, but more frequently the assertion has its origin in a mistaken idea, that refinement is only indigenous to palatial roofs; and, that the man who so far rises above the mere drudgery of manual labor, as to feel the divinity within him, and who aims to improve the capacities *for* improvement which God has given him, must of course be "gentle born." This is a popular fallacy, irreverent to our Heavenly Father, "in whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind."

Mrs. Fletcher was the daughter and granddaughter of a farmer. She could spin, weave, knit, bake and brew, as her mother had done before her. Mr. Fletcher was the son and grandson of a village blacksmith—worked like a vulcan at his trade, with his book ever near at hand—devised several valuable improvements in his handicraft, and finally purchased, with the profits of his industry, the little cottage wherein his widow now dwells. It was his earnest wish to bestow upon his boys a better education than he had been able to acquire himself, for he saw, in Roy especially, the germ of noble qualities. But death closed those earthly hopes and parental aspirations. Trusting in that God who never forsakes the widow and the fatherless, he calmly sank to his rest:

"For so He giveth his beloved sleep."

Bravely did Roy sustain his position as the "right hand" of his mother, and his heart beat with pride and joy, that by his own exertions he could so materially aid in her support and that of his young brother. During the summer, the garden was the golden egg for Roy; while in winter, his stout arm wielded the flail, or felled the trees of the forest for the neighboring farmers. No vegetables were so early as those which grew in the widow Fletcher's garden, and therefore commanded good prices. And whenever Roy sought for a day's work, he had only to present his bright cheerful face, and ready hands to obtain it, for he had already proved his fidelity to those who had employed him. Verily, "a good name is better than riches," although *both combined* are very clever.

Nor, as we have seen, did Roy labor with his hands alone—there was head-work going on, too; a busy brain that was always scheming, which worked independent of his hands, until, duty done, the hands obeyed the brain. Then in his chamber, by the light of a little taper, or out in the more favored old barn, did the young dreamer puzzle out and shape the fancies of the brain. Books were his pastime, and pleasure, and all that came in his way, whether they treated of history, biography, or travels, works of scientific research, or the lighter field of fiction, all had a charm for Roy; and sometimes he sighed for that great world wherein, if Fortune had been kinder, he might have taken the field with others, and won for himself a noble position. Thus thought Roy.

"And perhaps I may yet!" was the answer with which the hopeful lad would meet these infrequent repinings.

But why did not Roy follow the trade of his sire and grandsire? That is just what he intends doing; and, upon the very morning with which this story commences, had already signed his indentures, by which he bound himself apprentice to the blacksmith of the village, and in a few more days, in leather apron, and stout welding hammer in hand, Roy Fletcher will be found at the forge.

Pray pardon this digression. I had

really forgotten that I left you standing in the barn yard, after having enticed you thither to introduce the widow's two sons.

Roy, as I said before, was seated at his work-bench. His lips were compressed, his eyes riveted upon his skilful piece of mechanism—the little engine; while the expression of his countenance betrayed earnest thought and perplexity.

At his side, upon an inverted pail, sat Rupert, busily sketching upon a small board the sleek and comely form of old Brindle, who, unconscious of being thus immortalized by a piece of chalk, stood calmly chewing her cud under the apple-tree near by.

"Look, Roy," at length cried Rupert, with a grand flourish, giving the final touch to the tail of his bovine subject, and holding up the sketch for his brother's inspection: "Look, haven't I hit off old Brindle capitally? If the flies had not bothered so, I would have had a better chance at her legs—*ha! ha! ha!!* Roy, just see that hind one, don't it look as if she was going to dance for Mother Goose's old piper?"

"There was a piper had a cow."

"Bravo, Rupert!" exclaimed Roy, as lifting his eyes from his own labors, they rested upon this child-sketch. Then drawing him to his side affectionately, he said: "Why, you may make an artist yet! That left leg, to be sure, does look a little skittish, as if raised to kick over a good pail of milk; a trick of wastefulness, which you know poor old Brindle was never guilty of in her life; so that is a libel upon her virtues, Rupert. You have sketched the apple-tree famously, and what a pretty bend you have given to that lower limb! Now suppose you run in and get my paint-box, and give old Brindle her own color."

"O, thank you! thank you!" cried the delighted child, clapping his hands, and bounding off toward the house.

Rupert had often produced many really remarkable drawings for a child of his age. His desire for sketching all objects which came before him was only equalled by his brother's taste for mechanics; and

sometimes as Roy thought of these things, hope and courage would suddenly flood his soul, as if by divine inspiration; and he would become impressed with the belief, illusory as it might seem, that while he would attain celebrity in mechanical pursuits, Rupert was just as certain to become distinguished as an artist, perhaps to rank with the most celebrated men of the age!

Rupert ran in eagerly for the paint-box. He was just in time to assist his mother, for the afternoon shadows were falling low, and it was time the tea-kettle should be boiling. So the little fellow ran out to the wood pile, and gathering a few dry chips, placed them carefully over the smouldering embers, then stooping down, fanned them with his breath into a blaze. He then filled the kettle from the cool overflowing penstock, and hung it over the fire. And thus, before Rupert could return to the barn, Roy slept.

And as he slept—behold a vision!

CHAPTER III.

A vast plain appeared spread before him, a cloudless sky bent over it. At his feet the grass was soft and green as in early spring, while myriad flowers of most enchanting hue rested their brightness thereon. Here were trees high as the cedars of Lebanon, amid whose majestic boughs birds of brilliant plumage flitted on joyous wing, and it seemed to Roy that as those noble trees bent their solemn heads to the low soft wind, he heard sweet music, as though angel hands moved the leaves to harmony. Roy viewed this enchanting scene with wonder and awe. Neither from books, nor in thought, had he conceived of a region so full of beauty, and as he touched the sweet lily bells and inhaled their delicious odors, or viewed the more gorgeous flowers which blossomed at his feet, and heard the deep-toned music which swept around, he reverently bowed his head, for he felt that "The place whereon he stood was holy ground."

While thus enchained by the wonderful beauty of the scene, a lovely form drew

near to Roy, and with a sweet smile bade him follow her. And as he did so, the scene suddenly changed.

Roy now found himself amid a multitude of busy craftsmen, whose different trades were identified by the implements on which their labors were directed, and he walked around examining with delight the many wonderful fabrics of mechanical skill and beauty before him. But soon his attention was attracted to an object, which, withdrawing his thoughts from all others, riveted them alone upon its colossal proportions. It was an engine adapted for land carriage; and as Roy approached it, he was overwhelmed with astonishment, to find that in all save its size, it was the *very counterpart of his own little machine*; and colossal as it seemed, was propelled by a small central wheel of curious construction, and with a velocity which had never been equalled, as he was informed by those who stood around, and who seemed placed there as if for the purpose of explaining away any doubts which might arise in his mind. Roy attentively examined the construction of this wheel, so perfect and yet so simple, when he comprehended its mechanism; and he questioned himself as he looked at it, whether he could imitate it with as perfect an adaptation.

While thus deliberating, to his surprise the engine suddenly fell asunder; each highly-wrought fragment became detached, and Roy, taking up each separate division, was instructed in their use, their connection and application; and then, by those master hands, the engine was once more reconstructed, but slowly, that the young pupil might understand its complicated perfectness; and by this means Roy was enabled to discover wherein *the secret of that motive power was hidden*, which had so much perplexed him.

With an exclamation of pleasure he turned to thank his patient instructors. But, the vision gave place to the limits of the barn—the swallows were twittering like laughing children at “hide-and-seek” as they flew in and out, and circled sideways under the low eaves, while by his side stood Rupert, the paint box

in one hand, the little sketch in the other.

“Have you been asleep, Roy?”

“Yes, I think I have, Rupert, at any rate I have had a strange and beautiful dream,” answered Roy, looking around him, still bewildered at the apparent reality of his sleeping vision. “But give me the paints,” he continued, “I will show you how to mix the colors; then, to-morrow, you can try your skill in painting old Brindle. It is rather too late now to begin, and hark, I hear mother calling us in to supper.”

That night, as his mother and Rupert slept, Roy stole out to the barn, and bringing the little engine into his own chamber, detached it piece by piece; for, so vividly had the vision impressed his mind, that our young dreamer felt assured only a few alterations were required to render his own little model perfect. The wheel, too, can he not form one after his dream-pattern? There it is before his eyes; not tangible, it is true, but can he not make it so? He will essay it, at least, and thus until the night was far spent, did Roy unceasingly devote himself to his task.

What a study does this brave young man present, as he bends over the object to which his energies are directed. Look at his hands, they are sun-burned and hard with toil; at his garments, they are coarse and ill-fashioned. He is poor in all worldly gifts and favors, and for the bread which feeds his own and the mouths of others he toils in the sweat of that young brow, cheerfully, uncomplainingly. But look in his eyes, as he lifts them, filled with courage from his task; mark the expression of his countenance, and there you will find the wealth of genius which the world cannot bestow, and worthy aspirations which may yet wing our young hero to the pinnacle of fame.

The summer night is calm and still. No sound but the chirping cricket, or the monotonous music of the frogs, save the shrill clarion of chanticler or the baying of some faithful watch-dog. The moon in her serene loveliness treads her starry pathway, and smiles down like a

holy blessing upon the little cottage. Touched by her silver pencil the tall grass waves in beauty, and the elms as they bow to the gentle night-wind, seem to whisper, "Peace on earth, good will to man."

The night wore on, and still Roy bent to his labors; the dawn was already near ere putting aside his work with a still yearning heart, he threw himself upon his bed and soon forgot all else in refreshing slumber.

CHAPTER IV.

The time now came when Roy must enter upon his new calling. Early and late he was required to be at the forge, consequently he had few leisure moments; and therefore, from the day upon which he entered his apprenticeship, his labors for the completion of his model engine were greatly interrupted, and only resumed at long intervals.

The lad liked his trade well. It was to him a pleasant one. He liked this "meddling with cold iron," and this bringing of the softened metal under his own control. There was something too in the occupation, which was continually striking out some new thought, and encouraging his mechanical propensities. With the same quick eye as his father, he saw where great improvements might be made, not only in the implements used in his own handicraft, but also in others—those which were brought to the smithy for repairs, by the farmers and mechanics around. Yet modesty sealed these theories; and moreover, such a practical man as John Jones, "*the boss*," would never have listened to the "new-fangled" notions of a boy apprentice.

There are a great many John Jones's in the world, right good fellows too, but who would no more think of going out of the beaten track of their forefathers, than they would of trusting themselves to cross the Atlantic ocean in a balloon. As for instance, the good woman in New Jersey, who, finding her petticoat had been made by a "sewing machine," invented, as she declared, "*by Satan to take the bread out of poor women's*

mouths," immediately sat down, and ripping it seam from seam, resewed it with her own needle! Or, par example, a domestic of my own, who, becoming perfectly convalescent from a severe illness, under the infinitesimal doses of homoeopathy, as soon as she could "drag her slow length" to a neighboring drug-store, deliberately swallowed a strong decoction of salts and senna in defiance. She did not believe in any new-fangled ways, not she.

"Pretty story," said she, "to tell my folks that I have been cured by them pesky little sugar-plums; sakes alive, why they would not believe I was sick!"

So Roy kept all these things to himself for the present. His brain worked too lively, however, to be always kept in abeyance. It will effervesce some day, as we shall see. And thus two years slipped quietly away, unmarked in the "short and simple annals" of the Fletchers. The widow, with the same cheerful spirit, thanks God for his blessings, and is proud of her two good boys, and if she ever indulges a repining thought, it is that they are precluded from those advantages which their tastes crave.

Roy in the meanwhile had gained the esteem and confidence of his employer. He had become a skilful craftsman, and already to his hand alone were intrusted the most careful orders, which he executed with all the nicety and finish of a master workman. The blacksmith, Jones, was a just man, and a kind master. He appreciated the worth of Roy; and, although he owned as it were the hands of the apprentice, as bound to his service, he never failed to compensate him for any work which particularly pleased him; thus both master and boy were contented with each other. And it was a fortunate thing for Roy that he served so good a man, as this extra compensation gave him the means of procuring many little comforts for the dear home, and also enabled him to supply his own mind with the food it most craved. And thoroughly did he digest all the mathematical treatises and scientific works which he could obtain, never losing sight of the one cherished scheme of his boyhood. Often as he

wrought at the glowing forge, the sparks from the anvil scintillating around him as his quick eye fashioned the seething metal, often did his thoughts dwell upon the strangely beautiful vision by which he had been so encouraged; although Roy at that time was far from regarding it in its true light, as a *divine inspiration*. To him it was merely "strange;" a "remarkable coincidence," perhaps, with his day-dreams, but nothing more.

In the meanwhile Rupert was becoming daily more useful to his mother, and by his industry the little garden was kept free from weeds, the wood-pile trim, and many other tasks accomplished which had formerly been the charge of Roy; nor when lessons and tasks were ended, did the lad fail of turning to his own favorite amusement, which was to him of more pleasure than kite or ball. His little sleeping room presented a motley collection of drawings, (if I may use the term,) the walls and doors as much crowded as those of any modern picture shop; some done in chalk, and some in charcoal. As his attempts were many of them guiltless of bearing "likeness to any thing in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth," Rupert cannot be accused of breaking the second commandment.

Mrs. Fletcher and Roy had lent their countenances to the young artist, and were the pride of his eyes, as they opened upon them each morning; the one done in charcoal, the other in flaming red ochre, and not so bad either. True, the widow's nose seemed a little out of joint, and one eye uncommonly fierce, while Roy certainly looked obliquely upon the open book, which, in deference to his brother's habit, Rupert had placed in his hand. But this does not disprove that they were possessed of *some* merit. No doubt these rude efforts of an untutored boy would have provoked a smile of contempt from persons who merely *affect* a love for art, and great enthusiasm for "*originals*"—a "*Corregio*," or a "*Praxiteles*," but which in reality they feel no more than the canvas or the marble upon which their upturned ecstatic orbs are gazing! But not so the man who car-

ries about with him the god-like power of tracing the mark which genius stamps upon her children. Such a one would have seen, even in those rough, self-taught efforts, the presage of future greatness, and beheld the laurel resting upon that fair young brow.

How pleasant were the evenings at the cottage home! The widow ever occupied in some housewifely pursuit, or thridding the ceaseless round of a stocking, the cheerful clicking of her knitting needles, chiming in pleasantly with the cricket on the hearth, while Roy would read aloud, or perhaps attempt to demonstrate to his wondering mother some mathematical diagram which his brain had conjured. Rupert meanwhile conning his lessons, or perhaps, overcome with sleep, nodding to the soft purr of his pet kitten.

One evening, after a day of unusual toil, Roy commenced the reading of a new book to his mother, but as he read the letters grew indistinct, and seemed blending into one confused shadow; the ticking of the clock and the clicking of the widow's needles seemed afar off, all objects became soundless and dim; his head dropped upon his breast, and Mrs. Fletcher with a smile, caught the book from his relaxing grasp:

"Poor boy, how tired he is!" she thought.

But as Roy slept—behold, a vision!

CHAPTER V.

And the revelation which the Good Giver of all again vouchsafed the young dreamer, was of so practical a nature, and the scene so like reality, that Roy at the time experienced none of that solemn awe with which the previous vision had filled his soul.

It was a dusty road over which, in company with many other persons, he seemed journeying. All were going in the same direction, and all apparently with the same object in view. Among the throng were artizans and professors, the mechanic and the lawyer, the soldier and the priest. As they proceeded, Roy saw they were drawing near a wide and

level plain, across which was a railway, and soon the engine-house came in sight, gayly decorated with flags and streamers, each bearing in letters of gold the word "Excelsior." At this sight the multitude now appeared more eager, pressing around the door and watched impatiently for it to be thrown open. Roy, demanding the reason of so much excitement, was informed that an engine was to be started over the track to test some new invention. Yes, some visionary fellow, they said, had constructed a central wheel, which he maintained would perform so many, and such rapid revolutions, as would nearly double the speed of other locomotives.

"But he is an idle dreamer!" "A mere theorist!" "We shall see, we shall see." "*Bah*, the idea is too absurd; but how the fellow will chafe at his failure, as fail he must."

Roy listened incredulous to these sweeping remarks, for *his* sympathies were of course on the side of this daring innovator upon old and approved models. Suddenly the door of the station was thrown wide, disclosing a splendid machine, adorned with flowers and flags, and already panting with impatience, as it were, to be off. Roy could hardly credit his senses, for again he recognized the very model of his own little engine.

But while looking and pondering upon this singular coincidence, the grand and beautiful machine is started—starts, and is gone like a flash. For a moment astonishment silences the crowd, and then, as if actuated by one impulse, a unanimous shout rent the air from those who so lately had as unanimously derided the experiment. And now, back again over the iron path shoots the powerful engine, and, as she stays her speed, the multitude press around Roy, and with shouts of applause proclaim him the inventor of this wonderful motive power. And suddenly, between him and the excited crowd glided the same radiant form which had beautified his first vision. In her hand she held a wreath, and approaching Roy she placed it upon his brow. For one brief moment it rested there, as

if in blessing, and then the lovely vision vanished. Again the throng shout:

"Success to Roy Fletcher!"

"Hurrah for Roy Fletcher!"

And with the sound still ringing in his ears the dreamer awoke. In lieu of that excited multitude, he saw only his mother quietly knitting, with the book which he had dropped, open before her.

"Well Roy, you have been sleeping," she said, smiling.

"Yes, and dreaming too, mother, for I have just now worn a victor's wreath," answered Roy.

And filled with wonder at this second revelation, he bade his mother good night and retired to his chamber.

Rupert was already sleeping. Favored child, peaceful be thy slumbers; for angels watch thy pillow, angels are bending over thee, and thy slumbers shall be filled with visions of beauty and gladness.

For Rupert, too, had a dream this night. And it was this.

CHAPTER VI.

It seemed to Rupert that he was standing upon the border of a beautiful stream, adorned with the most charming flowers, which, meeting the mimic waters, blended their fragrance with them. Clear as a spotless mirror was the surface of the stream, and as he gazed down into its crystal depths strange objects of wondrous beauty met his eyes; even as we see reflected in the tranquil bosom of a lake, the blue sky and fleecy clouds forming, as it were, a second firmament. Here and there tall trees linked arms, high above the flashing rivulet, as if to crown with leafy honors this musical child of the meadow, while ripple, breeze, and the soft songs of the birds blended in one sweet harmony.

From under those interlacing boughs, yet so gently as scarcely to dimple the surface of the stream, a fairy-like boat shot forth. At the bow stood a female form, yet apparently by no effort of hers was the little bark guided; for while with one hand she pointed up the stream, with the other she seemed beckoning Rupert to approach nearer the margin.

The bow of the little boat almost buried itself in the tall, tufted grass and flowers, as the lad sprang within, and then swiftly pursued its course.

As they proceeded the stream gradually widened, and soon Rupert found himself upon the waters of a lake, through which the little boat, like a silver arrow, cleft the curling waves. It touched the shore. The boat and its celestial guide disappeared, and Rupert stood before the entrance of a small temple. Surprised to find himself thus suddenly left alone, he looked around him, but saw no person. On either hand, far and wide extended a lovely landscape, while the waters of the lake surging gently to the shore laved the marble steps which led up to the temple. Impelled, as it were, by some irresistible power the boy ascended them, and entering the open doors, found to his surprise and infinite delight that the walls were embellished with paintings. Forgetting all else, these at once absorbed his attention.

From one to the other he passed on. Now stopping entranced before some charming landscape, and then to admire the artistic grouping of nymphs or fairies; or again, with tearful eye looking upon scenes of martyr-heroism, where the fugot and the stake, losing all terrors in the majesty of the Christian's love, seemed but as welcome instruments to unbar the gates to heavenly mansions. Strange thoughts filled the bosom of the boy as he gazed upon these works of art. It seemed to him, indeed, that he was no longer a child. He had suddenly become a man, and these beautiful paintings *all owed their creation to his own hand!* As if in echo to his thoughts, the same form which had guided him to the temple, now stood at his side.

"Rupert, behold the reward of industry and perseverance," said the vision, "Such as these," pointing to the paintings, "will be thine—thine will be the fame! Let no difficulties discourage, and remember, it is thus Genius rewards those who worthily acknowledge her presence."

The next morning Rupert related this

strangely beautiful dream to his mother and Roy. Mrs. Fletcher smiled, and kissing the fair brow of the young enthusiast, whose eyes seemed to dilate with the wonder of his theme, told him he must read no more fairy tales, if such was to be their effect, they would spoil him for the duties of real life. But Roy listened silently, and comparing this dream of his young brother with his own wonderful visions, acknowledged reverently that divine goodness which thus encouraged and sustained the apparently futile aspirations of two orphan lads. We know that

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

And is it incredible then, that the same loving Father, the same all-gracious Being who fashioneth the oak of the forest, and ruleth the sea, doth not also "*give his angels charge*" to cheer the earthly pilgrim—man, made in the Divine image?

CHAPTER VII.

At the close of three years we find changes in the once happy home of the Fletchers. The little cottage, it is true, still shelters beneath the protecting arms of the old elms; the garden looks clean and thrifty, and the sweet-briar has climbed to the roof:

"There is the shaded door way still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill."

The barn door, too, stands wide, and we hear the cheerful flail echoing within:

"But the stranger comes, O' painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof!"

Her earthly mission accomplished, by the side of her husband in the village church-yard, the widow has lain down to her peaceful sleep.

Roy has become a partner at the forge, and Rupert, in consideration of services rendered, receives board and tuition from Doctor Borax, the "medical man" of the village, and practitioner for miles around. These *services* consist in the care of the meadow lot, the garden, which he is expected to keep free from weeds, and

the cornfield, the horse, cow and pig; in chopping wood, and drawing water; in harnessing and unharnessing the professional gig, and such "odd branches." The *compensation*, pudding and milk, fat pork and beans, and looking upon the Russia bindings of the doctor's books. To be sure, when the great man feels inclined thereto, Rupert is called into the library, and put through a little learning, shared with the little tan terrier, made to give his paw, or stand on two legs. The lad is then dismissed. The dog remains. An ordinary youth of no ambition beyond to-day, might possibly have been content. Not so Rupert. He inly chafed at this perversion of his talents, and oftentimes would have given way under such discouraging prospects, had not the remembrance of that beautiful vision stood between him and despair.

In the meanwhile, by labor at odd hours, and careful, persistent study, Roy had been successful in constructing a splendid model of his engine, with the dream-wheel improvement; and formidable as the undertaking appeared to one who so rarely had journeyed beyond the limits of the village, he resolved to take it himself to Washington, and submit it for consideration at the Patent Office.

Nor did he lack encouragement from the honest blacksmith, upon whose mind it began slowly to dawn, that after all some new notions were pretty clever, and "he guessed on the whole, were better'n the old uns!"

"Yes, yes, Roy," said he, "go yourself. If any one but you now had made such a thing, I should have said it wa'n't no manner of use, I would not have had a bit of faith in it! But you are not often out of the way, lad; for now there's Deacon Sophorth, he says his plough cuts a leetle the sharpest of any critter he ever see, or hearn tell on; and old Miss Marvel, she says her Tom is e'en a most tickled to death with that spring-tined pitchfork; why she says, Tom says that it pitches in and takes up the hay like a hungry wolf would a stray sheep; so after all, I shouldn't wonder if that engine of yours went ahead of the whole heap."

The reader will see by this that Roy had not buried his talent. Already there were several of his improvements in agricultural implements in use in the neighborhood, and the young blacksmith's name had become quite famous among the farmers and mechanics of the town.

And now let us follow our young friend to Washington, where, engaging lodgings in a quiet street, he immediately took measures for placing his model in the hands of the committee. Any one who has staked his hopes for the future, his labors of the past, within the doubtful chance between a "yea" and "nay," may perhaps appreciate the feelings of Roy, as day after day, a stranger in a strange city, he waited the movements of that august body, whose deliberations are necessarily bestowed equally upon a *mouse-trap* and a *steam-engine*.

"*Patience had its perfect work.*" With no friends to advance his interest, and where there were also many other claims upon their attention, Roy was of course forced to curb his impatience, to keep pace with their pleasure. Good, however, came of delay. During those weeks, in which both the patience and the purse became alike nearly exhausted, Roy formed the acquaintance of several distinguished men,—men of science and high culture, who, pleased with the modest bearing and evident genius of the young stranger, extended to him the rites of hospitality and kindness. He also met with others, who, like himself, had come to Washington with new inventions, or improvements upon old, so that with his quick perceptive mind, this journey to the capital gave him that practical knowledge which in the battle of life is perhaps of more real advantage than tomes of printed lore.

At length success stamps the enterprise. The name of Roy Fletcher is enrolled, with other successful applicants, and with the official seal affixed, Roy receives his patent.

Justly proud and happy, he hastened home to receive the congratulations of his friends; nor can words convey the pleasure which Rupert manifested at the triumph of his brother, while the black-

smith, shaking him heartily by hand, thus spoke his mind:

"You're a smart fellow, Roy Fletcher, and bound to go ahead, I see. Now tell me what you want to do, for I know you're not going to rest contented, now you've got your patent, and John Jones aint the fellow to back out when he can serve a friend; so speak out like a man, that so!"

There were tears of which no man need be ashamed in the eyes of Roy, as he thanked the smith for this unexpected kindness.

"It would be my wish of course to follow out my model, to construct my engine with this new power, and have its value attested upon some railway. Then I might, perhaps, dispose of my patent to advantage, or construct the machines myself. However, this must be a work of time, for I have neither money nor credit for such an outlay. But no matter, sure of success in the end, I will work with redoubled energy at the forge, and be content to hoard my small gains, until I can see my way clear for the undertaking."

"Yes. But in the meantime, boy, some one else may steal your patent, or come so mighty nigh it that you can't tell the difference," cried the blacksmith. "No, no, you must go right ahead about the quickest; it won't do to let your metal cool in this way; strike while the iron is hot. I haven't worked all these years for nothing—well, I haven't." (With a grim smile,) "John Jones has got some, he has," (slapping his pockets.) "Now you just leave the shop to me, for I calculate your best chance will be to take some money, and you shall have it boy, and start this thing right along in double-quick time."

It will be sufficient to say that the good blacksmith proved his words by his deeds, which we know is not always the case; for some men are full of words and wordy offers, but when the time comes to take them up they are like bad notes, protested at maturity. Some men are prone to great precaution in favoring new schemes or inventions. They hang back, they walk sideways, they look

sharp and sagacious, and await the issue in a self-congratulatory state of non-committal. Then, of course, they are ready to meet the end, either *pro* or *con*. If successful, to be sure they knew it would be so. If a failure, they shrug their shoulders and cry, "Aha! we knew it, we knew it!"

And thus it fared with Roy, who found many more obstacles in the way of his enterprise than he expected.

CHAPTER VIII.

After months of unnecessary delay, as it seemed to Roy, a trial of his engine was granted and a day appointed, when in the presence of competent judges, stationed at proper intervals, it was to test its speed with a rival locomotive of great power, over a double track of twenty miles.

The morning came. Side by side the powerful engines, decorated with flags, their shafts and cylinders bright as the sun, took their places upon the track. To each was attached a car, in which were the friends of these huge rivals to public favor; among them the stalwart form of John Jones, upon the platform of the "Excelsior," (for so Roy had named his engine in remembrance of the dream,) waving the "stripes and stars."

The clock strikes ten. It is the signal. The whistle sounds shrill and clear upon the morning air again, and they are off. Borne as it were, upon the breath of loud uproarious shouts, they speed. They flash across the meadow, over the bridge, through the village, across the open plain, and look, ha! the "Excelsior" leads. On they rush, those monster steeds, leaping the dark forest with a bound, out again into the bright sunlight, and then dashing madly within the bowels of the earth, belching and roaring defiance in their cavernous strife. And see, the "Excelsior" like a glorious presage of fame to Roy, first emerges from the tunnel's dark bed. Mark how swiftly she speeds her way; hurrah! the station is gained. And then, grand in her defeat, her flags waving, and music echoing cheerily, the rival locomotive rushes to

[Faint, illegible handwritten notes]

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THE DEATH OF THE LAWYER WHOSE
LIFE WAS SPENT IN THE SERVICE OF
THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES
AND WHOSE DEATH WAS A LOSS TO
THE NATION. HIS NAME WAS
JOHN EDGAR HOOVER. HE WAS
BORN IN 1895 AND DIED IN 1972.
HE WAS A MAN OF GREAT
COURAGE AND DEDICATION.
HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY
WITH HONOR AND DISTINCTION.
HE WAS A MAN WHO WAS
NOT AFRAID OF THE DARK.
HE WAS A MAN WHO WAS
NOT AFRAID OF THE UNKNOWN.
HE WAS A MAN WHO WAS
NOT AFRAID OF THE FUTURE.
HE WAS A MAN WHO WAS
NOT AFRAID OF THE PAST.
HE WAS A MAN WHO WAS
NOT AFRAID OF THE PRESENT.
HE WAS A MAN WHO WAS
NOT AFRAID OF THE FUTURE.
HE WAS A MAN WHO WAS
NOT AFRAID OF THE PAST.
HE WAS A MAN WHO WAS
NOT AFRAID OF THE PRESENT.
HE WAS A MAN WHO WAS
NOT AFRAID OF THE FUTURE.

WHO IS THE FRIEND?

~~FROM THE DIRECTOR~~

His that my fault he reveals,
 My errors ne'er conceals,
 His frank and faithful, tells them to my face,
 That man a friend I deem.
 Blush though his words may seem,
 One to be clasped in friendship's warm embrace.

But he who only praiseth
Hearks, as to all my ways;
Never rebuking faults the world may see,
'That man I count untrue;
'To him no thanks are due;
He's but a flatterer, and no friend to me!

A SPIRIT IN PRISON; OR, THE PASTOR'S SON.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PARTING.

THE next day was Sunday. There was to be a confirmation in the church, and it was announced that Father Francis would preach, to the satisfaction of those who had never heard the Provincial in the pulpit.

Laurent could not help longing to hear his kinsman, but he feared greatly that he was taxing himself beyond his strength. Father Francis, however, anxious as he was for his nephew's safety, and straining every nerve to play his part, yet felt that a weight had been lifted from his heart. He was sad and weary, he dreaded the pang of parting, but he no longer felt that horror of great darkness, the sting of remorse, which had so long tortured his soul. He slept quietly, and his sleep was not haunted by those accusing phantoms which had made him dread to close his eyes.

Every one remarked in the morning that the Reverend Father looked better than he had done since his arrival.

Laurent easily obtained permission to go to the church, and his asking leave was hailed as a sign of grace. It was so well known, however, that the Provincial wished no one to interfere with his own efforts for Laurent's soul, that not one of the brotherhood said a word to him on the subject of religion.

Monsieur De Silvenoir was perhaps the most insignificant person, to be a priest, in the Bishop's train. He was a secular curé of a small village. He made no pretensions to extra sanctity or orthodoxy. He had taken orders after the death of his wife, to whom he had been tenderly attached. Had he deserted her to go into the priesthood, they might have held him in some respect; but as it was, though he was the descendant of an ancient family, he was simply M. le Curé,

a very small person, who had come to consult the library at Villar.

Monsieur De Silvenoir, however, was a man who had root in himself, and a dandified young priest—for there are fashions even among monks—who undertook to patronize M. le Curé, found that it was no easy matter. It was afterwards remarked that Father Francis took an early opportunity to repress this young gentleman with a certain smooth sharpness of which he was master.

It happened that Laurent was M. le Curé's companion to the church. M. De Silvenoir had not been asked to take a part in the service, for there were many priests present, but it did not seem to trouble him. He selected for himself and his companion a quiet corner, not far from the pulpit and very much in shadow, and Laurent engaged in his own devotions through the mass, which passed unnoticed, as, oddly enough as it seems to a Protestant, it is by no means an uncommon custom. At more than one Catholic ceremony I have seen the worshippers telling their beads and murmuring their own prayers quite independent, as it seemed, of the service at the altar.

The confirmation was a pretty sight; the boys being all in their best dresses, the girls in white frocks, flowers and vails, but under all the prettiness Laurent knew what memories were at work, and how reluctantly many of the children submitted to a rite which both they and their parents detested, not on its own account, but as the sign of slavery and apostasy.

He could not help wondering what his uncle would find to say for edification to the "conformed" of Villar, and how he could speak words of peace and good will to those to whom every ruined house in the village, every empty place at their own firesides, recalled bitter thoughts of slaughter and tyranny.

Poor Father Francis had indeed feared that morning's sermon as a difficult task, but he proved himself equal to the occasion. He took, as his text, Mark x. 15: "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

The sermon was addressed to the young people who had been admitted into the fold, and Laurent, as he listened, did not wonder at his uncle's popularity and power as a preacher.

He said as little as might be about the church, which of course he was bound to represent as the kingdom of God on earth—a difficult thing to do with effect in Villar—but after a short summing up of practical Christian duties, he painted the future state of the redeemed in heaven, with noble sweetness and fervor. Father Francis's voice was like a trumpet with a silver sound, and as it rang out clear and sweet, and modulated to every turn of expression, enforced by a manner that seemed to proclaim every word as coming from the preacher's heart, the Provincial swayed his hearers as he would.

Even Father Bernard, who looked forward to heaven chiefly as a place where he should not be bothered, seemed moved out of himself; the Bishop was observed to wipe his eyes with his laced kerchief, and Laurent listened, half pained, half proud, thrilled to his very soul.

"And the best they could do with such a man as that was to use him as they have done," he thought, in keen indignation. "Ah, you may admire, Messieurs! You little think who it was that laid the foundation of all your saint's learning and eloquence."

One and another whispered, as the sermon came to an end, that Father Francis was himself again.

The service was all but ended. The bishop had risen to pronounce the benediction, when a man having in his hand a drawn dagger, bounded through the aisle and up the pulpit steps.

There was a cry of dismay and terror from the assembly. The Bishop, an old somewhat infirm man, fainted and fell. The crowd swayed to and fro; Laurent and the Curé alone acted. Laurent

never knew how what followed came to pass. He had divined the assassin's purpose from the first moment, and he sprang from his seat to a niche supporting a saint, from thence to a carved projection in the wood-work, flung himself over the side of the pulpit, interposed between Father Francis and the murderer, and the next instant received in his own arm the dagger meant for his uncle's heart.

M. De Silvenoir rushed up the pulpit steps and seized the assassin from behind with a grasp like a vise.

The next moment a dozen hands were at the man's throat, and though he fought like a tiger, the dagger was wrenched from his grasp; he was thrown down, and such was the rage of the bystanders that he might have been killed on the spot, had it not been for M. De Silvenoir.

"The poor creature is mad," he said, with the voice and manner of military command. "Take him away."

The maniac, for such indeed he was, was removed, struggling and foaming. In the confusion Laurent hardly knew what had happened till he was recalled to himself by his uncle's voice and a glance, which even at that moment conveyed a warning.

"You are hurt, my son," said the Provincial, his voice trembling in spite of himself with anxiety.

"It's only a scratch, Reverend Father," said Laurent, who hardly felt his wound, "but you?"

"I am not touched, my son, thanks to your self-devotion," said Father Francis, with exactly that degree of gratitude and emotion which became him under the circumstances. "M. De Silvenoir, I have to thank you, also. Will you take charge of this youth, and see that he has due attendance. God be with you, my son. We will see you at the convent."

The Curé led Laurent down the pulpit stairs, and down the aisle among admiring murmurs and blessings, for even the unhappy "conformed" would have regretted the death of Father Francis, and the original catholics revered him as a saint. The preacher hushed the confusion with a word and gesture, returned thanks to

heaven for his escape, and the service came to an end.

"Reverend Father," said the syndic of the village, who had been sent for into the vestry, "the gentleman was right. Poor Garnier is quite mad. He is generally shut up; I cannot think how he escaped."

"I hope, Monsieur, you mean to keep him confined in future," said Father Bernard, who had been scared out of his usual tranquillity and almost into a passion. "Here has our blessed Father Francis been all but sacrificed, and Monseigneur, my cousin, thrown into a fit, which might have cost him his life."

Here the poor old Bishop, who had hardly come out of his swoon, asked nervously if Father Francis was living, and desired to see him.

The Provincial, who was generally supposed to have a great influence over the Bishop, knelt by the old man's side, and assured him that he was unhurt.

"But I hope the man, if he is mad, will be shut up, where he can do no further mischief," said the Bishop, crossing himself devoutly.

The syndic exhausted himself in protestations that Garnier should in future be taken care of properly.

"Was the poor creature always so?" said Father Francis.

"No, Reverend Father," said the syndic, rather embarrassed, "it was the effect of an accident."

"What accident?" asked an attendant priest.

"His wife and two children, Monsieur, lost their lives in—in the late troubles," said the syndic; who, though a Catholic, had sympathized with his Vaudois neighbors.

"I hope it's not some heretic plot," said the young priest, who had attempted to patronize M. de Silvenoir.

"Monsieur," said the syndic, coloring, "I think that plots for assassination are not the fashion of the Vaudois, and if they were, it is not the Reverend Father whom any one would attack. I assure you that Garnier has been out of his mind for nearly three years."

"I am quite sure of it," said Father

Francis, decidedly. "My brother, you would do well to consider before expressing such a suspicion. I beg it may go no farther."

"Why, it was the barbet that saved your life, Reverend Father," said the Superior. "I wonder what Father Jerome would say now?"

"The good youth!" said the old bishop, in tremulous tones. "We will see that he is rewarded; and now we will go home and rest. Heavens, Father Francis, how white you are! Are you sure you are not hurt?"

"Not the least, Monseigneur," said the priest, gently soothing the poor bishop, who was a harmless old creature enough. "Monsieur the syndic, I entreat that no unnecessary severity may be used with this unhappy man."

"No, no," said the bishop, "but keep him shut up. Ah, it was a sad thing, doubtless, to lose his wife and little ones. Ah, Father Francis," said the old man, with a sudden dim idea of cause and effect, "I doubt sometimes whether we were quite right about this Vaudois matter after all."

The Provincial drew a long breath, but was silent, in bitterness of spirit, as he remembered how he had used his power with the old man, whom he might so easily have influenced in a very different manner.

Laurent's wound was, as he said, a mere scratch, for M. le Curé had pulled the man back as the blow fell, but for the moment Laurent was a hero in the brotherhood. He who had so little while since been beaten, and scolded, and despised, found himself praised and made much of, and was glad to get away with Father Paul, after his wound had been carefully and kindly dressed by M. De Silvenoir, who took the matter quite out of the hands of fussy Brother Augustine.

"Pooh!" said the ex-soldier, "it's a mere scratch. It will all be healed in a week. The boy has done his duty, that's all—did it like a man, I will say; but don't spoil him with praise. Go, Monsieur Leidet, and keep yourself quiet," he added with a warning look that meant "hold your tongue."

"In the course of a little while Father Francis came to Laurent for a few minutes, and satisfied himself that his nephew was not much hurt.

"Indeed, dear Father, it is nothing," said Laurent. "O, how thankful I am that you are safe."

The Provincial sighed, but he never for a moment in the convent dared to forget himself, with the boy he loved as his own soul.

"How glad I am I went this morning," said Laurent, "and, Reverend Father, it was worth this to hear your sermon."

"You liked it, Laurent?" said the preacher, pleased in all his anxiety with the boy's praise.

"Ah, indeed, I did! I was so proud," said Laurent, with sparkling eyes, "I don't wonder they admire you; but you don't owe your power to them."

"Hush," said the monk, silencing him. "Laurent, I shall send for you by and by, and whatever I say or do, I beg you to trust me. This matter has made it easier for me to do what I wish. My son, you must go to-morrow with M. De Silvenoir. He is a good man, and he knows all. I tell you, that you need not betray yourself when I send for you. I shall see you alone before we part."

He left the cell, collected, calm and dignified as ever.

"What a wretched slavery it is," thought the boy, in a rage. "They all make an idol of him, and yet he dare not say his soul is his own. But he is right, I suppose, not to break his vows, since he must needs take them."

In a few minutes a message came that Laurent, if he felt able, was to go to the Superior's private apartment. He found there the Bishop and his uncle. The old Bishop, who had been much startled and shocked, was lying down looking still very white and scared. Father Francis stood at the head of the couch.

"Ah," said the old man, in feeble tones, "and is this the good youth that behaved so gallantly this morning? Come forward my son, and take an old man's blessing."

Laurent, who thought that an old gentleman's blessing could certainly do him

no harm, knelt respectfully and received, heretic as he was, the episcopal benediction.

"The Reverend Father has spoken to us about you," said the Bishop. "before this morning. We had hoped that under his influence you would have made up your mind before this time to become a true son of the Church."

Laurent made no answer. The drops stood on Father Francis' forehead, but he gave no sign.

"But we hear you have not quite resolved as yet," rambled on the Bishop; "and we know that time must be given—yes, to be sure. However, my son, if you will decide now—and why should you hesitate?—we will take you with us to Turin. If you have not the vocation,—and truly I think you are better fitted for a soldier,—we will see that your fortunes are advanced. Truly your devotion to our dear Father Francis deserves a reward."

For one moment the temptation appealed to the young man's soul. He had only to say the word, and he could go out not only to liberty, but to a career where, forwarded by such patronage and protection as would be his, he could hope to fill a distinguished place. On the other side was nothing but exile, poverty and persecution, entire separation from the friend he loved so well. The Church, as thus presented by the mild old bishop, seemed for one moment a possibility. Then came the thought of his father, and he had decided.

"Monseigneur," he said, "it is impossible."

"Ah, well, you will by and by," said the Bishop; "and in the mean time, as the Reverend Father is soon to return to Turin, and there are circumstances which make it, in his opinion, not advisable to take you there at present—I think you said so, Father Francis?"

The Provincial bent down and spoke a word or two in the Bishop's ear.

"Ah, yes, true," said the Bishop. "Well, you will go with M. De Silvenoir to Bonneval, and remain there for the present, until you can freely adopt the true faith. From what I hear of your good

dispositions, I hope it will be soon, my son."

Laurent looked up at his uncle, almost reproachfully. Had no one but himself been concerned, he would have declared that no such good dispositions as the Bishop supposed were in his mind.

"Can you not answer us, my son?" said the Bishop, gently.

"Monseigneur," said Laurent, desperately, breaking the silence, "I thank you gratefully for your kindness. It was a little thing for me to risk my life for Father Francis. I would die for him, but I cannot conform."

Father Francis suddenly slipped the bolt of the door near which he stood, and came and knelt by the Bishop's couch.

"Monseigneur," he said, "may I entreat you to ask Laurent no questions. You know whose son he is. The boy is dear to me; he has saved my life. I beseech you, Monseigneur, help me to save his."

"Surely, surely!" said the Bishop, half rising. "Ah, Father Francis, I am an old man, an old man, and there has been enough blood shed, more than enough. M. le Curé goes early in the morning. does he not?"

"Yes, Monseigneur,"

"Bien; let the boy go with him. But," added the old gentleman in a whisper, "no one must know—no one. Go my son," he said kindly to Laurent, "and may God go with you."

"Go to my room, Laurent," said the Provincial, "and wait for me."

Laurent went, thankful that at the last he had not deceived the Bishop by any false profession.

In a few minutes Father Francis joined him. He locked the door and turned the key, so that no one could find a place at the key-hole. The poor priest, what with the exertion of preaching, for which he was hardly fitted, and with the other excitements of the morning, was almost worn out. He sat down, and leaned upon his nephew for support. "Ah, Laurent, your truthfulness has carried you through after all," he said in a whisper.

"Dear Father, what could I do?" said Laurent, distressed at the idea that

he might have compromised his protector.

"Nothing, nothing my son, but what you did. Did you know who that poor soul was this morning?"

"I heard he was mad."

"Yes, and he has been mad ever since his wife and children were murdered before his eyes, by the soldiers charged to execute the Duke's edict. My sin does indeed find me out."

"Dearest Father, you speak as though you alone had been responsible. It was not so."

"I did what I could, but there, we will not again speak of myself. This hurt of yours?—are you sure you will be able to travel, my dear boy?"

"It is nothing; it does not pain me at all," said Laurent.

"I shall not feel that you are safe one moment till you are out of sight beyond the hills—and then—"

He paused, and continued in a firmer tone, but in a whisper: "There are many strangers in the house—I do not know who may be among them, but it will not be thought strange that I, ill as I have been, should pass an hour or two in my room, or have an interview with M. De Silvenoir, and with you. Go quietly and find him, Laurent. He is in the library, I suppose."

Laurent obeyed, and found M. le Curé and Father Paul still deeply occupied with Hannibal, about whom poor Laurent just then cared very little.

M. De Silvenoir reluctantly, as it seemed, left his books and obeyed Father Francis' message. Between the minister of the Franciscans and the village Curé there was about the same difference in dignity that exists between a Lieutenant of militia and a General of Division, but Laurent could not but see that M. le Curé by the force of his personal character had far more influence over his distinguished friend than either abbot, bishop or noble.

M. De Silvenoir, while he treated Father Francis with due respect, did not show toward him that almost slavish reverence offered by those under the Provincial's jurisdiction. It was a striking

proof of the native nobleness and sweetness of Father Francis' nature, that used as he had been to deference and flattery, he did not take the slightest offence at his old schoolmate's brusque independence of manner.

Neither hinted at the relationship between Laurent and Father Francis, but Laurent felt convinced that their whole story was known to M. De Silvenoir, and began to suspect that he was the man who had interfered, though vainly, to save his father's life, and whose voice had awakened his uncle to some sense of natural humanity.

There was little conversation between the two, and presently M. De Silvenoir rose.

"I advise you to rest to-night, Monsieur," he said to Laurent. "You have a long journey before you to-morrow."

"You understand, Amadeus," said the Provincial, rising and for the first time, calling his old friend by his Christian name, "that I feel as much interest as one like me may be allowed to feel in Laurent's future."

"I should think it the most unnatural thing in the world if you did not feel an interest in him," said M. De Silvenoir, rather shortly, and then he added more gently than Laurent had yet heard him speak, "My own boy, had he lived, would have been about this youth's age. I will do by him as I would have had another do by my Philip."

"And was your son's name Philip?" said the Provincial, touched.

"Yes, Monsieur; I called him after an old friend of mine, who I thought was dead; for *his* sake, too, Laurent shall be dear to me."

The Provincial feeling quite sure that M. De Silvenoir was neither a rival nor a spy of the Inquisition, inwardly thanked God for sending him such help in his distress.

"Farewell, Amadeus," he said, offering his hand, something Laurent had never seen him do before.

"We may not meet again, but forget me not in your prayers."

"May God keep you," said the Curé, while a mist softened his keen blue eye.

"Bon soir, M. Laurent. We meet in the morning," and he was gone.

"And now my son," said Father Francis, with a quivering lip, "the bell will ring for service in a few minutes, and we must part. I may see you in the morning, but only before others. Brother Augustine thinks I send you from me by way of self-denial and mortification, lest I should love you too well. You will not forget me when you are safe with that other friend?"

"Forget you!" was all Laurent could say. His protector was dearer to him than he had known before his soul was wrung with this pang of parting, for poor Philip Leidet, shut out as he was from all earthly ties, was a man made to love and to be loved.

"You will remember me in your prayers, when you use the old tongue? Ah, how sweet and bitter it was to hear it from you, and how little you guessed what memories it called up. You will like to know that Father Paul goes back with me to Turin."

"Indeed, yes; and dear Father, you will keep him for your confessor, will you not? if your rule allows it; and you will be satisfied with living according to your regulations?" "And Heaven knows," thought the boy to himself, "they are senseless and hard enough to satisfy any one;" for notwithstanding the special revelation made to St. Bridget concerning St. Francis' divinely inspired rule, Laurent, the more he loved his uncle, the more intensely revolted against the system to which he was a slave. "You will not wear your life out with needless suffering and austerities, and make yourself miserable—will you?" he said aloud.

"My life must be a hard and weary one at best, my boy," said Father Francis, "but it is no longer utterly dark as I look to the end, and when you hear of my death—and God grant it may be soon—do not grieve for me, but rejoice and hope that for me the promise was kept, 'at even time it shall be light.'"

"I am glad you will have Father Paul with you," said Laurent, through his tears.

"We may talk of you sometimes. He does not know the truth, but only that you are very dear to me. And now my darling, my last, one treasure on earth, farewell; and may God guard and guide you now and forever."

He held the young man for a moment in a close embrace, kissed him, and turning away knelt before the altar, and hid his face.

Laurent went to his cell, and throwing himself on the bed wept himself to sleep like a child.

The summons sounded for the last service of the evening, and Father Francis took his place and bore his part without one tremulous tone, composed, gentle and dignified, as though no human emotion had ever troubled the quiet of his soul.

Before the earliest dawn Laurent was wakened by Father Paul, who came to his cell, quite against rule at that time, but the discipline of the convent, though nominally "of the strict observance," was never very stern, and had Father Gerome still held sway, Father Paul would have risked a public penance to bid Laurent farewell.

"Ah, how I shall miss you, my son," said the old man, with a sigh.

"And I you, dear Father; I shall never forget your goodness as long as I live."

"And I, Laurent, shall always hold you dear, and continue to pray for your conversion. Try if you can to continue your Greek. Had it been the will of the saints, we might have read Polybius together, and made up our minds about Hannibal. I would not have you too certain of M. le Curé's theory of the little St. Bernard; I have my doubts. And, Laurent, I suppose you would not wear this holy relic if I were to give it to you?"

"I would value any thing you gave me for a keepsake, dear Father Paul. What is it?"

"It is a bit of the holy straw, my dear boy."

"And what may that be?"

"Well, you know our blessed St. Francis was the first to make the representation of the stable at Bethlehem,

that now the whole Church represents at Christmas. He had it at Grecio, and it was a real stable, with wooden images—of our lady, and St. Joseph and the babe—and they had a real ox and a real ass, and straw on the floor. And there St. Francis held mass, and preached, and was seen during the service caressing an infant of supernatural beauty."

"And was it a real baby?" said Laurent, half-disgusted, half-amused, and not wishing to hurt his old friend's feelings.

"O no, my son; it was an apparition of the babe of Bethlehem; and the straw upon which this apparition was manifested was preserved and has worked many miraculous cures.* And this is a bit of it," said Father Paul, producing a minute fragment of straw under a glass. "It is quite genuine."

Laurent tried hard not to laugh, though he was any thing but light at heart.

"You would not care to keep it, I suppose?"

"I will, certainly, for your sake, dear Father," said Laurent, holding his old friend's hand; "but you must not expect me to believe in the relic, you know."

"I hope it will effect your conversion, my Laurent."

"If you could not, I'm afraid the holy straw won't; but see, I will hang it to the rosary Father Francis gave me, and every night and morning when I say my prayers I will remember your goodness and his, if you will care for my prayers."

"Indeed, yes, my dear boy. You pray to God, I am sure."

"Why, who else should we pray to?"

"Well, they say you pray to the demons, but I cannot think so," remarked Father Paul, who, though very learned in heathen mythology, knew very little of the nature of that "heresy" he held in such horror.

"Dearest Father, if ever I have a place to call my own, and you could come to me, I would show you what sort of thing our worship really is. It is not only my life I owe you, Father Paul, but you have kept me from being utterly faith-

* St. Francis and the Franciscans, p. 223, ch. 24.

less and despairing, because you were so good."

"Alas no, my dear, I am a very sinful, weak man; my heart, that should be God's alone, is full of earthly affections."

"It seems to me your sins are better than other people's virtues, and your weakness is that in which the strength of God is made perfect," said Laurent, with emotion. "You will not try to forget me, Padre mio?"

"I could not my dear, but it makes me sad to think how our blessed Father Francis will miss you—"

Here one of the lay brothers came to say that M. De Silvenoir, who had lodged in the village, was waiting for Laurent. Laurent, who had not expected to be summoned so early, went to the convent gate, where he found the Curé very wide awake, and the porter very sleepy and cross.

"Do we go so early, Monsieur?" said Laurent, whose heart yearned after his uncle.

"Yes, Monsieur," said the Curé, rather shortly. "We must be on our way."

"But the dear boy has had no breakfast," remonstrated Father Paul, who would have clung to his pupil to the last minute."

"Pooh! he is more of a man than to mind a ride before he breaks his fast. I'll warrant the convent has taught him what it is to wait for his rations. Have you further preparations to make, Monsieur Leidet?"

Laurent, who had nothing in the world but his uncle's rosary, said quietly that he was quite ready.

"Bien, then!" said M. De Silvenoir. "Say good by to Father Paul, and come."

"Dear Father," whispered Laurent, "give my last love to Father Francis, and say what is respectful for me to the Reverend Father Superior and to brother Augustine, and I will try not to forget your good counsels. Give me your blessing before I go."

"My blessing go with you always, my dear boy," said Father Paul, laying his hands on Laurent's head. "The saints keep you," and the old man turned away wiping his eyes.

The landscape swam in a mist before Laurent's sight as he mounted the mule provided for him. Never had he guessed that he could grieve to leave the convent of Villar.

Poor Father Francis, listening with strained intentness to every sound, watched till the last echo of the mule's hoofs died away, and then wept with mingled anguish and relief, like a mother who sends from her in time of danger her only child whom she never hopes to see again. After the matin service he sent for Father Paul, who, as his confessor, could come to him at any time.

Father Francis was kneeling by the window; the beads of his rosary slipped through his fingers; his lips were busied with the mechanical repetition of the appointed forms, but his eyes followed the road by which Laurent had gone. He rose as Father Paul entered, and leaned for a moment on his old teacher's arm.

"The dear boy is safe now, I hope," said Father Paul in a whisper.

"God grant it," said the other.

"I almost fear, my son," continued the elder priest, "that we have grown to feel more affection for that boy than becomes those whose hearts are vowed to God alone."

"Ah, my Father," said the Minister, with deep sadness, "did not God make him what he is, good, gallant and loving? If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he has not seen? We try to be more than man—how many of us end by being less?"

"But great heavens! That is what the Huguenots say," said Father Paul in a scared whisper, and yet with a vague, startled notion that the Huguenots might possibly have some right on their side after all.

"Therefore it becomes me not to speak or you to hear; does it, dear Father? But if we have sinned in loving the boy too well, we will absolve one another. We shall not be tempted again. But I trust you will not think me too self-indulgent if I ask my old friend to go back with me to the capital. I think it may be managed now."

"Ah, I shall see you there, sometimes," said the old man, overjoyed.

"Yes, it may be; but Father Paul," said the Provincial, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder and speaking with the emphasis of authority, "remember whatever you see, however you feel as a man, keep your thoughts in your own breast; I might not save you again, and I would fain that your days ended in peace."

"I will, my son; I will," said the monk, meekly.

"I know that I sinned in speaking against the justice of the holy office; but I am not a saint like you, and the feelings of our weak nature are stronger than one so entirely mortified as yourself can imagine."

Father Francis made no answer, but for a moment the free blood in his veins rose in bitter rebellion against the slavery in which he had formerly gloried.

Then came the leave-taking with the Bishop and his train, and the saintly priest had a word, a benediction, courteous attention for all—a very model of a dignified ecclesiastic, devoted wholly to his Order and the Church.

None could have guessed that Father Francis' old ambitions and interests were as dust and ashes beneath his feet, and that his heart was with the orphan son of the heretic pastor who had died on the scaffold at Lucerna. Not a look, not a sign betrayed the sorrow of his soul, and those who watched him, if such there were, were effectually deceived; but all day a voice seemed to repeat:

"Son of man, behold, I take away the desire of thine eyes from thee with a stroke, yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep."

[CONCLUSION NEXT MONTH.]

In a few days Father Francis returned to Turin, and resumed the duties of his office with new energy. His health improved gradually, and he no longer carried his devotions to such extremes. His voice was heard again in the pulpit, but his old admirers missed something of the flavor which had characterized his sermons before. The devotees, some of them, shook their heads and whispered that Father Francis seemed to have lost something of his old enthusiastic hatred of heresy, but as this might perhaps be accounted for by the fact that the heretics were almost exterminated, the fair theologians still condescended to admire.

Others whispered that in his retirement he had sustained, like St. Francis, severe and repeated conflicts with the adversary in person, but that once when he had gone to hear a dying man's confession with one attendant, a barbet for whose soul he was laboring, he had rested on a lonely mountain for prayer, and had there seen a vision of the throne and heard his perfect reconciliation with heaven announced by angelic voices, and that in token of the truth of the vision, the sick man, whom he had been to visit, was miraculously restored to health.

This legend, which was perhaps nearer the truth than others of its class, found great favor with the pious.

The Minister-General, though perhaps he was not so much impressed by the story as some of his friends, congratulated himself on the course he had taken with an officer so useful as Father Francis, and if ever the miracle was mentioned in his presence he looked devout and said nothing.

THERE ARE CRITICAL TIMES OF DANGER.—After great services, honors, and consolations, we should stand upon our guard. Noah, Lot, David, and Solomon, fell in these circumstances. Satan is a foot-pad. A foot-pad will not attack a man in going to the bank, but in returning with his pockets full of money.

A PERSON CONVERTED IN YOUTH is like the sun rising on a summer's morning to shine through a long, bright day. But a person converted late in life is like the evening star, a lovely object of Christian contemplation, but not appearing till the day is closing, and then but for a little while.

MARION.

BY KATE M. SHERWOOD.

○ HAVE ye seen my Marion?
Sweet summer breezes flying far,
From sun to sun, from star to star,
Have ye caressed her soft brown hair,
And kissed her feet and white arms bare?
Then, whither, tell me, hath she flown,
My little one, my love, my own,
My Marion?

My pretty, blue-eyed Marion!
Whose small, white hands swept o'er my face
With such a dainty, tender grace!
Who slept so softly on my breast,
And woke—a glad bird from her nest?
Bear ye no message, breezes, say,
From her I mourn both night and day,
My Marion?

Have ye not seen my Marion,
O, sunbeams, as ye dancing go
From fields of bloom to peaks of snow?
She passed so swiftly from my sight,
My poor, sad eyes were dazzled quite,
And but a moment could I see
The white host bearing her from me,
My Marion.

O, little, loving Marion!
Is it in kingdoms far away,
You wait for me both night and day?
Is it in lands beyond the sun,
In groves of spice and cinnamon?
Is it in gardens glad with bloom,
And redolent with sweet perfume,
My Marion?

Ah, dimpled, darling Marion!
I fain would be the one to meet
Your tiny, tottering, tipsy feet!
I fain would run with outstretched arms,
To soothe your childish, sweet alarms;
Would smooth your skirts and comb your hair,
And rock you in the mild, blue air,
My Marion!

O, laughing, lipping Marion!
 When I, on some autumnal morn,
 Go through the vales of tasselled corn,
 And purpling vines and bending trees,
 And singing birds and humming bees,
 Shall I not in some secret place,
 Behold you, darling, face to face,
 My Marion?

O, pure and patient Marion!
 Or child, or maiden, when I come,
 Your face will be the same sweet one,—
 The shy, glad welcome in your eyes,
 My dream fulfilled of Paradise!
 But now, O whither have you flown,
 My little one, my love, my own,
 My Marion?

A TRIP TO THE SWITCHBACK.

BY VIATOR.

THE Switzerland of America," "Mauch Chunk and the famous Switchback Railroad," "Mount Pisgah Plane," "Grand Excursion," etc. These were some of the expressions that stared us in the face, in glaring capitals, from the covers of an illustrated pamphlet, just about the time we were thinking of a summer vacation and rest for an over-worked brain. So we took up the pamphlet to read it. And the result was, that we joined an excursion party to the "Switchback,"—a trip which we will describe, gathering our facts, and often our descriptions and language from the pamphlet that attracted us on the trip.

But what is the "Switchback?" is the natural question of the untravelled, perhaps we should say, un-excursioned reader. Pray tell us, what is the "Switchback?" In reply, we answer, that the expression is the name given originally to a railroad from Mauch Chunk, in Pennsylvania, up the side of Mount Pisgah, and so on to the coal mines, from which the coal was brought down to the Lehigh river. Formerly the cars were drawn up to the "Summit" by mules,

over a simple railroad, having a rapidly rising grade, when, after being filled with coal, and the mules themselves taken aboard in cars designed expressly for their use—a ride which they learned to enjoy so much that no amount of persuasion could induce them to make the journey on foot—the entire train, thus loaded, was drawn back, down to its starting place, on a gradually declining plane, by the power of gravity. But after a time another road was built, and stationary engines drew the empty cars up the inclined planes, and on the descents they were left to run themselves, as on the old return road, so that the mules were superseded, and the circuit of the railroad was made complete. Now the name "Switchback" arose from the novel contrivance by which the cars, running smoothly on a down grade, would reach a point where they suddenly found themselves going up hill at such a rate that they were soon compelled to stop. The road was built something like a continuous zig-zag, or a W resting on its side, and going up the side of the mountain. And the attraction of gravitation con-

stantly drawing the cars down hill, when they came to the stopping point, the power of gravity would cause them to reverse their direction and run back on the opposite course. And when again they reached the place where the grade changed, a switch, worked by a spring, threw them on another track of the zig-zag, and on they went, down the mountain, in a direction contrary to that in which they had been running before they came to the switch, which thus sent them back in the last direction but one. The next interruption would send them in the original direction, and the next in the opposite; and so, in this alternating, zig-zag fashion they accomplished the entire descent into the Panther Creek Valley, where their loads were discharged, and they were ready for a fresh ascent up the mountain.

Later and better engineering has changed these switchbacks into curves, so that the descent from "Summit Hill" to the mines is made without interruption. But the name which at first was local, and applied only to the particular point where the switch was placed, was so extended as to include the entire road. The proper title now, is the "Gravity Road;" but having from the first had the name of "Switchback," it still continues to be so called, and is generally known by that name. Such is the "Switchback;" and now for the trip to its wonders.

Starting in the cars of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, we pass up the valley of the Lehigh river, the scenery of which, especially in the vicinity of Mauch Chunk, from its wild and varied and romantic grandeur and beauty, has often been called the "Switzerland of America," a title which it well deserves. Mauch Chunk takes its name from an Indian word, signifying Bear Mountain. It is situated at the junction of the Lehigh river and Mauch Chunk creek, in Carbon county, Pennsylvania. It was first settled by the Moravian missionaries, in 1746, and the region being inhabited by fierce and hostile tribes of Indians, was the scene of many a bloody conflict and massacre. In the latter part of the last

century the whole of it was little more than an unexplored wilderness, scarcely inhabited by a civilized being, except here and there an isolated squatter, who eked out a scanty living by fishing and hunting. The bear, the deer, and other wild animals were the principal living things to be found in the neighborhood, and no one dreamed that civilization and industry would within the century make inroads on their solitary domain.

At this period a hardy and adventurous pioneer, by the name of Philip Ginter, settled in this district, built himself a rude log hut, and supported himself and his family by hunting and fishing. One day, coming back to his home over Mauch Chunk mountain, wearied with an unsuccessful search for game, he stumbled over a black shining stone, and being struck with its polished surface, he picked it up and carried it to a friend living at a distance, who sent it, for him, to Philadelphia, where, on examination, it was pronounced to be "*stone coal*." This was in the vicinity of what is now called Summit Hill, and in the year of 1791. And from this little incident have sprung up the mighty interests that have poured untold treasures into Pennsylvania, furnished the country with fuel, and given a wonderful impulse to the vast interests of manufactures through every part of the land.

As we approach Mauch Chunk, the scenery is full of interest. The Lehigh and Susquehanna and the Lehigh Valley railroads, the Lehigh canal and the Lehigh river run parallel and within a stone's throw of each other, as they have done most of the way that we have come from Bethlehem, which is some thirty-four miles distant. But as we approach Mauch Chunk the space between the base of the Bear and Mauch Chunk mountains is so narrow, as scarcely to give room for the two railroads through the gorge in which flows the Lehigh river, separated from the canal by solid works of masonry. At one moment we seem to be rushing directly into the mountain ahead, when an abrupt turn in the river changes the scene, and by a rapid curve in the road opens to the view

pictures of grandeur and beauty, leading to a succession of magnificent dissolving views; and through these gateways of natural magnificence we enter the town of Mauch Chunk.

The great business of that place is coal, the Lehigh coal; men, women and children talk coal, and buy and sell and handle coal, and think of coal, and live for coal. It is dug, sorted, screened, worked, weighed and dumped into cars and boats, day after day and month after month, all the year round, till the only steady music is the splashing of water over the dam, and the rumble of cars, and the rattle of coal, and the scream of the locomotive, and the horn or cry of the boatmen. The trains are of marvelous length, often numbering over a hundred cars, and sometimes as many as two hundred. And so continuous is their coming and going that several trains are often visible at a time, and rarely is the whistle or puff of the locomotive unheard; while canal boats, loaded to the deck with coal, are passing incessantly on their market-ward way.

Some idea of the vast extent of this coal business may be formed from the fact, that it gives life and profit to the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company with its twenty million dollars of capital, and to the Lehigh Valley Railroad with its eighteen million dollars of capital, all well and profitably invested. Fifty-four years ago Captain Abiel Abbott started from Mauch Chunk with the first ark load of anthracite coal ever shipped from that place to Philadelphia, having on board twenty-four tons of coal, which was landed safely and sold at a profit. And in the year 1870, the two railroads mentioned shipped to market the enormous quantity of 5,765,564 tons, being an average of nearly 20,000 tons per day, allowing three hundred working days to the year. And the increase of this traffic is steady and sure, and likely to be so for scores of years, if not for ages.

To go back to Mauch Chunk, among the attractions of the place, are "Prospect Rock," and the "Flag Staff," and "Moore's Falls," and the views to be had from them. Prospect Rock is a

huge ledge projecting from the side of the mountain south of the Mansion House, and it is reached by a few minutes walk from the hotel. As you rest upon it in the cool shade of the trees, and with a fine breeze from below refreshing your weariness from the summer heat and ride, a magnificent and ever-changing scene opens to the view in every direction. Down the river through the Narrows, directly opposite Bear Mountain, you see the Lehigh Valley Railroad winding its way around the sharp curve of the mountain, and between the river and railroad the canal filled with passing boats; while to the right are the coal pockets, and East Mauch Chunk and Broad Mountain looming up in the distance. To the left lies the town, with its churches and dwellings, while all around every thing seems full of the activity and bustle of life, except above, on the brow of the hill, where are the marble monuments that mark the sleeping place of the dead. Above Prospect Rock, on the summit of the mountain, is the immense rocky ledge known as the Flag Staff, which next to Mount Pisgah, is the highest point of the Lehigh Valley. Its name is derived from the following incident: On the very summit of the mountain stood a lofty hemlock tree which had been struck by lightning, which tore off its limbs, leaving the trunk uninjured. At the opening of the civil war, some young men nailed to this tree a flag bearing the stars and stripes, which remained here, unfurled to the breeze, till it was torn to shreds by the fierce winter storms. The view from this point almost surpasses description. To say nothing of the coal traffic, and the canal, and the rapid river, and the noise and fumes from the locomotive, the grandeur and beauty of the scenery, with the ever-varying tints and forms of the foliage, make up such a picture of sublimity that no one should fail to climb to the Flag Staff to behold it. Moore's Falls is some two miles above Mauch Chunk, and consists of a succession of waterfalls and cascades, the highest of which is about seventy-five feet. Every portion of the ravine is of

the wildest and most romantic character. The gorge varies from a few to seventy or eighty feet in width, and extends from the bottom to the summit of Broad Mountain, a height of a thousand feet. By following a foot-path, and at different times crossing the gorge on broken pieces of rocks or fallen trees, the most startling and striking views of the several falls can be seen to advantage, the water now flowing as smoothly as a quiet rivulet, and now rushing headlong through narrow passes and dashing on the rocks below, while its sparkling spray, like falling gems, is thrown upon every thing around.

Leaving all these and other views, we enter the coach that conveys the excursionists from the Mansion House to the foot of Mount Pisgah Plane. Here, as in every direction, the view is grand and picturesque. The town, as we look down upon it, is enclosed on all sides by mountains so high and precipitous, that but for the style of its buildings, we might almost think we were in the land of William Tell. And here, on the other side, rises Mount Pisgah, eight hundred and fifty feet above the town, and thirteen hundred and seventy feet above tide water. Its summit is reached by an inclined plane two thousand three hundred and twenty-two feet in length, the angle of the plane being about twenty degrees.

In looking upward along the line of this formidable ascent, one feels somewhat anxious and timid about going up, but when he sees the careful provision made against any possible accident, especially in the safety car, with an iron arm so attached to it that if the band should break, or any accident happen to the machinery, it would at once drop into the notches of the ratchet or safety-rail between the two tracks, and so hold the whole train stationary, his confidence is fully restored. And when further he is told that in all the years this road has been in operation, not a single passenger has ever met with an accident in going up the mountain, he is fully satisfied to ascend. For the ascent there are two tracks, and on each of these is a safety-car to which are attached heavy steel bands, each seven and a-half inches wide. These

bands are fastened to iron drums twenty-eight feet in diameter, in the engine house at the head of the plane, the motive power being two stationary engines of one hundred and twenty horse power each. And now taking our seats in the comfortable passenger car, the signal is given by the conductor to the engineer at the head of the plane, and the safety-car is slowly drawn from the pit behind the cars and attached to the train, and the ascent begins.

Alighting at the top we look down from the dizzy height, and the most gorgeous scenes of the splendid Lehigh Valley are before us. Here lofty mountains, there crevices and chasms in the massive rocks, in one direction rushing torrents bursting forth from the hills and falling into the deep abysses below, while in another are undulating valleys stretching away between colossal hills. There we see miniature towns whose spires glisten in the far off sunlight, and here the tortuous windings of the Lehigh river, now and then shut out from the view, and then re-appearing like a line of silver in the emerald green of the valley. The diversified landscape is one of wildness and grandeur and beauty to whichever point we turn the eye; and as we rest in the handsome pavilion erected on the top of the mountain for the accommodation of excursionists, the eye never wearies of the prospect that stretches forth on every side. "If this is not the place," said a visitor, "where of old the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them were seen, it is what is grander and vaster than all the world's cities and empires—the boundless realm of creation—God's wondrous kingdom of nature, with the glorious works of his Almighty hand."

Mr. Henry, in his "History of the Lehigh Valley," says of this ascent up the mountain: "Up, up we go, till the mountain tops, which just now towered above us, sink into the valley and become pigmy hills, and the whole face of the surrounding country, an immense circuit, opens under us like one vast flower bed, enriched with all the glowing garb of autumn, and glittering in the sunlight which intensifies every beauty and color. We

have now reached the summit of Mount Pisgah, and what a glorious, what a sublime, what a varied landscape bursts upon the enraptured vision! The Blue Mountains, the Lehigh Water Gap, through which may be seen the far distant hills, including, on a clear day, Schooley's Mountain, in New Jersey, a distance of fifty-six miles! In all other directions, mountains, in long ranges, piled upon mountains; beneath, the towns, which look like groups of toy-houses; but from which, and the river, ascend the busy sounds of industry, the voices of men, the whistling of steam engines, the boatman's merry horn, and the rattling of coal, as it goes down the shutes into the boats; while in a bass accompaniment to this industrial music, there is a continual rumbling of cars up and down the planes and along the level railroads."

Again, entering the cars, the train starts on the gravity road. Propelled by its own weight, it rushes round the edge of the summit of Mount Pisgah, and down the opposite slope, its speed varying as it is regulated by the brakemen, who watches its motion at every point. And after a swift and exhilarating ride of seven miles, the grade ranging from forty-two to two hundred feet to the mile, we come to the foot of Mount Jefferson. The ascending plane here is two thousand and seventy feet long, overcoming a height of four hundred and sixty-two feet. Here the train is again attached to a safety car, and drawn to the top of the mountain, which is the highest point on the road, being one thousand six hundred and thirty-five feet above tide water. After a short ride, by gravity still, we arrive at Summit Hill, the principal mining town of the Lehigh coal region, containing some two thousand inhabitants, composed principally of miners and their families, and those who supply them with the necessaries of life. It has a dismal looking town hall, a fair supply of churches, schools, and hotels, and in general a comfortable aspect. From this place we have a view of Panther creek valley, which is the very heart of the anthracite coal region. The immense heaps of coal dust and waste, looking

like hillocks; we had almost said like miniature mountains, fill all who see them for the first time, with surprise at their extent, and regret at the immense waste; but efforts are now making to work up this formerly useless coal dust into fuel for market. For the production of steam for stationary boilers and for household purposes, in fact for all uses where intensity of combustion is not desired, it is thought it may so be prepared as to be used as well as ordinary coal. And as the cost of preparing it is less than that of mining coal, it is believed that an immense amount of fuel which has thus far been useless, will be brought into use, and become of value.

From this place may be seen "*the burning mine*," which has been on fire since 1832, when it was kindled by accident; and it still burns, though thousands of dollars have been expended in the effort to extinguish it. The effects of the fire and its accompanying heat are almost as well shown here as at Vesuvius and Etna. The rocks are baked, and are of every shade of color. They have changed their stratified position, and are reclining in every conceivable way. The vegetation, too, shows the effects of the heat, and what the end may be, time only can show. We inquired as to the rate at which the burning was making progress, but as to this, as the fire itself prevents examination, it is impossible to speak with any kind of certainty.

Returning we take the old mule track route back to Mauch Chunk. Riding round the mountain with locomotive speed, the landscapes stretching out in ever-varying beauty on every side, changing as rapidly and strikingly as in the kaleidoscope, keeping the beholder in constant and enthusiastic admiration, we pass over some nine miles, with an average grade of ninety-six feet to the mile, and are soon again in Upper Mauch Chunk, at the foot of Mount Pisgah, the place from which we started. One may travel thousands on thousands of miles, and it will be difficult to find another locality or region so full of picturesque beauty, variety and grandeur as may be seen on "*A TRIP TO THE SWITCHBACK.*"

MIKE DONAHUE'S LUCK.

BY ——— .

"IS it come in out of a dhrop of wather like this! Sure, ma'am, dear, I'm used to it, and it's just the life of me," said Mrs. Donahue; and finding her determined, I went into my sitting-room, thinking how strange it was that my new washerwoman should prefer to rinse clothes in the rain rather than take them under the shelter of the shed. Seated at my work, I watched her hurrying round through the spattering drops that fell gustily every few minutes, shaking out and pinning up the wet garments, having assured me that the rain would "bring them out as pure and clean as the snow itself."

She was a cheerful, busy-looking woman, who seemed as if she might have once been pretty, if one took the trouble to trace the original lineaments of her face under the various impressions it had taken of sickness, care, trouble, time, weather, and perhaps privation. Looking up from my work occasionally, I could not help remarking the perfectly defiant manner in which she treated the elements. Her hair, which was still black, and had a very pretty wave in it, was shining with the drops that had fallen on and were absorbed in it. Her dress hung damply round her, and her shoulders were soaked with rain; but she darted in and out among the lines, shaking out and bringing up piece after piece, tilting to herself, in a shrill undertone, the misfortunes of "Fair Caroline of Edinburgh Town." This air must have been an inspiring one, for she met the wet gusts that dashed in her face with many a blink and grimace, but still unflinchingly sang and worked on, till the last article in her tubs was waving and slapping to and fro.

"There, now, ma'am," she said, as she came in, drying her arms, "you'll

see the rain will be over in half an hour, and then they'll have the beautifulest chance with the evening wind, and no dust."

"Come in here beside the fire," said I, "and try to dry your clothes, Mrs. Donahue, till Mary Anne has dinner ready. I am afraid you've caught cold. Don't you think you have been rather imprudent?"

"I don't take the cold aisy, ma'am," replied Mrs. Donahue. "Some has luck in one thing, and some in another; mine is in kaping my health, glory be to God!" she added, with great fervor.

"But, Mrs. Donahue," said I, "don't it stand to reason that if you expose yourself to the rain while heated with work you should catch cold? There is no luck about it, it's common sense."

Mrs. Donahue smiled on me compassionately, and then rejoined; in an impressive voice,

"Whist, now, till I spake to you. Luck's luck, and it bates raison and common sinse any day to nothin'. Sorra a one of me but ought to know what luck is, for I've had my fill of it. It's bad luck, I'm maning," she added, in a lower tone; and having finished drying her arms, she pulled her sleeves over them, and crossing her hands on her knees, looked gloomily at the fire, where her shoes stood warming. She seemed sad for the moment, and I felt sympathetic. It was twilight. I had laid my work aside. So I said, encouragingly to her, knowing the communicative race to which she belonged,

"So you have had your own troubles, I suppose?"

"True for you; you may say that same," she returned, sighing deeply. "It's siven years before luck changes; but mine's been siven, and siven to the back of that; and; savin' your presence;

the luck I've had wouldn't choke a flea. You see, I was well born, and well raised, ma'am; and, though I say it myself, was always thought a dacint lookin' girl. It was a country place I lived in, and my father was a farmer. Terrence Maginnis was his name, and none belonging to him ever had raison to be ashamed of it, sure. I may say he was, in a measure, edicated, for he was foster-brother to as big a gintleman as was iver born in Ireland, and it's there that the raal gintlemen are. I wish you could just clap your two eyes on one of them! It would do your heart good. Sure, it would take me a day to tell you the larnin' of them, their iligant ways, and beautiful, grand manners. There's decent folk here—sorra a word can I say against them—but they're not the raal gintry, you know; there's none of them out of Ireland.

"Well, my father had one crony he thought more of than iver a one he knew, far or near. He was a neighbor man of ours, Tom Donahue by name, and me and his son Michael was brought up by the same fireside. Liking came natural to us, and he was clean daft about me. If I was milkin', he was at my elbow; in the chapel, he was knaling by my side; and in the town, on a fair day, he hung round me like my shadow. My mother used to say she could not stir the fire without burning Mike Donahue's shins. And now do you believe what I'm telling you, but my father set his face agin him intirely. The cruel Turk that he was, and may God forgive me for spaking so of him that's in Paradise, but he brings home a man by the name of O'Neal—Peter O'Neal was his name—and my father told me he had been spaking about me. He said he was a dacint man, and one that could drive his wife to chapel in a jaunting-car, and it was my luck I might thank that he would look at the likes of me. You see, poor Mike Donahue was as good a boy as iver walked, and a purty, red-cheeked fellow as you would wish to see in a fair day, but drink was his wakeness, and my father was mane enough to cast it up to me.

"Well, I spoke to Mike about it, and he blazed away agin Peter O'Neal, and said he was a purty sneak, coming to steal away another boy's sweetheart on account of his having a tailor's shop in the town.

"One night they met on the porch forninst the door, and words rose between them, from little to more, till Mike let fly at O'Neal with a little sprig of a stick that he happened to have in his hand, and give him one cuff that stupefied him. Well, you see, that brought matters to a close, for my father rose up and shut the door on him, and called him a murderin' thafe, and no ill words were too good for him. The next night I run off wid Mike Donahue, and we were married, and in a week, with what little we could get together, we started for Ameriky.

"I tried to have a parting word with my father, but he would not see my face, and when my mother struv to soften him, all he would say was he wished me no more luck than I had brought on myself. My mother—blessed be her rest in heaven—clung to me, and cried over me till the last. 'God kape ye, and give ye a strong heart, Peggy, dear!' It's then Mike took me in his arms to the top of the Liverpool coach. Them was the last words she said to me, and do you mind, that she didn't wish me luck? Well, you see, this tratement of my mother and my father, kind of putting a ban on me, took the spirit clane out of me in the start. It was in New York we landed, and there we lived five years. Mike was a good while out of work, but at last I heard of a place on a farm where a man and his wife was wanting, and I went to the place I was told to apply to, and they gave me the chance out of nearly a dozen more. Well, Mike and me went out in a railroad car to the farm. We stopped there nearly two years, and James, my first child, was born there. It was heavy working with a baby; but, you see, they put up with me; and Mike was off once or twice on a spree, and they tuck him back; so I tried to plase them, and werried through with it.

"But, would you think it, my ill luck was on me, for they sent Mike to the city with grain. He was to leave it with the man who spoke for it, and bring back the money; but by this and by that, night came and no Mike, and they thought he had taken the cholera, or was robbed and murdered; but sure, dear, I knew it was his luck; and so it was, for they found him three days after in a little drinking-house, lyin' sick in a fever. He had spint the money, for he was aisy tempted, you see. The hard-hearted cratures had no pity for him, and so we were turned out on the world again.

"We came to the city, and here Mike got work sometimes, and more times none; but we struggled on someway till Alick, my second boy, was born, and then we came near starving. I was lyin' in my bed with the two babies, for havin' nothing to eat, I could find no strength to use. Little Jamie had cried himself hoarse from hunger, and the little wee thing was cold and blue-looking. Poor Mike was lyin' on the floor. Ye see, he had just lost all heart, for he was worn out strivin' to get work, and he had met a friend who offered him a dram, and they tuck that and more together, so he came home wake with fatague, and lay down to slape off his trouble.

"I was thinking of the only help that seemed in store for us—death itself—and wishin' it was over, whin a light, gintle tap come to the door. If ye belave me, I hadn't strength enough to spake; so, after waitin' a minute or so, the door opened, and a little humpbacked crature walked into the room. I was light-headed and quare, and I'm afraid I looked as timersome as I felt, for she said, with a swate smile, 'Don't be frightened, dear, and excuse me, for I mane no harm. I thought if there was sickness here I might be of some use.' Well, with that, out she wint; and in she come, with a basket, and out of a bottle she had she poured me a glass of the best of wine, and standing on tiptoe, raised my head and made me drink it. It put new life in me, and I found words to spake and thank her. She brought a woman up from below who helped her, and be-

tween them they made a fire and fed the childer, and all the time she talked to me with the cheerfulest voice, and the swatest smiles, so that by this and by that, I began to think her the beautifulest angel ever I saw. She made nothing of finding poor Mike a little wild-like, but gave him a bowl of the good broth she had made for me, and niver left the place till we were snug and comfortable, wid a pair of beautiful blankets, and a good fire, and plenty of wood to kape it goin'.

"I said I never knew what good luck was; but it's not so, for the sight of the good lady, who was one of God's own angels, was luck to any one. She had met with an accident in her youth, that turned her heart from this world, and made her a ministering angel to the poor. She had known her own trouble, I'll be bound, and that was what made her so tinder to others; but there was no mark of it on her, except a swate, holy brightness, that was like a clear sky after a storm.

"She got Mike a place, and me two comfortable rooms, and clothes for myself and the young ones, and I felt there was nothing wanting but health to enjoy it. But it's true I'm telling ye, our luck was in it; for it was in a warehouse Mike was, wid a lot of fool boys like himself that, knowin' little to say, would be talkin', and one day the devil himself put it into Mike's head to brag of his country, and a dirty-mouthed Yankee that was wid him—bad luck to him!—began to disparage ould Ireland. Mike had always a beautiful spirit, and up he gets, and rams his fist, and a couple of teeth wid it, down the blackguard's throat, and give him a touch or two in the eyes, that tuck the imperance out of him.

"Well, you may think it or not, but they sint him away for it, and only for the good lady's taking his part, would have been after him wid the law. Now, you're sinsible of what luck we had, for sure, if you don't glory in your own country, ye must be a mane-spirited crature; yet you see what Mike's being a patriot brought on him. Even the good friend we owcd so much to, spoke

o sharply to him that he went off into the country to look for work by himself, and wouldn't be beholden to her. Well, it was many a day before I heard of him, and all I know of him was he got no good. I strove to get along; and, what with the washing I got, and the help of the kind friend, who never forsook me, I might have been aisy, if it had not been for the trouble of not knowing what had befallen poor Mike.

"To set my mind at rest, home he come to me one day, like a walking ghost, wake wid faver, and ragged and starved wid want. He had no luck at all, ye see, and wid slaping about in ditches and fields, and atin' little, and drinkin' whenever he could get a drop, his strength was gone intirely. He tuck to his bed, and it was then I supped sorrow, for wid him to nurse and work for, I could have struggled through; but my lovely boy, my darling James, wint down wid the faver. Five days and nights of watching and sorrow, and—it was all over wid him. It may be because this was the first bitter blow I iver felt, but whin I look back that seems the blackest day I iver saw—Mike lying groaning, Jamie stretched and quiet, and little Alick sickening, wid his cheeks burning, and the faver glaming in his eyes. Every time passes, and that wint by, too. The youngest was spared me. Mike rose up, wake and thin, but still wid the life in him; and our friend said to us, sez she, 'What do you think of goin' to Californy?' Sez she, 'Say the word, and I'll sind ye there; and thin ye can take a fair start, and you'll see, if ye only strive to do well, how heaven will prosper ye.'

"We came away from New York, thin, and landed in San Francisco. We had a dacent outfit and a little money, and we were to repay the good lady when we could, and 'kape a good heart, and always let her know how we were doing,' so she told us, parting from us, with her blessin'; but even that couldn't bring us luck, for there was no luck for us.

"We were here but a day or two, whin Mike met wid some frinds who

were kaping a saloon, and nothing would do but we must go and lodge there. I was not overjoyed at finding Murrays—that was their name—the sight of them seemed to make Mike dry, and many's the good spree they had together at home; but Mike's luck druv him to their house, and it wasn't long till going out to look for work wid Tim Murray brought us to our last pinny, and I was forced to go out to a place meself, laving little Alick at the Murrays, and a poor place I know it was for him.

"I was a good worker, and suited them; so I got good wages, and Mike told me Tim Murray would give him his board for helping him wid the bar, till he could do better. My heart was broke at this, for I knew it was Mike's luck to be open to timptation, and I saw little good could come to him whin he had whisky at head and feet. Thinks I, his luck's in it; so I got a dacent woman to take care of Alick, and worked on the best I could. Whin I could get time to run round to Murray's to see Mike, it was a weight on my heart to see the road he was takin'—drinkin' late and early, and coming to no good; but I spint nothing, and worked hard, hoping to have a home to take him to, and kape him from bad company. I hadn't the luck, you see, to do it.

"Alick was so sick that I had no pace workin' away from him, and the lady I lived wid gave me lave to go to him for a week, and promised to kape me the place. Well, I wint, and the poor boy was bad enough; it was the sore throat he had, and I nearly gev up all hope of him; but, glory to God, he got through it, and brought his life wid him. I wint back to my place to get a little money, for you see I had left all I made in the lady's hands, except what Alick cost, and a dollar or two to poor Mike—when, would you think what my luck was! Mike, the poor, unfortunate thafe, had been before me, and got all wid an order he said I sint, and I can't write a blessed word but my own name, and that a cross. But I am a very nate reader, and can spell to equal the best.

"Well, he had gone, and God be good

image of the father, transmitting more of the parent than the statue or the picture can, reminding you of his voice and movement, his mental and moral traits. Here are different images, and yet each one may be complete in its own particular way. So in a spiritual world, because one who appears there has less of the blissful image of God, it does not follow that the state of that one is imperfect, or that some souls are half saved. Thus we may believe that at this moment there are shining in different degrees of glory, the thief upon the cross, the Apostle John, an angel from among the lower ranks, and the inspired Gabriel, all in the image of God, yet greatly differing.

Let us recount some reasons for a difference as hereafter existing among the saved in heaven.

There must be such a difference, because there is among men an original difference in character. Men differ by birth and by their earliest teachings, in respect to those things in the mind and heart which affect their progress in the divine life, when they have been converted. Some are constitutionally more confiding than others, or more energetic, or more sanguine. Some, like Peter, are more prone to rashness; others, like Thomas, are more predisposed to doubt. The influence of their natural qualities, in helping or hindering a work of grace, will not be lost in death.

The same truth will appear, in the next place, from the difference in spiritual culture after conversion. One saint, trusting to the promise of God, uses diligently the means He has provided for growth in grace; another keeps his heart with less diligence, and dies with fewer attainments, with fainter perceptions of truth, with affections less perfectly developed than the soul that improved to the utmost the talents bestowed upon it.

There is no power in death to develop unimproved faculties. What death brings the believer can be soon told. With the Christian the law of the soul was *opposition to sin*. This law after death goes into perfect operation. Sin, before conversion, was a factor; after conversion it was but a remainder, and as such it may

be left behind. A filter keeps back all the impurities, but transmits all the essential qualities of the water which passes it. So, in death, the soul of the regenerate leaves behind all impure mixtures, because they are foreign to its nature. But comparing one pure soul with another, as they pass the barrier of death, we must see a difference. We differ in our tendencies; and the soul goes into the future world with its *whole tendency*. Our measure of piety is our outfit for eternity; poor measures make poor outfits.

That there are degrees of glory among the saints in heaven, will also appear from the equity of the Great Judge. God gives to every man according as his work shall be. The Scriptures insist upon the idea of distributive justice. Salvation is all of grace, but in the day of accounts the most faithful will find that his cup of happiness is a large one, containing more than the full cup of one less favored, both being gifts of grace. The *means* or "talents" upon which the greater fullness depended, were God's gift.

In the parable of the *laborers in the vineyard*, in which we see that those who came last received as much as they who came first, the design is to teach a special truth, that man is to be saved not by works, but by *willingness*, that is, by faith. It teaches that the reward is not of debt, but of grace. The last comers were as willing as the others; who can say that they would not have engaged to work if they had met the owner of the vineyard earlier in the day? The two things taught are, that the plan of salvation implies, on God's part, grace; on man's part, willingness to labor for Him. It does not disprove the justice of God in giving to each his due.

In Daniel xii. 1, 2, we read, "And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake; some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever." To the apostles it was said, "When the

Christian life upon the earth, the higher and the lower, but many. So we do not recognize two degrees in heaven, among the saints in glory, but many, corresponding with degrees here, all depending greatly upon our faith, and charity, and self-denial.

In the days of the sea-kings—according to the legend—the royal master of a fleet, about to land on an enemy's coast, promised the new possessions as an earldom to the captain who should first touch the shore. When all were straining at the oars to the utmost of their strength, and one who had hoped to win saw himself likely to be second only, at this critical moment he cut off his left hand upon the deck and with his right threw it manfully till it lodged upon the rocks, thus earning for himself the earl-

dom. This may suggest to us our duty and our privilege, as those who gain by self-denial. The eye or the hand that offends is to be parted with; or to drop the figure, the more bosom sins we expel to-day the more bosom joys we shall have to-morrow. This is the pilgrim's paradox, he takes more with him to heaven by taking less.

We want a large outfit, for we enter upon a wide sphere in heaven. God would not expect so much of us here were it not that he has laid out for us there a grand sphere of work. The ripe Christian thinks of heaven as a place of great activity; but when he was converted he scarcely thought of it except as a paradise of rest and joy. Here we have a world to do good in; there, a universe.

HALF HOURS.

BY FAYE HUNTINGTON.

II.—IN THE GARRET.

WE stood, Nina and I, at the top of a flight of stairs, that landed in the middle of the long, low garret. Nina was equipped for work. House-cleaning time had come around, and of course the old garret was the first point of attack. She was armed with broom and dust-pan, and had an old apron wound about her head to protect her luxuriant and smooth braids. (The decrees of our common tyrant fashion never affect the smoothness of Nina's braids.)

This garret is a dark place. True, there are two large oval windows at either end, making a *show outside*, but the broad, massive chimneys are built up directly before them, almost entirely shutting out the light. There is a scuttle in the roof; opening this we have a skylight, and as it is half way down the slope of the roof, we may stand with head and shoulders in the air looking off over a wide landscape of broad meadows,

and beyond, the pastures ending in the woods, and through an opening in a low range of hills we see the chimneys of another farm-house. And away to the right and left are farms and farm-dwellings, and over all a bright autumn sky. To us the view is especially pleasant, for these broad acres that lie nearest belong to the home-farm. Half a century or more ago, our grandfather came here, with all his earthly treasures—wife, children and household stuff snugly packed, in a long covered emigrant wagon, drawn by stout though slow-moving oxen. What a journey that must have been! What a seeking for a new home! What trials and privations must have been endured ere the years of competence and comfort came. How many strokes of the axe and turns of the wheel it must have taken to clear these fields and make them the farmer's pride; to fill the great chests with the stock of linen and woolen fabrics that de-

lighted the heart of the old-fashioned housewife. We have often heard the story of those days, from our grandmother's lips. "When we lived in the log house," she would begin; and now as we lean out over this old weather-beaten, mossy roof, we realize what a long, long time ago *that* must have been. To us everything wears much the same look it has since we can remember. There in the meadows we as children rolled and tumbled in the hay. Along the fences, which serve as trellises for graceful overhanging bushes, we gathered baskets of raspberries. Through the pastures, over the hills, into the woods, we have wandered on many a soft spring day, or loitered away bright, short autumn afternoons. In the spring time we sought the first pale flower, the earliest fern and other bits of greenery, content with dainty bouquets that gave us a whisper of freshness and newness of life. And in the autumn we fairly loaded ourselves down with branches of flaming hues, long trailing vines and creeping evergreens, and whole beds of luxuriant mosses. And what a litter we made when we had landed our treasures safely at home! Piazza, hall and stairs, kitchen and dining-room, chairs and tables were strewn, as we sorted and arranged, tied into bunches, wreathed and twined, until the house seemed arrayed as for a festival. With a little sigh for the days of careless joyousness, I turn back to the dimness of the old garret, then I smile at Nina's look of perplexity, as she exclaims:

"See here, Faye, can't we dispose of some of this rubbish? Here are lots of things that have never been touched or thought of for years, except when overhauled at cleaning time. If I didn't know that I should feel mean over it, after the rest of the house is all cleaned and put to rights, I declare I would shut up the scuttle and never touch a thing here. If I had my way, I'd burn up two-thirds of these old traps."

There is indeed a curious medley of articles stowed away here. Old spinning-wheels and clocks, broken tables and chairs, old-fashioned garments, feather-beds and counterpanes, and swinging

from the brown rafters great bunches of dried herbs, enough to set up a botanic doctor. Nina went on.

"Now what's the use of saving three-legged chairs and one-legged tables? They would make capital kindling wood next winter. They must be well seasoned; and there's those barrels of papers. I'd sell those to the tinman and get lots of new shiny tinware that would make our pantry shelves rival in splendor a wholesale silversmith's."

"O! Nina," I said, "you know this rubbish, as you call it, was stowed away here when we came to the old place after grandfather died, and some of the things are the very treasures they brought from the old home at the east. That little stand used to hold the family Bible in the *old log house*—I am sure of it; and the queer oval-topped frame held a looking-glass, before which grandfather shaved himself every Saturday afternoon for fifty years. I don't know who would have a heart to burn them up."

"Yes, that's just it! Because they are old, and belonged to people who are through with them, and have gone where they have something better, they must be kept on and on. I confess I have no love for old relics. I can remember grandfather and grandmother, and all their stories of the old, old times, just as well, and a great deal more pleasantly, without sight of such a collection of musty, dingy *souvenirs*. I mean to make my *will*, and order all my old things burned when I am gone. So there'll be nothing to add to this lot."

"No need of that," I answered. "You never have any thing old!"

Which is true. Nina has no trunks or drawers filled with old clothes and pieces; no old ribbons and laces; no old-fashioned bonnets; and strangest of all, no box of old letters. She even boasts that she never had in her possession a letter twenty-four hours old. Shall I dare to record it? There was a piece of rare old lace that came down to us from a great, great-aunt, and she said,

"There! Faye, you can take that. It will just suit you, and I would not be hired to wear such a dingy thing."

Nina believes most decidedly in *spick-span new* things.

Nevertheless, she balances herself upon one of the despised three-legged chairs, and looks on while I dive into one of the barrels of papers which she has condemned. Files of newspapers, twenty, thirty years back—*Tribunes, Herald, Spectator, Cultivator*. There's the very number that I turned the ink over when I was a very little girl, and came here for a visit! Sermons and almanacs! Sermons again—by the Rev. Israel Brainard. How that takes me back to the old meeting-house, and the whale's jaw-bone!

"What are you saying?" interrupted my companion. "You are being *carried back* quite beyond my following, unless you illuminate the path a little."

"Well, my dear," I answered, laughing, "I am some years older than you; and about as long ago as I can remember, on the road to Uncle John's, there stood an old meeting-house—they did not say *church* in those days, and I suspect that they *were* literally *meeting-houses*. This one was known the country over as 'Father Brainard's meeting-house.' As far back as I remember, there were no services held there, and the building was long since taken down, and every trace of it removed. Father Brainard came here in the early part of the century, I think as a missionary, and established the first church in town, which under him became a large and influential society. He was the pastor, loved and honored for many years; but after a while there was a secession movement, and a large body withdrew and formed a second church, establishing themselves in the village as a more central point. I suspect that there was much bitterness between the old minister and some of the come-outers, but it died away, and the old man used occasionally to preach in the village church. He was a strict and stern theologian, very able in argument, and woe to the unlucky man or woman who ventured to hold a heterodox opinion. I remember seeing him but once; and if it had been only yesterday, I could not have a more

vivid recollection of his appearance, as he stood in the high pulpit, and announced his text, 'I have a message from God unto thee.' Though his voice was tremulous, there must have been a power in it, or it would not have so impressed a child. There must have been power, too, in the words of the white-haired old man, for I remember a pew filled with young men, just before me, in whom the trifling of one was hushed, and the listlessness of another was dispelled, as the words, 'I have a message from God unto thee, O! young man,' were repeated. I have often wondered if fruit from seed sown that day would not appear at length when the result of all labor shall be known."

"Quite a bit of church history," said Nina. "But what about the whale's jaw-bone? Haven't you got Jonah and Sampson a little mixed?"

"Not a bit," I answered, laughing. "I suppose it seems a queer juxtaposition of ideas, but to me it came in very naturally. The man who owned the land close to the wall of the old church had been on a whaling voyage, and brought home as a trophy a whale's jaw-bone, and set the enormous ugly thing up against the side of the meeting-house, and people came from far and near to see it. Whether or not the old minister made use of the teeth to point his sermons, I don't know, but they were hideous enough to illustrate terrible truths. I believe the thing was sold to some museum."

"Well, who might this be?" asked Nina, fishing out another paper. "Lines by H. M. H. Can you spin a yarn out of that? Or haven't you thoroughly aired the old meeting-house yet?"

"Yes, only I was thinking about the spinning-bees that grandmother used to tell about. The women of the parish would take their little wheels and a hank of flax, and meet at the old minister's house early in the afternoon to spin; by tea-time there would be thread enough for a web of linen, which they left. A sort of donation party you see."

"Yes, I see. Equal to a sewing society. I'm glad I didn't live then."

"Well, I'm not. Though there are some reasons why I'd rather live now, I'd like to go to a real old-fashioned sewing society this very day."

O! Faye! Faye! You are incorrigibly old-fashioned. I tell you what it is, mother ought to have given you your pick of these things when you went to housekeeping. But I have not time to listen to you. I see a cobweb." She tossed the yellow paper into my lap, and betook herself to her work. I glanced over the "*lines*." H. M. H. was a relative, who had died long ago. In the glory and strength of ripening womanhood she had answered to her *call*, and here in these now-faded lines she had written out

her inner life. I had heard of her as a bright-blooming creature, full of sparkle, entering with energy into the work that came in her way—work for the world and for the Master—just entering upon a new life, when she was suddenly called; none dreamed of such an undercurrent of sadness and premonition of early death as is here revealed. "How little, how little," I said to myself, "do we know of the inner living of those about us!" How different would be our judgment, how much more considerate our acts and words did we know! This thought *freshened* I gained in my *half hour* in the garret. Was it a wasted *half hour*?

THE TOMB OF ESTHER.

BY ORIENS.

IN the present famine-stricken city of Hamadan, in Persia, stands a plain brick structure, raising its dome above the houses of the Jews. This place is regarded by all the Jews of Persia as peculiarly sacred. Hither they come up on pilgrimage with something of the spirit in which their fathers sought the gates of Jerusalem. They fully believe that here are buried their heroic queen Esther, and her uncle, Moredcai. The tomb-edifice consists of a square room with projections on its sides, the whole between thirty and forty feet square, or nearly square, and surmounted by a cylindrical tower and dome, near forty feet in height. On the summit of the dome is a very common crown of ruins in the East, a stork's nest. The appearance from without is of a square brick mausoleum, built for strength rather than beauty, and slowly falling to decay. The open *midan*, or ground about the tomb, is equally uninviting. It is used by the Mussulmans as a wood and timber market, and on the day we visited it, was piled with newly cut trees, branches and fuel. There is not a spear of grass, or

leaf or flower near the tomb, but much that is offensive and filthy.

But can it be that this is really the resting-place of Esther and Mordecai? Before entering the edifice and yielding to the associations that crowd upon us in such a spot, it is well to ask what evidence we have that we are not made the victims of a pious fraud? The structure before us has not the appearance of great antiquity, certainly, and how are we to know that the tomb within is genuine?

In reply it may be said, undoubtedly the building is of modern construction. The Jews say the old mausoleum was nearly destroyed by Timourlang, and the present one erected since, and the inscriptions within conform with this statement.

As to the actual tomb, there is no inherent improbability in the case. The courts of the Persian kings made this Median capital, Ecbatana their summer residence. Inscriptions of Darius and Xerxes were found in the adjoining mountain of Elwend or Orontes. The weak and voluptuous Xerxes was proba-

bly the same person as Ahasuerus, who made Esther his queen. The Hebrew word for Ahasuerus is the natural Semitic equivalent of the Persian *khshayarsha* of the inscriptions out of which the Greeks formed the word Xerxes. There is much similarity of character in the Xerxes of history and the Ahasuerus of the book of Esther. "The king who scourged and fettered the sea, who beheaded his engineers because the elements destroyed the bridge over the Hellespont, who so ruthlessly slew the eldest son of Pythius because his father besought him to leave him as the sole support of his declining years, who dishonored the remains of the valiant Leonidas, and who beguiled the shame of his defeat by such a course of sensuality that he publicly offered a reward for the invention of a new pleasure—is just the despot to divorce his queen because she would not expose herself to the gaze of drunken revellers—is just the despot to devote a whole people, his subjects, to indiscriminate massacre; and by way of preventing the evil, to restore them the right of self-defence, and thus to sanction their slaughter of thousands of his other subjects."* The probability is that while Xerxes indulged his pleasures with the grossest sensuality, and his vanity by making silly rock inscriptions, Esther the queen and Mordecai the Jew were welcomed by their countrymen, and that here one or both of them died, beloved and honored. It would be a natural desire to be buried together. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death not divided."

There is no other place claiming the honor of their burial. The traditions of the Jews, it should also be remarked, do not make such demand on our blind credulity as do the relics and sacred places shown by the monks. With something of the same jealous care that makes their preservation of the Scriptures remarkable, they have preserved the tombs of their illustrious dead.

Above all, we have the evidence that this colony lived on the grounds since the days of Esther. Hamadan, unlike

Jerusalem, has never been wholly destroyed, and the Jews have never been driven from it; and this colony, now the oldest one in the world, has never ceased since they were carried here by the Assyrian kings. Hence they can truly bear witness, and their testimony is strong. They have kept the feast of Purim, and they have guarded the tomb of Esther through all the ages. Here are facts to be accounted for, and they point to historical events just as truly as the fourth of July and the tomb of Washington are historical monuments. To my mind at least, the evidence is as strong as can be found to identify an ancient sepulchre, that Mordecai and Esther were buried here. Hence it was with a feeling of solemnity that I entered beneath the dome which covers the real grave of Bible characters.

The old Israelite who has charge of the place, swings back the low but heavy door, and we stand in the outer apartment. In it are buried several Rabbis of distinction. Stone slabs gathered for future repairs, and much rubbish fill up the room.

Entering another door, so low and narrow one is obliged to stoop almost upon hands and knees and creep in, we stand in the tomb chamber. The floor is paved with glazed tiles, and a recess opening on one side is used as a place of prayer. This recess is so situated that the worshipper has the double advantage of facing the tomb before him, and Jerusalem, the Jewish Kibla. To pray in such a spot is counted a great privilege. High over head in the centre of the dome hangs an ostrich egg, an article that figures largely in religious edifices in the East. Under the dome stand two chests or arks, shaped as sarcophagi, made of very hard black wood, and curiously carved in relief, in Hebrew letters, and apparently very ancient. Some of the young Rabbis make rough drafts of various colors representing the tombs. They pretend to furnish all the inscriptions, but in the copy I obtained only a part is found.

I was much favored in meeting at Hamadan an English missionary, the

* Kitto's Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature.

Rev. Robert Bruce, and both of us took great pains to read and copy the inscriptions. Trusting to Mr. Bruce's fine Hebrew scholarship, we may regard the following translations as correct.* Not only the wooden sarcophagi, but the walls and sides of the dome within are adorned with inscriptions, some of them repetitions. Around the room in large letters is the genealogy of Mordecai. "There was a man of the Jews in Shushan, and his name was Mordecai, the son of Jair, the son of Shimei, the son of Kish, a man of Benjamin, the son of Shamidah, the son of Bonas, the son of Eclash, the son of Mephibosheth, the son of Saul, the son of Kish, the son of Abiel, the son of Sur, the son of Bakorath, the son of Aphia, the son of Sahurah, the son of Uziah, the son of Shushak, the son of Mekal, the son of Eliel, the son of Shephatiah, the son of Pithon, the son of Jerubbael, the son of Zabdi, the son of Elphael, the son of Shimri, the son of Zebadiah, the son of Hashoorah, the son of Uzzi, son of Bela, son of Benjamin, son of Jacob, son of Isaac, son of Abraham." These genealogies are written several times, and one list differs from another in a few of the names.

The larger sarcophagus is Esther's. Upon it is written or carved in relief, "This is the Sarcophagus of Esther the righteous;" and upon the smaller one, "This is the Sarcophagus of Mordecai, the righteous."

Upon the panel of Esther's is carved, (from Esther ix. 32, and x. 1 and ix. 29,) "And the decree of Esther confirmed these matters of Purim, and it was written in the book. And the king Ahasuerus paid a tribute on the land and on the isles of the sea. Then Esther the Queen, the daughter of Abihail, and Mordecai the Jew, wrote with all authority to confirm the second letter of Purim."

In place of these, the sarcophagus of

Mordecai contains the following words, from Isaiah, (lviii. 8, and xxvi. 2): "Then shall thy light shine forth as the morning, and thy health shall spring forth speedily, and thy righteousness shall go before thee, and the glory of Jehovah shall be thy reward. Thy gates shall be open, and the righteous nation which keepeth the truth shall enter in. This is written around the ark of Mordecai the righteous."

On both tombs is the beautiful passage from Psalm xvi. 9 and 10: "Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth. My flesh also shall rest in hope, for thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption."

Another inscription is as follows: "The blessed woman, lady Gemel Sathem, gave orders for the construction of this tomb or tomb edifice." Upon a marble slab inserted in the wall, the record is made that "this tomb was built by two brothers, devout Jews of Kashan, A. D. 714. (Thursday, 15th Adar, 4474.)"

Any one curious to compare the above genealogies with those found in the Bible, will see they are nearly identical, so far as the Bible supplies the record.

There is something very suggestive in the fact that the tomb of Esther and the inscription of Xerxes have been preserved for so many ages so close to each other. The latter is found in a rocky defile at the foot of Mount Elwend, an hour's ride from Hamadan. There are two inscriptions, side by side, the one of Darius, the other of Xerxes. Each of these is tri-lingual, or in three languages and three forms of the cuneiform writing. They are engraved in two large tablets ten feet from the ground, on a huge block of beautiful red granite. The common name given by the people is the *Geng Namah*, or record of the treasure, and the legend is, that immense treasures are secreted in the mountains, reserved for the man who deciphers the bundles of arrows and wedges which compose the writing. Sir Henry Rawlinson, who has the honor of their decipherment, observes that the object of these elaborate tablets would appear to be nearly similar

* The translation given by Sir R. K. Porter, and copied into some Cyclopedias, (as McClintock and Strong's,) is mythical rather than accurate. The Persian who did the work, must have drawn largely upon his imagination.

to that which induces travellers to cut their names in places difficult of access. They mark the passage of the monarchs over a steep road, cut through the mountain pass, on one of the annual journeys they were in the habit of making to this summer residence.

If the conjecture be correct that Ahasuerus and Xerxes are identical, we have almost side by side the memorials of both king and queen. If any further records were needed to draw the contrast between the haughty Persian and the lovely Jewess, or between the faith of Ormezd and Jehovah, the inscriptions on the tomb and the *Geng Namah*, would strikingly suggest it. Beside the sublime words of the tomb, breathing the hope of resurrection and eternal life, read the following specimen that opens the inscription of Xerxes: "The Great God Ormezd, the chief of the Gods, he it is who hath given this world, who hath given that heaven, who hath given mankind, who hath given life to mankind, who hath made Xerxes king, both the king of the people and the lawgiver of the people. I am Xerxes the King, the Great King, the King of the many peopled countries, the supporter also of this great world, the Son of King Darius the Achæmeman."

What could better indicate the two characters—the vain-glorious monarch living to himself, and the Jewish maiden raised up to save her people, mingling with a heroism that could say "if I perish, I perish," all the attractive delicacy of her sex and the tenderness of heart which make her picture one of rare female perfection.

And well has the nation she saved preserved her memory. Of the proud empire of Xerxes the only relic left in his summer capital is the flinty bundle of arrow-heads, that have not even kept his name alive on the spot he ruled, and that the learned scholars of Europe must read. But beside the tomb of Esther, the lowly race she saved have kept loving watch through all the weary ages. More wonderful than any ancient monument are these Jews themselves, lineal descendants, in blood and faith, of the

tribes of Israel, and the only vestige of the truly olden time which entirely defies decay and dissolution. The Jews were in Ecbatana, according to the book of Tobit, while Nineveh was still the voluptuous Queen of the East. They were brought hither in the first captivity, more than seven hundred years before Christ; and amid every change for twenty-five centuries past, this colony has remained unbroken, by its traditions and monuments pointing to its origin, and inseparably binding the present to that remote antiquity. That early civilization which covered the East when they were brought from the hills of Palestine has passed away, and its history is but a shadowy spectre. On its ruins rose successive empires and dynasties, Greek, Barbarian, Persian, Arab and Tartar, but they have vanished and left only ruins. These Jews remained as unchanged as the Elwend peaks under whose shadow they dwell. The faith of which Xerxes vaunted has been extinct for centuries, but the feast of Purim and the prayers and worship in Esther's tomb have never failed of devout observers. Races have come and gone, so commingling their blood that no man in this city can trace his ancestry beyond a few decades; but here is a race unmixed in blood that traces its pure descent, not through centuries only, but millenniums. Chaos has returned again and again, covering the land in the shroud of darkness, burying in the night the records, wealth and religions of the past, but amid the darkness the lone star of Israel has shone on, fixed and extinguishable. What stronger proof that their religion has in it an element from on high, and that their race in its history and preservation is a miracle yet to redound to the glory of God and the world's highest good? Around the tomb of Esther they have dwelt for ages, and here they will dwell until they can read the prophetic words on that tomb of the truly Holy One of Jesus Christ, and until in Him their light shall shine forth as the morning, and through Him made a truly righteous nation, they shall enter in and enjoy the fulness of his glory.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

TINY'S MUSICAL BOX.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

"O say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain."—*Keble*.

WITH a sigh of relief Miss Holbrook folded the last of a formidable pile of compositions, and locked her desk upon her completed task. It was nearly dark; although five had but just sounded from the brisk little clock on the school-room mantle-piece, and as the weary girl approached the window, she saw that snow was falling fast. As she passed up the snowy street in the gathering dusk, a brightly lighted greenhouse on the opposite side caught her eye, and after a moment's irresolute pause, she crossed the street and went in.

The contrast between the light and warmth and fragrance which greeted her as she opened the door, and the chilly gloom of the street, was almost bewildering, but she did not pause to consider about it. Hastily choosing a handful of inexpensive flowers, she left the bright little bit of fairy land, and, as the storm was fast increasing in violence, stepped into a car.

There was no lack of room, for few people were abroad who could stay at home, and she settled herself comfortably to the enjoyment of her flowers. She was not in the habit of indulging in such luxuries, but the thought of a thin face, bright with fever, which she knew would greet her when she reached her quiet boarding-house, had overcome prudence to the extent of making her resolve to substitute flowers for new gloves. Her room-mate was a young girl, even more lonely and friendless than she herself was. They were both engaged in the same school, but

for a week past, poor Mary Philips had been unable to take her place in the school-room, and Miss Holbrook went away each morning with a heavy heart, for the girl had become very dear to her. They came from the same New England village, and Mary's mother had written to Miss Holbrook, begging her care and protection for the girl who had never before been absent from home for more than a week. That was two years ago; since then Mary's mother had died, and as she had no male relatives, she clung to Miss Holbrook with an affection so warm that it met with a full return.

As the car moved slowly on through the driving snow, a small newsboy, with quite an armful of unsold papers, came forlornly through, offering his stock in trade to the three or four passengers. Poor as she was, Miss Holbrook usually indulged in the luxury of an evening paper, so when the little fellow monotonously offered her his "*Star, Herald, Press,*" she gladdened his heart by taking one.

As she placed the money in his hand, he hesitated, looked first at the flowers, and then in her face, and finally said, sheepishly:

"Would you keep the money, ma'am, and give me the smallest of them in the place of it?"

Surprised, she looked with interest at the boy's face, but found nothing in that commonplace and dirty little countenance to account for his desire. She was about to refuse, thinking—poor child, she had seen so much of the "bad side of human nature"—that he would sell the flower

for twice the worth of the paper, but the boy seeing decision in her face, seemed to gather courage, and said, beseechingly:

"It's not for meself, ma'am, indeed, but for little Tiny, that hasn't seen a green leaf, forbye a flower, since the dandelions and grass went away."

Miss Holbrook felt ashamed of herself. She put the money back into the boy's hand, and with it a spray of heliotrope, stopping his voluble thanksgiving with—

"And who is 'little Tiny?' your brother?"

"Then I wish he was," said the boy, with a broad smile, "for I'd be very proud to tell it, but he's no kin to me, nor to nobody e'se that I know of; but he's full as fond of me as if he was twice my brother, and he keeps the room that pleasant and neat, and reads to the little children and the grandmother, till you'd think he never knew any difference between us and himself."

"But I don't understand," said Miss Holbrook, "how it is that he lives with you, if he is not a relative?"

"Well ma'am," said the boy, puzzled a little by the last word, but catching the general meaning, "when his poor young mother died, a year ago, in the room that joined ours, the grandmother said he'd starve if we didn't take him in, for he'd nobody else that ever we knew of, and she asked me would I mind—for its me that she calls the head of the family"—and the ragged little figure straightened up proudly—"and he just came in the right time, for me brother Tim that slept with me got a place, and the little he eats would hurt nobody, and fair days I let him out with me selling papers, till he got that lame it was a sin, and now he'd fret his heart out that I keep him in, if he hadn't the sweetest temper in the world."

The boy stopped suddenly, looking a little abashed at his freedom of speech, but Miss Holbrook was interested.

"Tell me where you live," she said, taking out a card and pencil, "and as

Tiny is fond of reading, I will lend him some books."

He gave her his address readily enough, adding minute directions for finding the room, which, she judged, was in a large tenement-house. Then, with a bashful "good-night to ye, ma'am," he shambled out of the car, tenderly carrying his flower, which he had protected with an elaborate cone made from one of his papers.

For two weeks the little newsboy and his "family" were quite forgotten. Mary became so ill that Miss Holbrook had thought for nothing else. She could not give up her position in the school, though she felt bitterly the necessity which called her from Mary's side. Happily, they had a warm friend in their landlady, and every thing was done for the sick girl that could be done by the kind-hearted woman, for she too was from New England, and loved the motherless girls upon that account, as well as for their own sake.

But at the end of two weeks Mary was recovering, and one day Miss Holbrook set off for school with a light heart, for she had left her patient established by the window, in the easiest of easy chairs, with books and knitting arranged close at hand, and a cheerful fire sparkling in the grate.

The cry of "*morning papies*" which greeted her ear as she walked briskly up the street, brought back the recollection of her small friend and his "Tiny," and her conscience smote her slightly for her neglected promise. The next day would be Saturday, and she resolved, a little grudgingly, to devote the afternoon of her holiday to Tiny instead of to Mary, and once having resolved, thoughts of the little lame boy, and what books she should take him, and whether or not she could afford a few flowers for him, mixed themselves not unpleasantly with the long day's duties.

The next day was bright and mild, and Mary seemed so much better, that Miss Holbrook was almost tempted to break her resolution in favor of her patient, who pleaded hard for "just a little walk." But

when she had heard the story of her friend's small adventure, she was so eager to have it followed up, that she resigned the somewhat imprudent idea of the little walk, with the best grace in the world, and took the liveliest interest in Miss Holbrook's selection of books for the little cripple, begging that any of her possessions which her friends might consider suitable should be freely used; and just at the last she remembered a photograph which she felt certain would go to Tiny's heart, and rummaged in her bureau until she found it. It was a blind fiddler, with a patient little dog at his feet.

Miss Holbrook found the room with little difficulty, and there, on a painfully hard, and moderately clean looking bed, was Tiny, and she no longer wondered at the sad little name, for a smaller boy it would have been hard to find.

The child's face was so pinched and wan, that nothing but the great blue eyes saved it from being positively disagreeable. Her knock had been answered by a "come in" from "the grandmother," who, when she found it was a lady, rose respectfully, and placed a chair near Tiny's bed. The little fellow held out his hand, smiling brightly. "Johnny said you'd forgotten," he said, in a low sweet voice, but I told him he was too impatient. ma'am, and that ladies had more things to think of than little boys like me."

"It was not that," said Miss Holbrook, keeping the fragile hand in her clasp, as she sat down near the bed, "some one whom I love very much has been ill, and she is only now getting better."

"And you left her to come and see *me*!" he said, gratefully.

"Yes," she replied, "and she sent you this little picture, and told me to pin it up where you could see it, and I have brought some books for you to read."

The child did not answer; he was gazing at the picture. He laid it down at last, with a sigh.

"She must be a kind lady," he said; and then, with a wistful look, "ah, if I

could just hear what he's playing on that fiddle of his! Only see how pleased the dog looks."

"Do you love music so much?" asked Miss Holbrook.

The tears shone in his eyes.

"O, ma'am," he cried, "sometimes I think its worse being hungry for music than being hungry for bread. Johnny coaxed an old organ-man to bring his organ up here one day, and I shut my eyes while he played all his tunes through, and thought only if I might have died then, and waked up in heaven; but I knew it was not for me to say when I should die; and the tunes, some of them, seemed to stay about the room, like the smell of the flower you sent me, and O," he exclaimed, sitting up suddenly in the bed with the strength of excitement, "I think you could tell me what they are, and may-be sing them to me, I'm sure you know how to sing?" he half asserted, half asked.

Miss Holbrook smiled. "I can sing a little," she said, "but how am I to know what the tunes are, without hearing them?"

"I'll whistle them," he answered gravely, and folding the shadowy hands, he began softly and plaintively to whistle the air of the "Last Greeting," making a few mistakes, but preserving the pathos of the air in a wonderful manner. "That's the one I liked best," he said, when he had finished; "do you know the name, ma'am?" She told him the name and then sang it for him.

As she sang, large tears rolled down his face, but he was perfectly quiet, and when she had finished, made no comment whatever. After a few minute's silence he said, quietly, "This was the other," and began Schumann's "Good-night, farewell," but he kept straight only for a bar or two and then broke down, looking distressed.

"I tried so hard to keep that in my head," he said, regretfully. She said nothing, but in a low, sweet voice, began to sing it. It was a song fraught with sad

recollections to her, and she unconsciously poured out some of the sorrow which she generally kept under lock and key. The little fellow tried hard to repress his sobs, but vainly, and she stopped before the song was finished, fearing to injure him. As soon as he could recover his voice he begged hard for the rest. She gently refused, but seeing his disappointment said, kindly, "I will sing something else instead, and you must let me choose for myself this time."

She sang a child's hymn, "I think when I read that sweet story of old," to the tune of an old song; a song which, for its sweet and plaintive air, has few modern rivals—"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms."

As she sang, a sweet, rested expression came over the little, wan face, and when she had finished he kissed her hand.

"That's better than all," he said, simply, "and when I get there, ma'am, I think the music will make me think of you."

She rose to go, and moved by a sudden impulse, bent over and kissed him on the forehead.

"When the young lady is quite well, and you're not very busy, would you come again, ma'am?" he said, wistfully.

"Indeed I will," she answered, kindly; "and when you have finished the books you shall have some more."

Then, amid voluble thanks from "the grandmother," and a polite message from Tiny to "the young lady," she took her departure.

That was the beginning of good days for Tiny. Mary made an early call upon him, and the friends united heartily in plans for the pleasure and comfort of the little cripple. All efforts to discover his real name, or any clue to his family, were vain, and it was equally impossible to account for his passionate love of music.

It soon recurred to Miss Holbrook and Mary that if they could procure a musical box for the boy, he would wish for nothing more. Their design as to size and price

was necessarily moderate. Going together to an out-of-the-way little shop which they had often noticed in their walks, they found that a small box, playing two tunes, could be procured for five dollars, the extent of their ability. The queer little German who kept the store, became so interested when he found their means were limited, that the story of the little lame boy gradually came out. He took them to a shelf containing a collection of boxes which played three tunes, and said, with solemn wave of his hand, "You shall choose from these, and it shall be all as with those others; you may not tell it, but to you it shall be five dollars, and you shall hear them play." Whereupon he proceeded with great deliberation to wind and set going box after box, until they had heard all. Thanking him warmly for his kindness, they chose a box which played the "Last Greeting," a plaintive little "Nocturne," and "Von Weber's Last Waltz." The little German gave them minute directions for the winding and regulation of their purchase, and in return for their thanks, fairly bowed them out of the shop.

They could not help wishing that he had been present when Tiny heard the box for the first time, and then was made to understand that it was his own. His ecstasy of gratitude was quite beyond words, and they feared for awhile that the excitement had injured him. Their next visit, however, reassured them, and the thanks and blessings of the voluble Irish family were quite overwhelming.

But they saw with pain, as the warm, soft days of spring came on, that "the soul's dark cottage" was gradually but surely growing too weak to hold much longer the happy spirit which made it at times almost beautiful. Day by day the small sweet voice grew fainter, and the little hands more transparent. The child knew that he was dying, but all that troubled him was the grief of Johnny and "the grandmother," at the thought of losing him.

"I don't see how it is, ma'am," he said one day to Miss Holbrook, "I'm nothing but a trouble to them all, and yet they seem so sorry. What beautiful hearts they must have."

He made an arrangement with her in a quiet, almost business-like manner, that when he felt himself dying he should send Johnny for her and "the other young lady," and that even if they were in school, they were to come to him, and stay until he died; she promised, both for herself and Mary, that they would, and told him where they boarded, so that if it were out of school hours, Johnny might know where to find them.

They found that Tiny's musical box became a power in the poor house in which he lived. He knew many of the children who swarmed in the halls and over the stairs, and Johnny kept him posted as to their general behavior. Every evening, upon his return from his round, that willing slave of Tiny's every whim was despatched into the entry to collect a half-dozen—more than this number "the grandmother" firmly vetoed—of those children who, according to Johnny's report, had "been good" that day. Fortunately for the poor little sinners, Johnny's standard was not high. Those who had not been caught swearing, fighting, or cheating in their games that day, were considered as candidates, and a judicious selection made, if the number were too great for admission.

Many a time did Miss Holbrook and Mary pause on the landing to watch the row of eager, and generally dirty little faces, ranged before Tiny's bed. Not a sound was heard, but the plaintive voice of the little box; and the entertainment being concluded, Tiny gravely offered his hand to each guest, and quietly responded to the salutations—usually a "Good night to ye, Tiny dear," from the boys, and a resounding kiss from the girls. Once coming earlier than they generally did, they heard, instead of the little box, Tiny's sweet, weak voice. They only caught a few words:

"And there will *always* be music there, and it never will have to stop to be wound up! And the better we behave before we go there, the sweeter it will sound to us."

Not many evenings after this, they met Johnny at the foot of the stairs. His eyes were swollen with crying, and he could scarcely manage his voice.

"I was just going for yees," he said, unsteadily. "Tiny says"—he sat down on the step, sobbing, and motioned to them to go up.

It was a warm, soft evening in June, and the door stood wide open. The little fellow was propped up with all the pillows that the room afforded, and it was evident that every breath was an effort. He smiled brightly when he saw them, and held out both hands. Then, drawing the box from under the pillow, he gave it to Miss Holbrook, whispering faintly, "Wind it up, please, and make it play the 'Last Greeting.'"

As the mournful notes stole softly on the still air, he motioned to his friends to come near to him. Miss Holbrook and Mary knelt on one side of the bed, "the grandmother" and Johnny, who had just crept softly into the room, on the other. The child looked from face to face, smiling, his blue eyes beaming with love and happiness.

"Kiss me for good-by," he whispered, and silently each bent over and kissed his lips. Poor Johnny fought bravely with himself and his sorrow, and managed to be silent, though he shook from head to foot with repressed sobbing.

Tiny's eyes turned toward the window, where the golden light of sunset was streaming in. The little box began to play slowly, it was nearly run down. One by one the notes fell softly on the ear—it panted—went on—stopped. Miss Holbrook took it in her trembling hands, eager to wind it while the child could still hear. Mary touched her arm. The beautiful face upon the pillow was smiling still. To them the music had ceased, but for him it had never stopped.

A CONVERSATION ON GAMBLING.

"BUT, Mr. R., what is the harm of gambling?" asked one of my Sunday-school scholars, a bright-eyed boy named Will, at the end of our afternoon lessons, when an interval of a few minutes before the closing of school permitted a little familiar conversation.

"Now, William, I cannot suppose you ask for information."

"Yes, really, Mr. R., I want to know. I don't suppose it is right; but I want to know *why* it is wrong. It is not forbidden in the Bible."

"Are you so sure? But indeed I grant you that it is not forbidden by name, like lying, or stealing, or swearing."

"Is it forbidden at all, Mr. R.?" asked another of the class, becoming interested.

"Yes, I think it is. I think I could at this moment name a text that forbids it, but I should like to hear your opinions. Can you yourself think of no reason why it is wrong?"

"O, gamblers are always looked on as such a bad set. You see them at all the race-courses and low places."

"And besides, Mr. R.," broke in a third, "it leads to such dreadful things! Father knew a man who shot himself because he lost at play. And men get so excited, and play away all their fortunes, and sometimes take their employer's money, and ruin their families."

"And they call their gambling houses *hells*," said little Price, in a solemn voice.

"Yes, I know it leads to all kinds of evil, and all that, but I want to know why," said Will, pertinaciously. "It seems to me that some kinds of gambling are fair enough; as fair as trading," he asserted, dogmatically. "When there is no cheating, nor betting on a certainty, I cannot see where is the great harm of staking one's money on a chance. You take the

risk, and if you lose, somebody else gains, and vice versa. I don't think it is any argument to say things lead to evil, if they are not evil themselves."

"That is very true, Will. A great many good things can be used or abused in such a manner as to lead to harm, yet be in themselves innocent. Still, if they invariably produce evil, we may suspect some great underlying principle of evil in them, and I think we will find it in this case. Since you have been talking I have been thinking. I don't know that I ever thought it out fully before, and I will see if I cannot explain to you what I think. I think there are two evil principles involved in gambling; and the first is very nearly akin to the sin forbidden in the tenth commandment—covetousness. The text I thought of awhile ago is this: 'He that maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent.' Now the object of gambling is to get rich in haste, and we must see why it is not innocent. There is no harm in getting rich. There is no harm in acquiring property. I suppose you all expect some day to possess something. There are only three possible ways of getting it."

"Only three, Mr. R.?" and a half dozen upturned faces expressed as much incredulity as wonder.

"Yes," I affirmed, "only three, and if you can tell me more you have my thanks. First by gift, second by purchase, and third by extortion. Now all the different ways you may think of must belong to one of these."

"A man may inherit property from his father," said Fred.

"And that would rank as a gift. A great many of a man's possessions are gifts, if not from his earthly, from his heavenly Father; the soil he treads on,

the air he breathes, the fruits he eats, and the metals and minerals he uses; but I do not mean in the broad sense of every good and perfect gift coming from above. I mean many such modes of getting rich as the law will confirm with a legal title, such as finding an oil well, or a gold mine, or a guano island, or some of those means by which a man may lawfully and rightfully become rich in haste, and yet be innocent, if he remembers to whom he owes it, and is thankful."

"He can get rich by working."

"And that is a method of purchase. He gives his labor for his labor's worth. All kinds of industry may be classed with purchase. One gives an equivalent for what he obtains, at a fair market valuation. Next, there is extortion. All kinds of thieving, robbing, violence, and fraud, come under this category. One obtains property from an unwilling owner. Now under which of these three would you place the money got by gambling?"

I was amused as I waited, to see the puzzled countenances with which the boys set to work to grapple this knotty question. They were not going to give it up so. I asked them one by one. Most of them replied "extortion," but Will said he thought it rather belonged to "purchase."

"Well, let us see. I suppose none of you consider it a free gift." A faint smile was the answer. "Well, that point is settled. But before we go any further, I may as well tell you my own conclusion. I think that the essence of gambling is acquiring property without giving a fair equivalent."

"But, Mr. R., if a man risks his own money—?"

"No, Will, it is not a purchase. He does not expect to pay his money. He sits down to gamble with the full intention of getting his opponent's money for nothing. He is so anxious to do this that he risks his own, trusting to luck; but if he wins, he pays nothing."

And if he loses—?"

"He pays under extortion. He does

not hand over a sum of money hoping it may do good, or give pleasure. He expects neither thanks, nor gratitude. He may affect carelessness. He may really not care much, if the stakes are small, or the result trifling. But what he does feel is an emotion of pain, rather than pleasure. It is a disappointment, and so ignoble a disappointment that he feels it a point of honor to affect indifference, long after he ceases to feel it."

"They can't always make-believe," said little Price, sagely; "I've read of them sitting all night at the gambling table, with their eyes all bloodshot, and their faces pale and haggard, and breaking away with wild oaths and curses. Just fancy a fellow who knows that all he is worth is hanging on the turn of the dice, or the color of a card, making believe he don't care! He can't do it."

"Mr. R., I heard Ben Stone say that he has known a man to offer a prayer that his card might win."

"That is possible, but what a prayer! And whom does he pray to? That leads me to my second evil principle; you know I mentioned two. The first is covetousness, which ends in selfishness, hardness of heart, envy, hatred, and malice. The second is a species of idolatry. The ancients, you know, worshipped the goddess Fortune. Modern gamblers do not think, perhaps, of the goddess, but Fortune, Chance, Luck, as opposed to Providence, is the God of their worship. A gambler could scarcely comfort himself with the thought, 'if we ask any thing according to His will, He heareth us,' nor conclude his prayer in the name and for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Mr. R., I am very much obliged. I think I see into it now," said Will.

"Recollect," said I, "gambling is the attempt to acquire property without paying for it, and to my mind, the great difference between it and robbing and stealing is, that it is always taken from a victim who richly deserves to lose it. There goes the bell. Silence!"

OUR MISCELLANY.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The desire to complete what he has begun, without intrusion from geographers who might rob him of the just reward of his labors, has made Dr. Livingstone somewhat of a hermit. Having sacrificed so much in elucidating the Nile sources, and having come so near the end of a great triumph, it is natural that he should prefer to go on, unmolested by agents of the Royal Geographical Society, or any one else who comes as a geographical expert. Stanley was no intermeddler; he came to discover Livingstone, not to anticipate any of Livingstone's discoveries, or to bear away any information which he could not spare. It is known in England that Livingstone, being unsalaried, wishes to keep the greater part of his information to publish on his return to England for the pecuniary benefit of his family.

Dr. Livingstone's real wishes in regard to his discoveries are recorded in the Blue Book, a copy of which is kept at Zanzibar. It seems that Lieut. Dawson, of the British Navy, of the expedition to relieve Livingstone, was not aware of this very natural desire of the doctor, until he arrived at Zanzibar. To go on in his commission, especially as the Royal Geographical Society had enjoined upon him to do all he could to "pick up the ends of Dr. Livingstone's work," would be to the pecuniary detriment of the great explorer. Lieutenant Dawson did well in not proceeding to survey the region of the watershed of the Nile, and in not seeking to extort from the doctor any notes of his discoveries.

We may not suppose that the most distant thought of rivalry entered Dr. Livingstone's mind on the arrival of Stanley. He himself says, in his letter to the Earl of Clarendon, in alluding to the approach of the American, "The kindness was extreme, and made my whole frame thrill with excitement and gratitude. * * Appetite returned, and in a week I began to feel strong." And in his letter to Mr. Bennett he writes: "The near

prospect of beggary among Ujijians made me miserable. I had got to about the lowest verge. The good Samaritan was close at hand. * * It was indeed overwhelming, and I said in my soul, 'Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours.'"

We cannot doubt that Dr. Livingstone's motives in this great and peculiar work are unselfish and Christian. It was as a Christian missionary that he began his African excursions, and in the spirit of the Christian missionary does he still carry them on. In the letters of Mr. Stanley we find this pleasing passage:

"Every Sunday morning he gathers his little flock around him and has prayers read, not in the stereotyped tone of an English High Church clergyman, which always sounds in my ears insincerely, but in the tone recommended by Archbishop Whateley, viz., natural, unaffected and sincere. Following them he delivers a short address in the Kisawahiti language, about what he has been reading from the Bible to them, which is listened to with great attention." Mr. Stanley also speaks of Dr. Livingstone's religion as of "the true practical kind, never losing a chance to manifest itself in a quiet practical way—never demonstrative or loud. It is always at work, if not in deed, by shining example. In him religion exhibits its loveliest features. It governs his conduct towards his servants, towards the natives, and towards the bigoted Musselmans—even all who come in contact with him. Without religion, Livingstone, with his ardent temperament, his enthusiastic nature, his high spirit and courage, might have been an uncompanionable man and a hard master. Religion has tamed all these characteristics; nay, if he was ever possessed of them, they have been thoroughly eradicated. Whatever was crude or wilful, religion has reduced, and made him, to speak the earnest, sober truth, the most agreeable of companions and indulgent of masters."

The interest in Dr. Livingstone will no doubt be providentially overruled for the overthrow of the atrocious slave trade, which he so much deplores. This trade is one of the worst hindrances to the spread of the gospel on the east coast. Measures are being taken by the principal European nations for the suppression of this evil; and as war ships have already been sent to that quarter, we may expect soon to hear of a change for the better.

HOW TO WIN OTHERS.

"As in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." It is not the face of one man that answereth to the heart of another, but the heart to the heart.

The cold formalities, the passing civilities, the courteous common-places of every-day life, never yet bound persons together in a profitable and enduring attachment.

What we Christians need to make our usefulness greater, is not so much the profession of religion as the possession of earnest charity towards others. How often is it said of one, "Certainly he is rough, even repellant, but he does not show his real character; he has a warm heart."

A warm heart, but repellant! Alas, that any thing so paradoxical should be true of Christ's followers! What good can such a heart do any one? Of what benefit to me personally, though some one else be in a warm room, if I must stand shivering without? We need to enter more into the spirit of sympathy and interest, and love with one another, and with those who are away from Jesus.

Do we say that between ourselves and many with whom we have a passing acquaintance, there is no great congeniality, no strong bond of sympathy? Do we not take too much for granted? Do we strive, as we might, to find out the good in others? Influenced by the holiest of motives, that of elevating and strengthening the hands about us, do we go to those in our midst and study their characters, until we find something we can admire? An acquaintance is, perhaps, inclined to insincerity or self-conceit in character, or to carelessness in appearance, yet, withal, we discover in him some degree of generosity; let us love this trait, and try

to gain such an influence over him as to induce him, by the help of God, to give up insincerity, conceit, and slovenliness. He who digs for gold, when once he has secured the precious lump, is too overjoyed to regard the dirt that surrounds it. He puts it through a purifying process till every foreign substance is removed.

In this work of gaining others, let us not be discouraged by coldness or rebuff. The commander who would take a city must not be prepared to advance merely, but also to resist sallies. We are mistaken if we suppose the impediments to friendship and confidence are found altogether in others, and not somewhat in ourselves. The power to influence for good does not spring up in a night. "Confidence," said Lord Chatham, "is a plant of slow growth."

And yet what is impossible to disinterested love? If the heart of one of God's children be aglow with that charity which induced the Son of God to take upon himself the form of a servant; if, realizing the value of one soul, he but watch, and wait and pray till he have gained it, the reward will be sweet and enduring. Not the least part of that reward will be the consciousness of having delivered another from going down to the pit, of having ennobled and made more manly a soul created in God's image, and finally of having inspired a fellow-mortal for whom few, perhaps, cared, with the principles of virtue and goodness, which he is happy to believe influence his own life.

"Who is thy neighbor? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

"Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O, enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

"Thy neighbor? 'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem.
Widow and orphan helpless left—
Go thou and shelter them.

"Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery,—
Go share thy lot with him." T. A. B.

MISERABLE SINNERS.

Among the "Sea Notes," in the correspondence of a religious paper, we find the following:

"There has been church service on board, of course. The ship's company met together to say with the litany, 'Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners'—a prayer in which I could not join. Perhaps if I had been seasick I might, with zest, have rolled out 'miserable' sinner. But being well and sound, and a *saved* sinner, and rejoicing in God's abounding love, the 'miserable' was not appropriate. If I should adopt a ragged, abandoned child from the street and make him my own child, feeding him at my table, and giving him daily every evidence of my great love for him, I should not be honored by hearing him day by day go through the form of calling himself a miserable wretch. Give me rather the sparkling eye and bounding step at my approach, which tell of the heart made happy in my love. I read in God's word that he has given to us the spirit of adoption, has made us his children, and has called us not to be 'miserable sinners,' but to be 'saints.'"

As an opinion upon the Christian's duty of confessing sin, the language of this paragraph is defective. We cannot help thinking that, though meaning well, those who write in this way belong to the "happy-go-lucky sort of Christians," whose good fortune, or fault, consists in too feeble a sense of sin. We prefer to hear the confession, "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners;" that is, sinners needing pity, as we have often heard it, in an extempore prayer, but in whatever form it is solemnly offered, it must be always appropriate. As long as we believe that sin is a bad thing, and that "there is no man that sinneth not," we shall find the confession good for the soul. Though a child forgiven, and permitted to say with affection and confidence, "Our Father," it is ever becoming to the Christian to say, "Forgive us our trespasses." The more we take God at his word, and rejoice, the more we shall be enlightened in regard to the depths of sin, and shall see the meaning of that command, so comprehensive as including the whole round of devout affec-

tions, faith, love, adoration, and dread of sin, "fear God." Faith does not operate upon the Christian spirit like chloral or morphia upon the physical system, deaden the sense of pain from inward causes. It rather quickens the spiritual sensibilities.

There is no use in trying to take the paradoxical out of a Christian's life; he always will be, while in the flesh, a wonder to himself on account of his opposites. And even one deluded by the dream of "entire sanctification," as sinless perfection is now called, might admit that in a gathering on ship-board or in a church, there might be enough "miserable sinners" present to warrant the use of these words in a public prayer.

GO TO CHURCH.

There is no substitute for the preaching of the word, as the effectual, and ordinary means of conversion and Christian confirmation. No one who expects to die the death of the righteous can simply leave this, and resort to meditations upon the divine goodness in the fields and woods, or to the quietude of his own spirit at home, or to the oracle of reason, or to the printed sermons of gifted authors. A printed sermon as read at home may be better written, may be more profound, finished, or spiritual, but the fact that the reading of sermons in private by those who can attend church is not in the divine plan, is enough to condemn it as a substitute.

No matter who preaches. The ambassador whom a European sovereign may send to our national capital, cannot be ignored because he may be a third-rate or a tenth-rate statesman; if he have the seal of his royal master to his commission, he is received and his dispatches considered. And so, without allowing personal considerations to obtrude, we should concern ourselves chiefly with the overtures which our Divine Sovereign makes to us, under his own seal, sending by whom He will.

In these days, when Zion is no more, and the Jerusalem of old has fallen into decay, how shall we apprehend the inner meaning of such expressions as "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion;" "blessed are they that dwell in thy

house;" "out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined"? How shall the gate of the temple be again called "beautiful"? How shall the charms of temple architecture, the triumph of form and color, the external loveliness of the sanctuary of the Old dispensation, have their realization in the New? Can the shadows glide into their living substance, those dumb prophecies into their eloquent fulfilment?

They seek to unbury the germ that has unfolded, and to wrap the shadows about them again, who return to a showy ritual, and entertain the taste with things called sacred, and flatter the soft sentiment of the mind, and then call it religion. Not by these means do we find significance for us in the Psalms of David, written in praise of the tabernacle and temple, but by hearing, believing and praising, in our own sanctuary; by yielding the soul to the power of the word as preached; by conversing in the congregation with the God of Jacob, who met his servant at a place where the stones lay about him in the wildness of nature, and permitted him to call it Bethel. The beautiful things of nature and art, though devised by the Creator, can no more compare with this uncreated excellence on which the Christian spirit feeds, the grace and the glory of God as revealed by the Holy Spirit to the humble worshipper, and as seen in the face of Jesus Christ, than can the by-play sketches of an artist compare with his inner life and his creative spirit, or what we call *himself*, as known and loved at home. Why to-day is Zion *beautiful*, do you ask? Because the moral and religious effects of her ordinances upon the believing soul are *blessed*.

For those physically able to attend church, but spiritually languid, and in practice irregular or neglectful, we say turn over a new leaf. Go to church. You will find a providence in it, for God's word and providence go together. What a providence may do, making great things of feeble beginnings, is illustrated by a familiar incident. A Scotch innkeeper resolved that no minister should ever again preach or pray in his hearing. One Sunday, contrary to his custom, he went to church to hear the music,

but declared that he would not hear any thing else. The music ceased; the minister said: "Let us pray," and the man put his fingers in his ears. The prayer over, he listened again to the singing, but when the preacher rose to begin his sermon, he closed his ears once more.

As if to baffle him in his foolish undertaking, the Lord sent a little fly to alight upon his face. The man tried to blow it away, as it sat upon his nose, but without success. Then he withdrew the hand that closed one ear, and in that moment heard the preacher say, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Wonderstruck, he listened further, was interested, and came to church again; next time to hear the preaching. He became a regular attendant and a hopeful convert.

A CHAPTER OF MISTAKES.

(Concluded.)

Mistakes in action, when they have the facetious element, are generally more diverting than spoken errors. The latter often display wit, the former humor; but both are the more laughable, because not intended.

To effect the joke, however, some intention may be necessary on the part of one of the performers. Of this the following is a good example:

Mr. Thomas Gill, a veteran newspaper reporter, who died at Boston not long ago, in his lifetime was very fond of a joke, and possessed a keen sense of humor. *The Washington Chronicle* gives an amusing instance of this drollery. The Hon. Robert Rantoul, Jr., was delivering to an immense audience an oration at a celebration on Bunker Hill, in the course of which he described with great pathos and effect the famous battle which had occurred on the very spot where they were assembled. As he resumed his seat, Gill, who was seated near him, carelessly remarked, "My father was in that battle." Rantoul immediately sprang to his feet and announced this fact, whereupon there were vehement calls from the crowd for the son of the revolutionary hero. Mr. Gill modestly rose, and after acknowledging the vociferous cheers which greeted him, quietly informed his hearers

that it was true that his father was in the battle of Bunker Hill, but—he was fighting on the other side!" The scene that followed "beggared description." Mr. Gill was an Englishman by birth, and one of the first professional reporters who came to America.

Among losing blunders we have the following. The wife of a gentleman who at considerable expense had purchased for himself an India rubber air-bed, concluded that it was not healthy to sleep on it unless it was ventilated. She accordingly punched a number of holes in it, only to find, to her dismay, that the bed was no more.

The editor of a journal published in Antwerp sent a reporter to Brussels for the king's speech, and with him a couple of carrier pigeons to take back the news speedily. At Brussels he gave the pigeons in charge to a waiter, and called for breakfast. He was kept waiting some time, but a very delicate *fricassee* atoned for the delay. After breakfast he paid his bill and called for his carrier pigeons. "Pigeons!" exclaimed the waiter; "why, you have eaten them."

A good story is told of Professor Stowe, the husband of Harriet Beecher. While visiting a little town in Massachusetts one summer, Prof. Stowe desired a friend to secure a horse and vehicle to take himself and wife to a town nine miles distant, where he desired to consult some genealogical records. His friend said he would do his best, but there were no decent turnouts in the village. A little in advance of the hour appointed, Dr. Stowe noticed a phaeton at the door of his host, and, hastily summoning his wife, entered it, and started on his journey. To his surprise the horse was a very fleet one, and the phaeton exquisite, with its silk and satin linings, ivory finishings, and easy springs. Bowling along on his journey, the doctor expressed great delight, and announced his intention of securing the establishment for the season. Arriving at his destination, he fastened the horse and went to work upon the dusty records at the town hall. He had been thus engaged for nearly an hour, when he was suddenly interrupted by the abrupt entrance of his host at the town whence he started, who exclaimed, "Dr. Stowe, have you been stealing a horse

and phaeton?" To the astonished doctor it was then revealed that he had by mistake taken the establishment of a newly married Episcopal clergyman, who had come to call upon the doctor's host, and who was astonished, on leaving, to find his beautiful turnout,—a wedding present,—gone, and replaced by an old worn out horse and chaise, that had been brought there by the livery stable keeper for Dr. Stowe. A stern chase ensued; but the doctor was not captured until he had reached his destination, as stated, whence, after mutual explanations, he drove home in the old chaise. The comment of the Episcopal clergyman on the case was: "This comes, Dr. Stowe, of not attending a church where the commandments are read every Sunday."

Among the most curious blunders are those of painters. Tintoret, an Italian painter, in a picture of the children of Israel gathering manna, has taken the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns. Cigola painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of the infant Saviour; and as aged men in these days wear spectacles, the artist has shown his sagacity by placing them on Simeon's nose. In a picture by Verrio, of Christ healing the sick, the lookers-on are represented as standing with periwigs on their heads. To match or rather to exceed this ludicrous representation, Durer has painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flounces. The same painter in his scene of Peter denying Christ, represents a Roman soldier very comfortably smoking a pipe of tobacco. A Dutch painter, in a picture of the Wise Men worshipping the holy child, has drawn one of them in a large white surplice, and in boots and spurs, and he is in the act of presenting to the child a model of a Dutch man-of-war. In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up his son, instead of the patriarch's "stretching forth his hand and taking the knife," as the Scriptures inform us, he is represented as using a more effectual and modern instrument; he is holding to Isaac's head a blunderbuss. Berlin represents in a picture the Virgin and Child listening to a violin; and in another picture he has drawn

King David playing the harp at the marriage of Christ with St. Catherine. A French artist has drawn, with true French taste, the Lord's Supper, with the table ornamented with tumblers filled with cigar-lighters; and, as if to crown the list of these absurd and ludicrous anachronisms, the garden of Eden has been drawn with Adam and Eve in all their primeval simplicity and virtue, while near them, in full costume, is seen a hunter with a gun shooting ducks.

The titles of books are often very deceptive. *Rain on the Mown Grass* was once ordered by a farmer, who hoped to find therein counsels pertinent to the hay harvest, and found sermons instead. An agricultural club bought a large number of Mr. Ruskin's *Notes on Sheepfolds*, and were grievously disappointed to receive a treatise on churches, instead of an essay on the construction of cattle-pens. A worthy minister, selecting with great care volumes of devout reading for his village library, sent for *Christian's Mistake*, and opened, not a homily on religious experience, but a three-volumed novel.

There is a story of an English tourist who entered a restaurant, and by a few scraps of French was able to order a dinner. He wished some mushrooms, very delicious and rare. Not knowing the name, he demanded a sheet of paper, and sketched one. The waiter understood him in a second, disappeared for ten minutes, and returned with a splendid—umbrella!

Few need to be reminded of the mistake of the druggist's clerk, who put up a prescription of castor oil for a young lady friend. She innocently inquired how it could be taken without tasting. He put her off with a promise to explain it, and in the meantime proposed to drink a glass of soda water with her. She drank it down, and the clerk said, "Well, you have taken your oil, and did not know it." In a great state of excitement the young lady said, "O, dear! it wasn't for myself I wanted the oil, it was for my mother!"

It would be well if the mistakes of druggists' clerks resulted as harmlessly as this one.

A joke with the point of it left out is sometimes better than the original. A story is told of a man who was a plagiarizer of jokes. He was a guest at a party one evening, where a servant let fall a plate of tongue. The company started up in confusion, but the host wittily remarked: "Sit still, gentlemen, it's only a slip of the tongue." The plagiarist, smitten with the idea of imitating this joke and winning like applause, soon after made an entertainment, inviting a different set of guests, and arranged his occasion by instructing his servant to let a plate of meat fall. But his guests only stared in blank amazement when he smilingly assured them that the fall of the leg of mutton was only "a slip of the tongue."

Typographical errors might be called slips of the type. An editor clipped from an exchange an obituary poem, which he sent to the composing room with some introductory remarks. He said: "We publish below a very touching poem from the pen of Miss M——. It was written by her at the deathbed of her sainted mother, and it overflows with those expressions of filial affection which are the natural outgrowth of a pure untutored genius that has developed beneath the sheltering influences of a mother's love. The reader will observe how each line glows with ardent affection and tenderest regret." Somehow, in attaching this introduction to the poem, the editor turned up the wrong side of the clipping, and the consequence was that the editor's lines led the reader gently into an article upon "Hog Cholera in Tennessee."

During the Franco-Prussian war one of our country editors read in a dispatch that "Bazaine had moved twenty kilometres out of Metz." He thereupon sat down and wrote an editorial, in which he said he was delighted to hear that all the kilometres had been removed, and that the innocent people of Metz were no longer endangered by the presence of those horrible engines of war; standing upon a volcano, as it were. And then he went on to describe some experiments made with kilometres in the Crimea, in which one of them exploded and blew a frigate out of water.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

A curious and interesting papyrus has lately been interpreted in England, found in a mummy pit in Egypt, which throws new light on the Mosaic narrative. It was found by Mr. A. C. Harris, who is one of the decipherers of hieroglyphic inscriptions of the day. It is said to be the finest, longest, best written, and best preserved of all *papyri* ever yet discovered. Dating from the end of the reign of Rhamses III—the Rhamsinitus of Herodotus—it is at least three thousand years old, and contains important revelations touching the political, religious and literary history of that time. It is a proclamation or address to his own people and all the world, reciting his own deeds and those of his father and grandfather, and notably concerning the religious revolution of their times, which he had himself ended by the reestablishment of the temples of the ancient Egyptian worship. The revolution in religion in question agrees in point of time with the earlier residence of Moses in Egypt, and was probably his attempt to establish or revive the worship of One God. The resistance to this innovation, and its final abolition, agrees with the time of the Exodus. The Scripture narrative derives from this papyrus both confirmation, illustration, and explanation. Dr. Eisenlohr, the professor of Egyptology at Heidelberg, who went to England expressly to examine the

papyrus, has published at Leipsic a paper containing a translation of the historical results of his examination, entitled "The Great Harris Papyrus, containing an important contribution to Egyptian history, and a testimony three thousand years old to the religion established by Moses." We trust we shall soon see this important work in English.

A very good and characteristic story is told of a Boston lady, who obtained an introduction to the Pope. Etiquette requires that the party thus honored should bow low upon bended knees when his Holiness appears. Evidently our New England friend was ignorant of or ignored the custom, for she walked bravely up to Pius IX, grasped him by the hand, and said: "My dear sir, I'm delighted to see you; how do you do?" "American!" muttered his Holiness, as he slightly inclined his venerable head and moved towards a group of Italian ladies assembled in the centre of the *salon*.

The following is the motto of the German Anti-Jesuit Society:

Si cum Jesuitis
Non cum Jesu itis.

Which may be translated thus:

To walk with Jesuits seekest thou a way?
Then straight from Jesus walkest thou away.

OUR SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

NEW MODE OF MAKING STEEL.—A new process of manufacturing steel has recently been introduced, consisting in the combination of chrome ore, in the place of carbon, with iron. The metal is melted in crucibles in a furnace, gas being used for producing heat. The iron bars are put into the crucibles, into which a powdered preparation of chrome ore is introduced. Steel made by this process is asserted to be capable of with-

standing a greater strain than ordinary carbon steel, and can be made in any quantity.

TO KEEP GUM ARABIC FROM MOULDING.—Solutions of gum arabic soon mould and sour, and finally lose their adhesive property. It is said that sulphate of quinine will prevent this, while it imparts no bad odor of its own. The addition of a solution of a few crystals of this salt to gum arabic will pre-

vent the formation of mould quite as effectually as carbolic acid, and by analogy it is safe to suppose that the same salt could be used in writing ink, mucilage, and possibly glue.

DIAMOND SAW FOR QUARRYING—The diamond-saw quarrying machine, of which Messrs. Willard, Whittier and Company of Boston are the proprietors, promises to revolutionize one of the most important departments of enterprise in the country. It consists of a straight saw, armed with diamond teeth, which can be set at any angle, and operated by steam. It has been tested in sandstone, marble, granite, and solid flint, and can be used not only for cutting the rock in its quarry bed accurately and smoothly and into any desired dimensions, but for dressing and facing building stone after it has been removed from the quarry. It cuts a channel eleven feet in length, one-half an inch in width, and nearly five feet in depth; and can be handled and operated by two men. The importance of such an invention is obvious to all who know any thing of the enormous expense and waste of the ordinary methods of cutting and finishing stone.

WHERE DOES THE GOLD COME FROM?—This question has never been satisfactorily answered by geologists. They can see as far into a millstone as anybody, but where the great depot or quarry from whence the gold comes that has been rasped off in particles and thrown towards the surface to be rolled in the sand by the action of running water, or caught as prisoners in quartz rock while that was either held in solution or in the condition of pulverization, is the problem. Occasionally such enormous nuggets are found, quite solitary. It seems to indicate they were broken off from a large mass somewhere, and driven away in a torrent of gravel, whose onward upward force was irresistible till it met with counter currents. The old theory which supposed the precious metal was existing in combination with others in a gaseous form, and occasionally precipitated by electricity into lumps which worked their way like moles from the interior through strata of the earth's compact crust, is now quite obsolete. An im-

pression is gaining advocates that gold does actually exist in great bodies, somewhere, not very far down, from whence fragments and particles are gradually brought up by aquatic agency. This gives a more reasonable explanation of the diffusion of gold in small parcels all over the globe.

NEW MODE OF GRINDING.—At a recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Edinburgh, a paper descriptive of a new mill for grinding wheat without millstones, was read. According to the description, this mill reduces the wheat by percussion, while it is unsupported, and falling freely, or being projected through the air. The wheat in passing through the machine, is struck by a series of bars moving at a great speed in opposite directions; it is thus instantaneously reduced to a state ready for bolting, no injurious heat being caused, and the flour produced is of much superior quality to that obtained by ordinary grinding, while the cost of its production is considerably less. One of these machines, in its perfected state, is in full operation in Edinburgh, and realizes all the advantages claimed for it. These advantages are, the very light, and rarely needed repairs it requires compared with the millstones; the fewer men required, and consequent saving in wages; the exemption from loss by scorching; the small ground and space occupied, and the much less driving power needed.

SATURN.—The planet Saturn, being now favorably situated for observation, is watched with great interest on account of the recently discovered fact, that the inner dusky or semi-transparent ring has disappeared. Saturn has always been one of the most interesting planets to astronomers. When first discovered it was thought to consist of three bodies, the largest being considered the centre system; but in 1655 Huyghens made the announcement that "the planet is surrounded by a thin, flat ring, nowhere attached to its surface." Then came the discovery that the ring was double; and finally Sir Wm. Herschell discovered the satellites "like pearls strung on a silver thread;" and in 1852 the transparent ring, now invisible, was made

out. These remarkable series of discoveries, considering the distance of the planet from the earth, has suggested for Saturn the title, "the marvel of the heavens."

RECENT AUSTRALIAN VERTEBRATES.—The curator of the Australian Museum at Sidney, Mr. Gerard Krefft, has recently published a condensed list of the vertebrate species, both existing and fossil, of Australia. Of existing forms, there are one hundred and seventy-three species of mammals, six hundred and seventy of birds, one hundred and fifty-eight of reptiles, forty-two of batrachians, and four hundred and forty of fishes; or a total of nearly fifteen hundred species. Among these the marsupial mammalia number one hundred and ten species, or exactly double the residue of the class, which residue is made up of a single dog, twenty four bats, and thirty rodents. Among the birds the parrots are most conspicuous, there being over sixty species. Neither woodpeckers, humming birds, nor trogons have ever yet been met with. The reptilia are very numerous, and include one species of crocodile, which often attains the enormous length of thirty feet, and in some districts is a great annoyance to the inhabitants. Five only out of the eighty known species of snakes are venomous. The frog tribe is well represented, and includes numerous species of the tree-climbing sort, and every sub class and order of fishes has its representatives in the Australian seas and rivers. The present work is the forerunner of a much larger one by the same author, intended to be an account of the entire fauna of that interesting country.

EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY—Mr. Andrew Cross, the celebrated English experimenter, considered that the roots and leaves of plants were in opposite states of electricity; and some of his experiments in this direction are very interesting. He cut two branches from a rose tree. They were as nearly alike as possible, with the same number of buds, and both equally blown. An arrangement was made by which a negative current of electricity was passed through one, and a positive current through the other. In a few hours the negative rose drooped and

died, but the positive continued its freshness for nearly a fortnight; the rose itself became full blown, and the buds expanded, and survived an unusual length of time. Again, he was able to keep milk sweet for three weeks in the hottest weather of summer, by the application of a current of positive electricity. When the condition of the atmosphere is in a negative electrical state, or shows a deficiency of positive electricity—a state of weather which we designate as sultry, muggy, and the like—there is always difficulty in keeping milk sweet. Even in good, healthy milk, the fungus germs common to all milk, increase and multiply with great rapidity, producing the common lactic acid fermentation or souring of the fluid, but in case fungi from decomposing animal or vegetable matter come in contact with the milk, rapid decomposition takes place, and we have rotten milk, putrid odors, and floating curds, and the exposing of such curds to the atmosphere, as well as the aeration of milk to improve its condition, are both philosophical, because these minute organisms of fungi are affected by the oxygen of the air, which checks their development and multiplication.

GLASS CLOTH—Some thirty years ago, a Mr Bonnel, of Lille, France, discovered a method of weaving cloth out of spun glass threads which was described as perfectly flexible, and applicable to a variety of purposes, and more especially the ornamentation of the walls of apartments. This fabric, the making of which seems to be at present a lost art, was described in the papers of 1837 as follows. This cloth of glass is extremely beautiful; and from the manner in which it reflects the light, it surpasses in brilliancy every thing that has ever been attempted with silk, even when combined with gold and silver. Some specimens of this new manufacture have been exhibited in Paris, and the Queen of the French was so much pleased with them that she ordered a golden medal to be sent to the inventor. The following passage is extracted from a French paper: "When we figure to ourselves an apartment decorated with cloth of glass and resplendent with light, we must

be convinced that it will equal in brilliancy all that is possible for the imagination to conceive; it will realize, in a word, the wonders of the enchanted palaces of the Arabian tales. The lights flashing from the polished surfaces of the glass, to which any color or shade may be given, will make the room have the appearance of an apartment of pearls, mother of pearl, or diamonds, or composed of garnets, sapphires, topazes, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, etc., or in short, of all these precious stones united and combined in a thousand ways, and formed into stars, rosettes, bouquets, garlands, festoons, and graceful undulations, varied almost to infinity."

SINGULAR EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.—A Mr. Charles Lyle, gate-keeper at Norristown, Pa., was recently killed by a stroke of lightning. In preparing his remains for burial, it was found that the electric fluid struck on the left shoulder, and taking a downward course crossed to the right side, descending the right leg, leaving an abrasion of the skin near the toes. But what is quite wonderful in connection with the matter, is the fact that upon the right breast was the print of a leaf found on the floor of the piazza at the dead man's feet. The leaf was from an ailanthus tree in the yard, and with the stem measured about five inches in length. The ribs, veins and cellular texture of the leaf, were perfectly printed upon the skin, the whole having a red appearance. Mr. Lyle died in a sitting posture, upon a chair, and when found his head inclined to one side. As his clothing was not disturbed in the least, it would appear impossible for the leaf to have come in contact with the skin. In comparing the leaf found with the impression on the body, the two were exactly alike in size and development. Some thirty or forty years ago, a man in Hartford, Conn., was struck and stunned by a stroke of lightning, and on his body, it was said at the time, was found a perfect copy of a tree that was between him and the direction from which the lightning-flash came, the image of the tree being reversed, as in the *camera obscura*. The color of this picture or copy of the tree, was not, as in Mr. Lyle's case, red, but rather like the

figures sometimes made on the skin with India ink. Who can explain the phenomenon?

LUNAR OBSERVATIONS.—One of the most interesting results of astronomical research, as recently applied to the moon, is the changed aspect presented by the shadows and lights of the lunar mountains, under even a small alteration in the angles of elevation and azimuth.

Thus, in the case of Cyrillus, with its rocky interior, the nearly central mountain always appears in the morning light to have two principal unperforated masses. By a slight change in the direction of the light, the division of these masses is deeply shaded on the north or on the south, and the figure of the masses—that is, the limit of light and shade, seems altered. A slight change in the angle of elevation of the incident light, makes even more remarkable differences. On Posidonius, which is a low, level plateau, within moderately raised borders, the mid-morning light shows with beautiful distinctness the shield-like disk of the mountain, with narrow, broken walls, and in the interior, broad, easy undulations, and one large, and several smaller craters. In earlier morning this appearance is changed, more craters being visible, and the interior ridges gather to form a broken terrace subordinate to the principal ridge.

Many of the smaller mountains seem simply like cups set in saucers, while others contain only one central or several dispersed cups. In Plato is a nearly central very small cup, bright, and giving a distinct shadow on the gray ground. But in the centre of many of the larger mountains, as Copernicus, Gassendi, and Theophilus, is a large mass of broken rocky country, some six thousand feet high, with buttresses passing off into collateral ridges, or an undulated surface of low ridges and hollows. The most remarkable object of this kind is in Theophilus. The central mass, as seen under powers of 200—400, appears as a large conical mass of rocks, about fifteen miles in diameter, and divided by deep chasms radiating from the centre. The rock masses between these deep clefts are bright and shining, the clefts widen towards the

centre, the eastern side is more diversified than the western, and like the southern side, has long buttresses. As the light grows on the mountains, point after point of the mass on the eastern side comes out of the shade, and the whole figure resembles—as much as anything to which it can be likened—an up-lifted mass, which broke with radiating cracks in the act of elevation.

TEMPERATURE IN DEEP WATER.—By recent investigations, it has been found that the temperature of the waters of the Mediterranean falls gradually to 56 degrees at 100 fathoms, and so remains to the bottom, which, in some places, is 2,000 fathoms deep. In the Atlantic, off the coast of Spain, it fell gradually to 51 degrees at 750 fathoms; then fell, abruptly, to 37 degrees, and so continued to the bottom. This remarkable fall is supposed to be explained by the circulation going on in the ocean, the surface water moving towards the North Pole in this region, and the colder water of the Arctic region returning at a lower level. In the Mediterranean, which may be looked upon as a large stagnant pool, there is little or no circulation, and hence the uniformity of the temperature below a certain depth. In still further confirmation of this view, Dr. Carpenter refers to the deep-sea temperatures taken in the China Seas. There, similar conditions were met with, the water below a certain depth being of almost glacial temperature; but in the Soo-loo Sea, situated between Borneo and Mindanao, one of the

Philippine Islands, the temperature below a certain depth,—about 250 fathoms,—was not found to fall as in the China Sea, but to maintain a temperature of about 51 degrees. This is accounted for by the position of the sea, enclosed by islands and coral reefs, which, rising to a certain height, prevent the colder waters from entering except through a few breaks in the reefs.

SUNLIGHT.—"Sunlight," says the *Laws of Life*, "exerts a powerful influence in energizing the organic nervous system. Indeed, as a stimulant to all the functions of organic life, I believe it has no equal within the range of natural agencies. Its tendency always is to induce the proper development of the physical organization, promoting the complete change and perfect assimilation of food to the wants of the organism. Hence the immense value of it in scrofulous constitutions, where imperfect assimilation of food and poor physical development are prominent characteristics. The observations of Dr. Edwards of Paris, on the influence of light in promoting the perfect development of animals, led him to conclude that the exposure of the whole surface of the body to light is favorable to the regular formation of the body; and he therefore has suggested isolation in the open air as a means calculated to restore a healthy formation to children affected with scrofula, whose deviations of form do not appear incurable. In consumptive diseases, also, it is exceedingly useful."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

THE LITTLE SANCTUARY, AND OTHER MEDITATIONS. By Alexander Raleigh, D.D., author of "Quiet Resting Places," etc. New York: Dodd and Mead. For sale by Alfred Martien, Philadelphia.

Well adapted to assist Christians in their meditations, and to sweeten the hours of devotion. The book is a collection of bright and happy thoughts, set forth in an original and modern style. The fact that Dr. Raleigh belongs to the English Independent Church, will perhaps account for the lack of theological accuracy and system which may be de-

tected in the very excellent teachings of his book.

SECOND ADVENTISM, in the Light of Jewish History. By Rev. T. M. Hopkins, A. M. Edited by James R. Boyd, D. D. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale by Alfred Martien, Philadelphia.

The author reasons with some force against "Second Adventism," showing that it is indefensible on Scripture grounds. But the chief value of the treatise is in the position that the Second Coming of Christ took place about the year A. D. 135, the date of the

final and complete destruction of the Jewish state and nationality by the Emperor Hadrian. The author says that the embarrassment felt by good men arises chiefly from confounding the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, A. D. 70, and this event. The work receives additional value from its large quotations from a learned treatise of F. Muenter, late Bishop of Copenhagen, on the Jewish War under Trajan and Hadrian, and also from citations from a valuable exegesis of Matt. xxiv. 29-31, by Prof. Edward Robinson, D.D. Those who may not altogether concur in the author's deductions, may find the work profitable in elucidating difficult passages of Scripture. To obviate an objection likely to be urged against the positions of this work, that the Scriptures teach a coming of Christ before the millennium, and without a great catastrophe, the writer might have shown that the predictions implying such a coming have, according to the analogy of Scripture, a manifold fulfilment. By the coming of the Son of Man is meant an event powerfully affecting the community or an individual soul. Such events as the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the loss or recovery of a fortune, the death of a friend, the emancipation of one's self from slavery, are all, as they tend to reveal significantly the presence and power of Christ, approaches of the Son of Man to the nation or to the individual. And not only do such events occur frequently, but minor catastrophes and revolutions, not to speak of great ones, come in cycles. Evidently the practical use of the predictions concerning the coming of Christ will be more than half exhausted before the millennium.

DR. J. J. L. VON DOLLINGER'S FABLES RESPECTING THE PAPES IN THE MIDDLE AGES. Translated by Alfred Plummer, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford. Together with Dr. Dollinger's Essay on the Prophetic Spirit and the Prophecies of the Christian Era. Translated for the American Edition, with an Introduction and Notes, by Henry B. Smith D.D., Professor in Union Theological Seminary. New York: Dodd & Mead.

The learning and ability, both of the author and the American editor, justify expectations on opening this volume which the reader will be sure to realize. Such subjects as the female Pope Joan are discussed, as well as the prophetic spirit and prophecies

of the New Testament. As some of these prophecies are fulfilling in this day, the living interest of the book is apparent. The doctrine of Papal infallibility is shown to involve a probable war upon such governments as ours, as well as upon every free ecclesiastical and social system.

PREMIUMS PAID TO EXPERIENCE. Incidents of My Business Life. By Edward Garrett, author of "Occupations of a Retired Life." New York: Dodd & Mead.

The lights and shades of city life, with a masterly unveiling of things sad and terrible in the great metropolis of London, are here given.

THE WELL IN THE DESERT. An Old Legend of the House of Arundel. By Emily Sarah Holt, author of "Isaou't Barry," "Ashcliffe Hall," etc. New York: R. Carter & Brothers. For sale by Alfred Martien, Philadelphia. Price \$1.25.

The period called the Dark Ages is a desert from which we ordinarily expect little good, yet even here, as the author beautifully shows, the waters of the Well of Life are found. There is just learning enough in this book to render it scholarly without interfering with its popularity, a good measure of which we predict for it. It is adapted to suit female readers.

HAD YOU BEEN IN HIS PLACE. By Lizzie Bates. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. For sale by Alfred Martien, Philadelphia. Price \$1.25.

ONLY NINE; OR, GRANDMA'S MESSAGE. By Jeanette M. Drinkwater. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. For sale by Alfred Martien, Philadelphia. Price \$1.25.

These are excellent books for general reading, or for the Sabbath school library.

FIFTY YEARS OF PRAYER IN THE FULTON STREET MEETING. By S. Irons in Prime. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Pp. 345. Price \$1.50.

A book upon a great subject, by an author who has written more upon it, perhaps, than any other living man. This is a working age, how far Christians are striving to make it a praying one, will in part appear from this volume. Well would it be if that philosophy which is now dealing with fundamental questions, would, instead of disowning prayer as a living force, study its claims with a teachable spirit. We have no doubt that the recent scientific attacks upon the efficacy of prayer, will have the effect of awakening a practical interest in the subject throughout the Christian world.

OUR MONTHLY.

A

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DECEMBER—1872.

MAN AND NATURE IN AUSTRALIA.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE natives of Australia, New Guinea, and the smaller islands of the Archipelago, Ceram, Timor, Floris, and a few others, are of one type, the Australian; while the inhabitants of islands of the same clusters, many of them not more than fifty or a hundred miles distant, are of the Malay or Asiatic type. Two facts are apparent; first, that over extensive regions, where the climatic influences greatly differ, as in the higher and lower latitudes of Australia, the race is the same; and secondly, in islands of the same chain, having the same volcanic origin, and agreeing in physical conditions, the races differ materially. There is no room here for the development theory; the only satisfactory way of accounting for these facts is the supposition that the Australian is an earlier and a degenerate offshoot of the original Asiatic stock, degraded by moral and physical causes, operating through a long period of time, while the Malay race, setting out from the continent and spreading eastward at a later day, bore with them and retained more of the Asiatic vigor and culture. That the inferior race should have been pressed eastward and confined within its present limits, is no more unaccountable than

that the Celtic inhabitants of Britain should have been driven by their Anglo-Saxon invaders into the mountains of Wales and the highlands of Scotland; or that the Straits of Gibraltar should become the final boundary between the European and the Moorish races. Among moral causes of human degradation, mutual distrust and wretched habits of living must always have a large place. Australia lies half in the torrid and half in the south temperate zone, and the fervent heats of the island, even on the supposition, which is not probable, that its inhabitants were white when they first crossed the adjacent seas, would be sufficient in one or two thousand years to give them a very dark complexion.

The opponents of the doctrine of the unity of the race rely for an argument upon differences in the anatomical structure. But among them there is a fatal want of agreement, both in the number of original races and as to where the lines are to be drawn. If such differences prove as many as three or five independent sources of mankind, they will quite as logically prove twenty.

A comparison of languages will show that the words in common use among the Papuan tribes, whether black or brown,

are almost as nearly allied to those of the Malay race as the different tribes of the Malay are to each other. A study of the tables at the end of Mr. Wallace's *Malay Archipelago* will lead to this conclusion, which is a very striking one, and quite subversive of the theory of an original, continental diversity in the origin of the human species. Mr. Wallace, who is a great admirer of Darwin, is evidently at a loss in accounting for this fact. The resemblance is radical, and by no means modern in its origin. It seems strange that Mr. Wallace should endeavor to account for the resemblance by the trivial consideration of Malay wanderers into the Papuan or Polynesian division of islands, for it is an established fact that no permanent impression is made upon the language of a people by small bodies of foreigners. Even the words and phrases of large bodies of emigrants, unless they become rulers of the country, melt away in a few years into the prevailing tongue, like snow upon the brook. Philology connects the Papuans with the Malays as to origin, and the Malays are confessedly Asiatic in their derivation.

A similar line of division separates between two portions of the Malay Archipelago in respect to natural productions. This line is from two to five hundred miles west of the other. It runs between Bali and Lombok, and northward through Macassar Strait. All the islands to the east of this line nearly resemble Australia in their animal and vegetable productions; those west of it are Asiatic. The shallow seas connecting the larger islands of each set indicate a probable connection by land at some period in the past, the land, now covered by shallow water, having subsided. Thus in the distribution of plants and animals the same forms could have been more easily carried to the places where we now find them, than if the present insular arrangement had always prevailed. The facts point to a large Australian continent at some remote period, including New Guinea, the Aru Islands and many of the Polynesian groups, a period remote in comparison with man's historic age,

but recent in respect to the geologic periods.

So far as distribution may account for the existence of forms of animal and vegetable life, we need not assume independent creations. But when a continent rose from the sea with climatic and geographical conditions of its own, as a new field for organic life, we have reason to believe original creations took place, modified, of course, in the ages that followed, by the changes to which the region was subjected.

The post-tertiary period, that which immediately preceded the age of man, furnished the key to the present systems of animal and vegetable life throughout the world. The species in most instances were large, and after they became extinct their successors, as we now see them, were similar, but generally smaller. Thus, as Dana has shown, while Asia was and is the continent of carnivorous animals, North America of herbivorous, South America of edentates, Australia was and is the continent of the marsupials, the lowest of quadrupeds.

A marsupial is a pouched animal, bringing forth its young in an immature state, nursing and warming them to a state of perfection by means of the pouch. It thus appears as intermediate between birds and reptiles on the one hand, and the placental mammals on the other. In its natural history Australia is peculiar, exhibiting no species except the marsupials, such as kangaroos, opossums, wombats, and the duck-bill or platypus. Java and Borneo abound in monkeys, tigers, deer, wild cattle, and many other mammals, also pheasants, woodpeckers, thrushes, &c., none of which are found in Australia and New Guinea. The flora as well as the fauna is distinct.

Geologists hold that in the tertiary period the great mountain chains of the world were elevated to their present heights, many of them already high being lifted higher. The continents were also broadened, a tertiary strip being added, like tucks upon a garment let out. These elevations in one part of the globe would necessitate depressions in others. Among the losing portions must have been the

Australian continent and the part of the Pacific now full of islands. Thither would flow the waters of the ocean to restore the balance of the globe. While new creations greeted the Western and Eastern continents, the former excelling in trees and plants, and the latter, Asia especially, in animals, life in the doomed portion moved in the same circles as of old. If after the post-tertiary there were new creations in Australia, there was little or no progress.

It must not be supposed that any two of the continents are equally advanced in the scale of fitness for human occupation. Even North America, though its primary rock formations antedate those of most other quarters of the globe, is one step lower than Europe and Asia, which together form one continent. We have a human type of our own, which, whatever the national origin, two or three generations suffice to render distinguishable. There is a manifest tendency in America to a sallow complexion, and to a lantern-jawed structure of the face, which our transatlantic brethren have not failed to note; and though with our science and Christian civilization we may never fear a final approximation to the copper hue and high cheek bones of our aborigines, were we abandoned to isolation, superstition and ignorance, as they have been for many generations, we should be at last as hatchet-faced and as copper-shaded as they are. In our temperature, so variable and liable to great extremes, with other physical agencies tending to promote nervousness and mobility, we have difficulties to encounter from which Europe is happily free.

Looking at Australia we see that physically it is in the rear-guard of continents, being in the scale the last and lowest. Europe was as far advanced in the early tertiary as this insular continent now is, having in that age animals Australian in type, the marsupials and edentates. The present Australian type of trees is the same that prevailed to a considerable extent in Europe in the tertiary period, the leaves being often small and leathery, set in rows upon pendant stems, or such as give the branches a

light feathery appearance. In Europe and America the leaves usually present their flat surfaces to the sun, but in Australia they present their edges to that luminary, making poor shade for man and beast.

The native Australian race is the lowest of all in civilization. According to the customary classifications, this race is distinct, having a cast of features as unique as the Malay or the American Indian. A fact for the student in this connection is the remarkable variation of the temperature, which is the most changeable of all climates in the world. By this is the human subject rendered nervous and quick in motion; and another cause tending to the same result is the wariness and rapidity of movement of the Australian animals. To procure his food the native must learn to overtake the fugitive, jumping creatures, with which the Australian forests and marshes abound.

The profile of the Australian shows less deformity than that of the African; his jaws do not protrude, nor does his forehead recede as far as those of the latter. The hair curls, but it is long and flowing, and not crisp and woolly, and the beard is full and heavy. The breasts and arms of many of the men are as thickly coated with hair, we may suppose, as were those of the Syrian Esau.

The Australian goes naked, except when the weather requires protection from the cold. When he needs it, he knows how to manufacture a cloak of dried grass, large enough to cover the whole body. Among the objects of his handicraft are nets for fishing, and for trapping kangaroos and other game; opossum skin cloaks, spears, shields, boomerangs, and nullah-nullahs, (a short club thrown with great force.) His implements are rude; the currajong tree, with its fibres like those of the cocoa-nut, furnishes him with ropes and strings.

The women (called "gins," with the g hard,) do the servile work, and are the abject slaves of the men. After the man of the hut has partaken of most of the meat, he will throw a bone or two, or a few refuse pieces to the hag-looking gin, who greedily accepts the dog's fare.

Considering the hard life they lead, and the burdens they have to carry, it is no wonder that the women look ugly and miserable.

The natives have a wide liking for every thing eatable. Their food is the flesh of all animals, not excepting reptiles and insects; snakes are a common article of diet. The women cultivate yams in a small way; they must find the oysters, if any are to be had; they will plunge into the sea to find shellfish and lobsters for the men, and dive into the marshes and burrow in the mud to obtain the edible roots of a certain bulrush. A strange fruit, often gathered and eaten, is the nardoo. It is the spore of a flowerless plant, a large fern, and is of the size of a pea. When procured, and before it is pounded like buckwheat into flour for cakes, it is capable of swelling enormously when soaked in water. It has been known to enlarge itself to two hundred times its natural size. There is nothing like it to do away with the emptiness of hunger, but it is said there is no nourishment in it.

The highest idea of happiness possessed by a native is in eating to repletion. If he can be quite overmastered and rendered stupid by the food he takes, the gormandizer has reached the acme of his hopes; he now lies on the ground tormented by the inward pains of surfeiting. Provided food is plentiful, the only limit to his energies in the stuffing process is the pains of being over-distended; when these subside he is ready to return again to the charge.

When Captain Cook, the discoverer of Australia, first landed at what was afterwards called Botany Bay, he found the natives unapproachable, moved by turns with fear and hatred of their white visitors. Cook concluded that being a black race, their fear was due in great part to the white skins of the English, the natives having been accustomed to regard the devil and all demons as white. To give themselves a warlike and terrible look they would paint white stripes upon their black skins. Who knows that we are right in associating black with things diabolical, and with this reversal of white

and black, who can tell whether there is any thing in colors beyond the imagination of the beholder?

Four natives, further up the coast, were at last induced by Captain Cook to come on board. In order to gain their confidence, nails, beads and similar objects were thrown to them, but they took no notice of them. But the offer of a fish was understood, and this proved the open sesame to their hearts.

The fact that man degenerates the farther we go from the Caucasian centre of the world, Armenia and the plains of Iran, proves the unity of the race. With civilization, the mother race, or a goodly branch of it, has held its own, even when transplanted to distant shores; but the types that have resulted from the ancient occupancy of distant lands, with adverse conditions of climate, and the loss of the primal civilization, have become degraded in proportion to the distance from the cradle of the race. The Patagonian, the Hottentot and the Australian show this inferiority in a deficiency in beauty of form as well as in mental and moral traits. Guiot says, "The South Australian, with his gaunt body, his lean members, his bending knees, his hump back, his projecting jaws, presents the most melancholy assemblage the human figure can offer." He observes that the pictures of the features of an Australian man and a woman of Tasmania (Van Dieman's Land), as given in a comparative view of heads, show the last degree to which ugliness can go in a being created as a model of perfection, and destined to sway a sceptre over the world.

The Australians are not altogether exempt from the tyranny of fashion. The men wear upon their backs, arms and shoulders, big welts or scars as ornaments. This is a gross exaggeration of the tattoo, practised by the islanders of the South Seas. The wounds when made are quite painful, and they swell up like whipcords through the addition of clay.

They are treacherous and cunning, and when their passions are roused they are cruel. Their religion is a low superstition, like fetishism; the only idea they



AUSTRALIAN NATIVES AND METROSIDEROS TREES.

have of a Superior Being is that of powers above them capable of doing them mischief. They live in dread of several evil spirits or monsters, half brute, half demon, the chief of which is Bunyip.

Mr. Darwin,* speaking of the condition of many of the blacks, says: "In their own arts they are admirable. A cap being

* *Naturalist's Voyage Round the World.*

fixed at thirty yards distance, they trans-fixed it with a spear, delivered by the throwing stick, with the rapidity of an arrow from the bow of a practised archer. In tracking animals or men, they show most wonderful sagacity, and I heard of several of their remarks which manifested considerable acuteness. They will not, however, cultivate the ground, or build houses and remain stationary, or even take the trouble of tending a flock of sheep when given to them. * * It is very curious thus to see, in the midst of a civilized people, a set of harmless savages wandering about without knowing where they shall sleep at night, and gaining their livelihood by hunting in the woods. As the white man has travelled onwards, he has spread over the country belonging to several tribes. These, though enclosed by one common people, keep up their ancient distinctions, and sometimes go to war with each other."

The wars between the tribes are however never formidable, since the black Australian knows nothing of the organization of a large force. Nothing like an army can be moved and managed by any Australian chief.

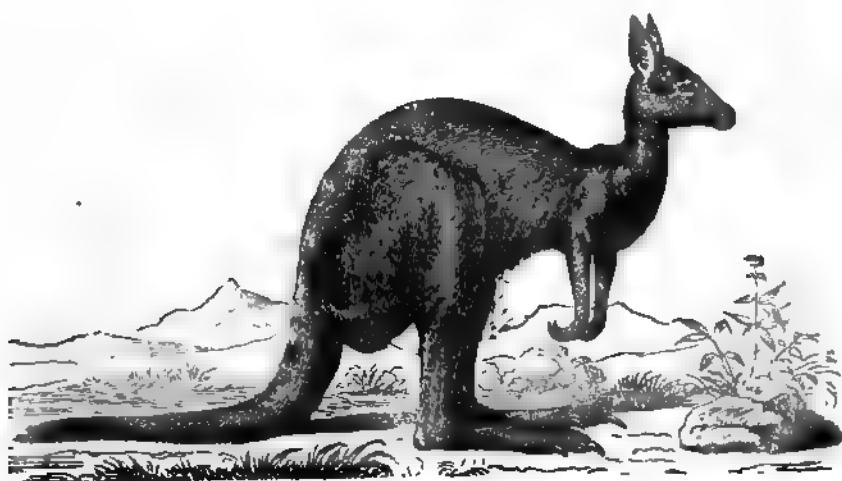
All have heard of the weapon peculiar to the Australian, the boomerang. There is no evidence that the people of any other nation, with all the art and invention that for thousands of years have kept the minds of men busy, have struck out the idea of this very efficient and very singular weapon. That a people, like the blacks of Australia, at the lowest ebb of civilization, should invent the boomerang, whose operation is a study for men of science, is a marvellous thing. The efficiency of the instrument in its return strokes depends upon the method of throwing it, especially in the art of making it revolve very rapidly. Among the paintings on the walls of an Egyptian tomb is one representing a bird killer in a boat among the reeds of the Nile, with a crooked stick, which some scholars have called the boomerang; but it is not at all likely that the missile was this instrument. With us imitations of the boomerang are generally made in shape like the letter L, but the original is more like

the mark of a parenthesis. It is curved on the upper side and flat below. It can be thrown very far and yet made to return to the thrower, or to strike an object near him.

The hard wood of which the clubs of many of the Australian tribes are made, is that of the *metrosideros* trees. This is the wood we sometimes see in the elaborately carved war clubs of the Polynesians. The trees of Australia are not large; they are mostly a family of gum trees. One species of these, however, (*Eucalypti*), furnishes specimens of enormous size, often rising to a height of two hundred and fifty feet, and seventy feet in circumference. In most of the forests the trees stand apart, so that almost everywhere a horseman can ride through them. Besides the vertical position of the leaves already referred to, another singular feature is seen in the fact that the leaves of the same tree neither bud forth nor fall off at the same time.

Captain Cook's party found in the mangrove trees nests of a green stinging insect, also green caterpillars, with hairs that sting like nettles. On other trees they found large ants' nests made of clay, of the size of a bushel basket. Some trees had been taken possession of by black ants, which had entered and filled the branches as the Greeks filled the Trojan horse, the inner substance being eaten entirely out. To break a branch was an act of daring, as the wrathful inmates would immediately swarm out for vengeance.

The scientific gentlemen of the exploring expedition under Captain Cook found the portion of the island they visited very favorable for botanical excursions, and delighted with their success in making collections, they named the inlet Botany Bay. While the ship was repairing the members of the party made excursions into the adjacent country. It is recorded that the astonishment of the strangers at the sight of the new and curious animals was unbounded. An animal was seen by two or three of them which they described as something like a grayhound and something like a deer, mouse colored, with a great wealth of tail. Mr. Banks, who was thought to know something of



THE KANGAROO.

natural history, was taken all aback, and deferred his opinion till he could see for himself. He had not long to wait. His amazement when he saw the enormous leap of the animal, was equal to his bootless surmisings as to the place the creature occupied in the animal kingdom.

Though familiar through books of travel and natural history with the strange animals of the island continent, we cannot withhold our amazement when the living creatures meet our eyes in their native wilds. We will suppose you are riding out in the "bush," as the forest is called in Australia; your companion, who divides his time between sheep raising and hunting, has caught a sign from the sagacious black who, as an *avant-coureur*, serves the purpose of a dog. You noiselessly creep up to a forest glade, and an ever to be remembered scene bursts upon your astonished eyes. The tableau consists of a dozen kangaroos, sitting upon their hind feet, each as tall as a man, and altogether forming a resemblance to a group of Indian chiefs gravely holding a council about the affairs of their tribe.

The kangaroo is only moderately gregarious; it is indeed more frequently found feeding alone than in groups. There are forty species, ranging in height from six feet to three inches. The latter are known as kangaroo rats. A skeleton

of an erect kangaroo, with its short arms, and its feet resting with the whole sole upon the ground, looks not unlike that of a man. There are five toes on the fore foot, and only four on the hind one. Except in the act of eating, the forepaws are seldom set to the ground, locomotion is effected by leaps, the tail contributing curiously to the movement, even in the short hops the animal takes in moving about among the herbage which constitutes its food. The tail not only aids in making the jump, but it serves as a guide in the creature's passage through the air. It will leap twenty feet at a single bound, and will clear obstacles six or seven feet high.

The tail likewise serves as a weapon when the kangaroo is brought to bay by the dogs. With it he can often administer a blow as effectively as the elephant with his trunk. The sharp and horny nails of the hind feet and the claws of the fore feet are also of use in defensive warfare. Pursued by dogs the kangaroo often takes refuge in a shallow pond, and with his head and shoulders out of the water he waits for his persecutor. The dog is at once seized with the powerful claws and thrust under water, where, notwithstanding his struggles, he is held until he is drowned.

Kangaroos are naturally timid, and

are dangerous only when attacked and driven to close quarters. A net with large meshes is used by the natives for capturing them. The blacks in a large body move on to their feeding grounds, and having placed the nets, they drive as many as they can get together towards them, and finally coming up to the game they have caught, among which are often several emus, they dispatch them with their clubs.

Though the great kangaroo weighs as much as a sheep, its young, when born, is not half as large as a mouse, nor has it much more resemblance to an animal than to a vegetable. Through the mother's aid it finds its way into the pouch, where it is suckled till it is able to go out and crop the grass for itself.

There are no real mice in Australia, unless some have been brought thither in ships; their place is taken by the kangaroo mice, which gnaw through wood, and are as mischievous as the common mice. There is a kangaroo rat of the size of a rabbit, which burrows in the ground and moves by leaps. A kangaroo rat is common in Klamath, in northern California; another, resembling the jerboa, is found in considerable numbers on the Platte river. The gophers, both of Minnesota and Oregon, are pouched rats.

An Australian rat builds houses like the wood rat of California, though of a different genus. The Californian house-builder abounds in the Santa Clara valley, where the oaks are thick. Under each tree are from one to six buildings, of a conical form, four or five feet high, with five or six entrances near the ground. Beneath are burrows into which the rat escapes when his house is torn down. The materials are short sticks and chips, and sometimes bones, those at the top being arranged so as to shed the rain.

The wombat, misnamed the badger by the colonists, is eaten by Europeans as well as by natives. It is harmless, though wild and fierce in look. It is two feet long, tailless, and moves like a bear.

The phalangers are nocturnal quadrupeds, sometimes called squirrels by the

European inhabitants, notwithstanding the fact that including the tail they are three and a half feet long. They live on trees, and make their food of insects and vegetable productions. There is a dwarf phalanger two inches in length without the tail.

Among living animals there are none stranger than the platypus, or ornithorhynchus. The bat, on account of its ready flight, is recognized as a link between quadrupeds and birds; another link between the two groups, not in any scientific sense, however, is afforded in the platypus with its duck-bill. This animal, resembling the otter in its habits, frequents the banks of the rivers and ponds, living on water plants and the smaller water animals. It is eighteen inches in length; its horny bill contains two teeth, placed far back in the mouth. The membranes of the fore-feet are better filled out than those of the hinder ones. A spur on the hind-foot of the male has a poison bag attached, furnishing the weapon with the means of inflicting a painful but not fatal wound. The nostrils are at the end of the upper portion of the beak. Its house, formed by burrowing, has two front doors, one opening above, the other below the water. The latter enables it to steal out noiselessly when it wishes to forage upon the water animals. The platypus is often seen swimming about in the rivers and ponds with its head above the water.

A variety of the domestic dog was found in the country at the time of its discovery, and subsequent investigation has shown that this canine is not a native. He is as far inferior to a grayhound or a St. Bernander as the Australian negro is below the Caucasian white. Our dog owes much to civilization. The dog of the aborigines, whether of Australia or North and South America, is a low cur, taking his level from his master. He is of small size, with pointed ears, sharp nose, and a thievish, hang-dog appearance generally. The wild dogs of Australia, evidently a breed imported many centuries ago, are called dingoes. This animal is not a marsupial, and he is like a jackal in some of his characteris-



THE PLATYPUS.

ties. Even the domestic dog, so fondly cherished by the native women, easily becomes wild. He has a peculiar howl, like that of a wild dog. The rural colonists promptly kill the stray dogs, knowing that as soon as they become wild they will make havoc among their sheep and calves.

In ornithology Australia is rich and diversified. There is no end to the novelties, from a little wren no bigger than a thimble, to the great emu. The latter, though fleet of foot, like the ostrich, is unable to fly. What is called the South American ostrich is often known by the name of emu, but the two totally differ.

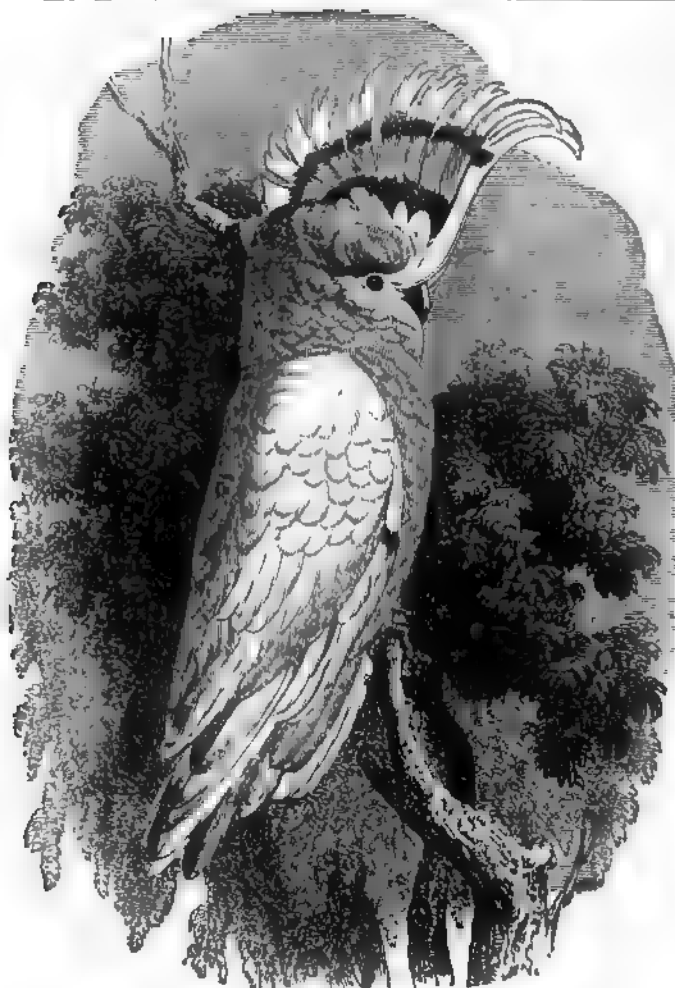
The cockatoo is more droll even than the parrot, to whose tribe he may be considered as belonging. He can imitate tones better than words. This bird may be said to have named himself, for the syllables cock-a-too are those which he most frequently utters, both in his wild and tame state. Even the black cockatoos have a white powdery substance secreted either by the skin or the feathers.

Not only is the hooked bill a valuable

aid in climbing trees and moving about from branch to branch, but the deep red tongue, cylindrical in shape and terminating in a black, flat, strong substance, is capable of laying hold of the smaller branches. The bird flies slowly, and it frequents the trees for the sake of the fruits and seeds, which constitute its food. A flock of white cockatoos gracefully flitting towards a grove of trees, disappearing and reappearing amid the bright green foliage, is a beautiful sight.

The fan-like plume of the crested cockatoo serves, by its rising and falling, to express the strong emotions of pleasure or anger. He can raise or lower it at will. A love of admiration is as marked in this bird as in the peacock. When exhibited, he naturally expects praise and attention; if these are withheld he will manifest his ire by angry looks, screams and yells. The white-crested cockatoo wears a beautiful tinge of rose color, and is as large as a common fowl.

Among the other birds are paroquets, taxing the ear with their harsh cries, but atoning for this by delighting the eye



GREAT WHITE CRESTED COCKATOO.

with their plumage of bright metallic colors. There are also miner birds, gray and black, speckled honey-suckers, and leather-heads, with their ruffle of white feathers surrounding a naked neck, which gives them the appearance of small vultures. There is also a piping crow, which imitates the voices of other birds, and a bell-bird, whose voice rings like a stroke upon a glass jar or a bell of thin metal.

Wild animals are not as plentiful now as formerly in Australia. Both the kangaroo and emu are doomed to extinction. Yet it is unquestionable that the native

animals are physically adapted to the country. The Australian continent is low and marshy, and broken by low hills; no animal could be better fitted to such a country, whose meadows are so productive in grass, than the kangaroo, with its grazing habits and wonderful leaping propensities.

The northern portion of the island, as far south as 17 degrees, though the region of the "salt bush," and of springs of volcanic origin, is hot. The "salt bush" can be eaten by cattle, but the intense heat and the thirst it occasions, render the region unprofitable for stock raising. The second region, a zone of seven hundred miles in breadth,

is the region of porcupine grass, edible for cattle, though the soil is poor and the water scant. The remaining portion, being well wooded and well watered, is fertile. Of all these divisions travellers give a different report, according as their visit is made in the wet or the dry season. Camels have been successfully introduced by the British government. When they were first seen by the natives they were regarded with great awe and alarm.

The prevailing character of the island is the plain, wooded or barren. The prevalence of meadows along the bay

of the streams, renders large portions of the southern part fitted for sheep raising, and the production of wool is the chief occupation of the English inhabitants. Convict labor was at one time much relied upon by the farmers in the busy seasons, the government supplying the "hands." Some of the descendants of these convicts are now among the most influential and wealthy citizens. Like our own Indians, the aborigines are diminishing; it is probable that their present number does not exceed ten thousand. The influx of Anglo-Saxon population consequent upon the discovery of gold, like the rush to California for the same reason, is one of the significant events of the present century.

The inhabitants of New South Wales, once a penal settlement, were for a long time mostly convicts, and as vice and crime were in the established order of things, we may well conceive that the state of society was very unpromising. The Wesleyans were promptly on the field, and were instrumental in reclaiming thousands of the wretched exiles and their families, and in purifying the moral atmosphere of the colonies. After a while missions were begun by them among the aborigines with good results, and many striking proofs were afforded of the power of the gospel in removing the ignorance and wretchedness of mankind. The Episcopalians have also organized a society for the evangelization of the blacks. The Scotch Presbyterian Assemblies have not been idle, though their agencies are mostly confined to the English and Scotch population. The Free Church (Presbyterian) numbers in Australia and Tasmania about 245 ministers and 350 churches.

The Moravians, who have ever been remarkable for the selection of the hardest fields and the most debased populations for their missionary efforts, began their self-denying work here in 1849, at Lake Boga. Hopeless as the task seemed, they have been very successful.

A selection from the last report of this mission will be a fitting termination of this article, adding, as it does, its con-

fimation to the fact that the prime agency for making base men noble and miserable souls happy is the Christian religion. It conspires with such facts as the efficiency of the native police in demonstrating the doctrine of the unity of the race, through the susceptibility of all men to improvement by means of Christian influences. If Christianity can transform men from the basest to the best, the oneness of the race, as well as the unity of its fall, is established. The moral argument for the doctrine is a strong one; the moral constitution of all men is the same, and the gospel produces in all races the same results.

"At the station Ramahyuck a new schoolhouse has been built. With the exception of the brick chimney, the whole building was put up and finished by the native converts. Their work compares favorably with any done by white men. The cost of the house was provided by two gentlemen, one a Catholic and the other a Jew. They were so impressed, on a visit to the school, with the wonderful progress made by the little black scholars, that they offered to pay for a new and larger building for the school. The Government Inspector of Schools has reported that the Ramahyuck school is the *best* of its class in the whole colony, the pupils excelling especially in writing.

"The choir of Ebenezer station consists of thirty-four natives, old and young, and their singing is described by one of the local newspapers as being really very good. The harmonium is played by a black woman.

"The missionaries report that cases of immorality are very rare amongst the people living at the stations. The most of them live in little cottages built by themselves. These are not indeed models of neatness, but they are a great improvement on the 'mia-mia' which they formerly used, and which consisted only of a few branches of trees for a roof. A few of the cottages are very clean and well furnished. The children are well-behaved, and family prayers are held in almost every house, morning and evening."

LIGHTS OF THE DARK AGES.

BY REV. DAVID MAGILL.

VIII.—ANSELM, THE SCHOOLMAN.

THOUGH Alexander of Hales, commonly known as "the Irrefragable Doctor," has been by many authors of note considered the founder of the scholastic system and the first of the Schoolmen, we adopt the now more prevalent opinion, and go back a century further for our representative.

The boy Anselm had many advantages. First and most important of all, he had a mother of unusually deep and active piety; but it was no small benefit to him, and must have colored his future life, that his early days were spent in sight of the grand slopes of the Piedmontese Alps, on whose tops, his biographer tells us, "he used to fancy that heaven rested."

Distinguished at school, he early showed a desire for the learned seclusion of the cloister; but his father's more ambitious plans opened to him other prospects which lured him for a time from his destined path.

The death of his mother seems to have set him adrift in the world; but the harshness of his father drove him, (now a rather dissipated youth,) across the Alps to seek his fortune.

Gradually the old tastes instilled by his mother returned, and attracted by the wide-spread fame of Lanfranc, he came to the Abbey of Bec, in Normandy. Here he speedily distinguished himself, and soon proved that he was a scholar not much inferior to his master.

He was appointed assistant to Lanfranc himself, but with this he was not long satisfied, as he now found a debate going on in his mind whether or not he should take upon himself stricter vows of religious life in the monastery, or should continue his secular studies.

He put his case into the hands of the Archbishop of Rouen, who, acting upon

the advice of Lanfranc, determined him to stay in Bec. The wish of his youth for a religious life had now returned again, and in obedience to his superior he took the cowl, and remained with Lanfranc as not only his *protégé*, but his companion and his friend.

Little did these two then think that they in succession should be the favorites of great kings and the chief ecclesiastical rulers of a great kingdom. Here they lived in harmony, although they would most naturally be supposed to cherish some sort of rivalry. They were fellow-countrymen in a strange land, where they both were revered as men of learning, and the position in which they were placed was eminently calculated to arouse feelings of jealousy. Anselm was superior to Lanfranc as a scholar and a thinker, and he had perhaps a deeper piety and a stronger sense of duty; but he was totally devoid of those great elements of success which made Lanfranc the reformer of a Church, and the trusted friend of the founder of a great dynasty. Lanfranc was immeasurably his superior in every department of practical work, and therefore though his inferior in mental calibre, he has left his impress on English history; while Anselm is only remembered by a few students of philosophy and of *a priori* theology, as a curious theorizer upon unpractical speculative questions.

He had been three years in Bec when—Lanfranc having been appointed Abbot of Caen—he was nominated to the vacant office of Prior. His appointment was not, however, without opposition, and it is probable that by his cool and quiet assumptions and his ignorance of human nature, he had made many enemies. They, however, changed their opposition into admiration when they saw the wisdom and

earnestness with which he performed the duties of his office. He was eminently suited to it also, for on the Abbot devolved the care of the secular concerns of the monastery, thus leaving the teaching of the youth and the spiritual care of the monks in charge of the Prior. Anselm compares the mind to wax, which requires to be of a proper consistency to receive impressions, and he took care to make the minds of his pupils soft to receive good impressions, but hard enough to retain them and resist the evil. Now following in the steps of his predecessor, and allowed the same privileges by the Abbot Herluin, his fame for learning, fresh, vigorous thought, and native dialectical talent spread far and wide, and students in crowds came to his lectures with even more avidity than to those of Lanfranc. The monastery became more than ever the centre of light to Normandy, France and England. By his personal interest and kindly affection in his monks and pupils, he inspired them with love and enthusiasm. Here he had ample opportunities in the quiet of his monastery to spend his days in earnest devotion, intimate communion with God, and the searching analysis of the questions of scholastic metaphysics which made him famous as the theologian of the Church in the Middle Ages. His personal qualities in intercourse with the world presented many attractions.

Humble and devoted, considerate and gentle, never swerving from the path of duty, he gained the affections of every one. "All men rejoiced in his conversation; he gained the love of young and old, of men and women, of rich and poor, and all were glad to minister to him," says his biographer Eadmer. "He was the darling of France and Normandy, known and welcome also in England." "The Western world," says the bombastic Ordericus Vitalis, "was filled to inebriation with the nectar of Anselm's lofty character."

In 1078 the venerable Herluin died, and Anselm, having now conquered all the early prejudices against him, was unanimously elected Abbot of Bec. But now the humility of Anselm showed itself

more conspicuously than in the former election, for it was only after the most earnest and long-continued entreaties of the monks that he accepted the office. We shall see that this feature of character, this *nolo episcopari*, reappears strongly marked, though somewhat incongruously, throughout his history. Perhaps he felt that for this office he was not so well fitted as for that of Prior. He had the ardent piety and the power of teaching requisite to the Prior, but had not the executive ability indispensable in the Abbot, who was mainly concerned with the secular affairs. Unqualified by nature for such an office, and not caring for the necessary connection which he must have with the petty jealousies and little rivalries of the monastery, he besought Maurilus of Rouen to relieve him of his dignity.

All was in vain, and he was compelled to accept the Abbot's staff from the hand of William the Conqueror. Anselm was a very bad financier, and we find sometimes the monastery in such straits that utensils of the church had to be pawned to buy oats and pulse for the hungry monks. He himself was very abstinent, seldom taking more than one slice of bread at each meal; but his intimate friends used to take advantage of his absent-mindedness, and when he had finished one piece replace it by another, which he would unconsciously eat, for "he would swallow any thing that might be placed in his way." Here he lived peacefully and quietly, though improvidently, and notwithstanding the many discomforts of a monastery, where all lived from hand to mouth, the character of Bec as a place of learning rose higher than ever it had been under the administration of Herluin and Lanfranc. A larger, more improvident, and more ragged crowd of philosophers could not have been seen in Europe than that assembled in the lecture-room at Bec.

But away from the quiet banks of the Risle, there were tumults and commotions in which Anselm must soon take part. Across the Alps in Italy, his home, Gregory VII. has been deposed, and Clement III. and Urban II. are fight-

ing for the Papal throne. The fight is not yet over, but Normandy and Anselm have declared for Urban. Across the channel in England no choice has as yet been made. William's rough, licentious and impecunious son, the Red King, "fears God very little, and man not at all," says William of Malmesbury.

Ralph Flambard, the Firebrand, the fierce, cunning and unscrupulous Bishop of Durham, was his chief adviser. Under his direction Rufus, who hated the very name of religion, plundered all the property of the English church on which he could lay his hands, and in spite of every remonstrance, wasted its revenues in boisterous rioting and profuse expenditure. The Archbishopric of Canterbury had been vacant ever since the death of Lanfranc, on account of the policy of the king, who by keeping the see vacant was enriched with the revenue which would otherwise have fallen to the incumbent.

This state of matters, however, could not long continue, and the necessity of filling the archiepiscopal chair was forced frequently upon the mind of William Rufus.

The public voice of England cried loudly for Anselm, whose fame had spread across the channel, and who besides was personally known to many of the churchmen, who had seen him when on visits of business to the English priories dependent on the establishment of Bec. Hugh de Loup, the powerful Earl of Chester, an old friend of Anselm, had recently founded a monastery, and was now seriously ill. He wrote to Anselm, requesting him to come to Chester to give him spiritual consolation and advice about the monastery. The Abbot was, though humble, sensitive to public opinion. He wrote in reply, "I am in a strait on all sides. If I go, it will be suspected that the cause of my going was the vacant archbishopric. If I do not go, I shall be a violator of the bond of fraternal love."

Yet, finally, we find that he consented, and on his way to Chester landed at Dover. Thence without delay he went to the court, where he was received by William with marks of distinction, as the friend

of Lanfranc, his father's counsellor. Anselm intimated to the king that he wished a private conference, which was at once granted. The king was astounded to hear Anselm begin the conference by upbraiding him with his sinful conduct with regard to the church property since he had come to the throne. William Rufus was a passionate man, and brooked not interference with his affairs in any, even his most intimate friends. We may well imagine with what indignation the impetuous, yellow-haired and stuttering, corpulent king, listened to the calm, clear-voiced, dark, emaciated Italian, who heeded not the proprieties of time and place, but thought only of performing his duty to his God and to his Church. But the king restrained himself. Shortly after this interview William was sounded as to his opinion of Anselm, and he replied: "If I were to hold out to him the faintest hope of the archbishopric, he would clasp me by the neck in gratitude; but by the Holy Face of Lucca,* neither he nor any one else shall be Archbishop of Canterbury but myself!" But the king was seized with a violent sickness, which all the skill of the leeches could not assuage.

It seemed to the conscience-stricken monarch that the denunciations of Anselm had brought down upon him the wrath of God. He sent for Anselm, and promised many reforms, but still the sickness did not relax its hold. It was remembered that as yet no Archbishop had been appointed. The question was asked the dying king, who replied, "The Abbot of Bec." The king began to show signs of recovery, and with shouts of acclamation the bishops and attendants rushed from the sick chamber, seized the reluctant Anselm, who pleaded his age and ignorance of practical affairs, and dragged him into the presence of the king, who with tears entreated them that they would compel the Abbot to have mercy on the king, and force upon him the proffered honor. A curious scene ensued. "Had it been the will of God,"

* Baronius tells us that "the Holy Face of Lucca" was a figure of the Saviour in cedar-wood, said to have been carved by Nicodemus.

says Anselm, "I would gladly have died on the spot." They brought the crozier to the bedside, and by physical force compelled him to grasp it in his aged and feeble fingers. The blood rushed from his nostrils, he struggled against them with his utmost might, but they held the crozier in his hand, and they half dragged, half carried him to the neighboring church, where the chorus of the *Te Deum* drowned his oft reiterated cry, "It is nought. It is nought that ye do!"

This scene at Gloucester took place on Sunday, the 6th of March, 1093.

Anselm could not now refuse the honors and the dangers thus thrust upon him. As soon as the king recovered, Anselm was informed that it was necessary for him to make the king a present upon his installation. Anselm demurred, and with difficulty was persuaded to make up a present of five hundred pounds of silver, which was a large sum, if we consider the value of silver in those days, and the poor condition of the estates. The king refused the present as insignificant, in the hopes of obtaining more.* Anselm now found out that truly he was, as he says, yoked to an untamed bull. "You are yoking," says he, "an untamed bull and a weak ewe in the same plough, and what will be the result?"

But the "untamed bull" found that the "weak ewe" was fully his match. Anselm took his money away with him, gave it to the poor, and never offered more to the king.

William was exceedingly irritated, and the injudicious, while conscientious conduct of Anselm did not sooth him into a more amiable state of mind. But a short time after, at Hastings, when the king was making preparations for an expedition into Normandy, the archbishop chose

* Du Pin seems to think that this first present was offered for the purpose of assisting the king in the war which "that prince undertook against his brother *Richard*, (probably he means Robert,) to recover (!) the Dukedom of Normandy." The edition used by the writer is the London one, printed for Abel Swal, at the Unicorn, in Pater Noster Row, and Timothy Child, at the White Hart, in St. Paul's Church-yard, MDCXCVIII.

this most unfortunate time for impressing upon him the necessity of reformation in the Church. "I do therefore advise you, I beseech you, I admonish you, that you straightway appoint abbots to those disorganized monasteries, lest in the perdition which awaits the guilty monks in their ruined monasteries, you yourself, which God forbid, should be involved." The prerogatives of kingly dignity were new to the Norman monarchs, and therefore they were most jealous of their unaccustomed honors. William had never been crossed by Lanfranc, who was more of an imperialist than a papist, and now his son ill-brooked the monitions of Anselm, who was the representative of the new Hildebrandine policy, an obedient servant of the Church, who, conscientiously believing that the Romish church was the fountain of all truth, endeavored ever, in the face of all opposition, to carry out its behests, never questioning, but receiving in simple credulity all the dogmas and edicts proceeding from the chair of St. Peter.

Anselm was, as Bernard was at a later date, an example of the monkish tendency of thought, which, when it was not revolutionary, quietly acquiesced in the teachings of the Church, and caused many of the finest minds in Europe to devote their intellect, not to explanation of and inquiry into, but to the defence at all hazards of what had once been pronounced by St. Peter. Dunstan, Anselm and Thomas à Becket were opponents of their kings, because they were churchmen rather than statesmen, while Lanfranc, Wolsey and Ximenes, though with different success, being politicians as well as, or rather than, churchmen, fought a more even-handed battle.

After Anselm had to his heart's content upbraided the king, he only obtained as his answer, "This conversation is offensive to me. You know very well that your predecessor would never have dared thus to speak to my father. Go, I can do nothing for you."

The bishops advised Anselm to regain the king's favor by purchase, but he indignantly repelled their suggestions, and refused to incur the guilt or appear to

sanction the crime of simony, by buying the favor of even the king. Now began a trial of strength between the king and the archbishop, which lasted during the whole life of Rufus, and brought down Anselm to the brink of the grave. The great question which was agitating Europe was now to be fought in all its issues, between these two men. The king had the bishops almost unanimously in his favor, the nobles were impartial, but mindful of their obedience to their feudal lord, while the English ceorls, the common folk, loved Anselm for his humility and his ever kind and constant benevolence. On the twenty-ninth of November William returned disappointed from Normandy, and was soon after met by Anselm, who asked from him liberty to go to Rome to receive his *pallium* from the hands of Pope Urban. "The hands of whom?" said the irate king. "Urban the Second," said Anselm, who had already in Normandy recognized him. The king had not as yet decided whether he should declare for Guibert of Ravenna, or for Urban; he did not as yet know which of them could be most cheaply purchased and most easily managed, and he resented this decision of Anselm as an encroachment upon the power of choice between rival popes vested in the kingly office. He charged Anselm with treason in thus assuming the functions which belonged to him alone, and procured his trial by a court of peers and prelates.

Some of the historians say that Anselm made it one of the conditions of acceptance of the archbishopric, that Urban should be acknowledged as Pope, but their statement is of doubtful authority. Here at any rate he was in the awkward predicament of having two conflicting lines of duty, and we need not be surprised that the assembly of English peers was of opinion that duty to the king was the first consideration, and that the pope's commands must take a subordinate position. The meeting was lengthy and perplexed. Anselm appeared not to see that the question had not only religious, but political bearings, and in either wilfulness or simplicity ignoring the fact that the real question was, Who is the pope?

he kept reiterating such sentences as this: "In the things that are God's I will render obedience to the Vicar of St. Peter, in those that belong of right to the earthly dignity of my lord the king, I will render him both faithful counsel and service." Anselm was a papist, and set his duty to the pope as equal to his duty to his God, and higher than to any other mortal man. With his dialectical skill in arguing, he soon showed the bishops that they were no match for him, and that he was irreconcilable. The Bishop of Durham was especially violent, and urged the Archbishop either to renounce his allegiance to Urban, or give back into the hands of the king his ring and crozier. But Anselm, as he had not sought the office, so now he would not be bullied out of it, nor would he resign when principle was at stake. He quietly but significantly answered, "Whoever wishes to prove that, because I refuse to renounce obedience to the Supreme Pontiff of the Holy Roman Church, I am therefore guilty of treason to my earthly monarch, let him come forward, and he will find me ready in the name of God to answer *as I ought and where I ought.*" The crowd of common people murmured their approval of the heroic old man, who thus unaided fought the whole civil and ecclesiastical power of the kingdom. One came out from the crowd and encouraged him by kneeling at his feet, and saying, "Lord and Father, thy children humbly beseech thee by me that thy heart be not troubled by what thou hast heard, but remember blessed Job, who vanquished the devil on a dunghill, and avenged Adam, whom the devil had conquered in Paradise!" The bishops declared to Rufus the failure of their endeavors to produce any change in the mind of Anselm. The barons were moved by the courage and self-possession of the noble old ecclesiastic, and did not relish the proposal of the Bishop of Durham that they should use violence with him and drive him out of England. "If you will not do this," said the king, "what will you do? In this realm I will have no equal. Get you gone; lay your heads together; for by God's countenance, if

you condemn him not according to my will, I will condemn you." But even the bishops could not be prevailed on to sentence Anselm, and Rufus himself caused a division among them by compelling each of them to say whether he unconditionally renounced Anselm as his chief, or only condemned his action with regard to Urban.

Those who renounced Anselm were insulted openly, even by the barons, while those who adopted the other alternative were driven from their benefices by the king. Now that one means had failed, and force was out of the question on account of the popularity of Anselm, William adopted an alternative, which it is wonderful he did not think of before. He sent two of his chaplains to Rome to select from the contending popes the one who would be most compliant to his wishes, and in obedience to these general instructions the ambassadors selected Urban, who, anxious for the patronage of the king, promised that the pallium should be sent to him *to bestow on whom he would*.

Anselm was astonished to hear that Walter of Albino, the legate of the Pope in whose defence he had suffered so much, had arrived in England with the Archbishop's pall, and had deposited it in the hands of the king without ever even informing him of the fact. But Rufus had not yet gained his point. While Anselm thought he was deserted, the politic Walter was representing to the king that he had been guilty of no offence against the ecclesiastical law, and as it would be a direct blow to the rising temporal power of the papacy to allow the pall to pass through regal hands, the wily legate manœuvred for delay. The bishops, at the private request of the king, endeavored to induce Anselm to make a present to him in order to regain his favor, but Anselm was sterling as gold; he refused to insult the king by offering him bribes, and the king with a bad grace, as Du Pin states, "perceiving that he was not able to accomplish his design, either to cause him to be deposed or oblige him to do what he required, was reconciled with him by

giving him the pall which Urban's legate had brought for his use."

Shortly after William showed that he had received the Archbishop into favor by borrowing from him, or accepting from him as a present, two hundred marks from the treasury of Canterbury, to assist him in making up the ten thousand pounds promised to Robert, who had offered to pawn his duchy for that sum. The apparent reconciliation did not however long continue, and in 1096 and the two following years, there was a constant strife between the two potentates. We have said that the Commons sympathized with Anselm, as they would have sympathized with any one who would have stepped in to save them from the oppression of the Norman king and nobles, and who set more value on their souls than their purses.

Yet comparatively little interest was taken by them in the quarrel, because both the combatants spoke a language unknown to them and belonged to another race. The dispute, however, has interest to the student of history and of character, who must watch with interest this strife in which a man, devoid of business tact, unsuspecting of men, and fond of retirement, when forced into a position requiring the opposite qualities, upheld not wisely but manfully its interests, and in the highest places in the land insisted that its dignity should be upheld and the property annexed to it preserved from a robber, even though he was a king. Though "he abhorred the name of property," he so far conquered his personal repugnance as to beard even a violent and headstrong king in defence of the temporalities of his see.

In 1098 the quarrel reached its crisis. As Anselm in his letter to Pascal gives substantially the same story as his opponents the bishops, we may as well quote and condense from it: "The king required me on the score of duty to consent to his will, contrary to the will of God. Since he came to the throne, thirteen years ago, he has not allowed a council to be held. As all, even my own suffragans opposed me, I sought leave to visit St. Peter's, to obtain advice. The

king replied that I had committed a crime in thus asking leave, and gave me my choice of suffering punishment for this offence, and promising never to repeat it, or to speedily leave the realm. I chose to depart." Du Pin, it is true, says that Anselm departed without leave, but the real course of this transaction may be briefly stated thus:

William Rufus was fighting with the Welsh. The contingent of forces from Canterbury was ridiculously mean, as we might have expected from knowledge of Anselm's straitened circumstances, improvidence and ignorance of warlike matters. The king took it as a personal insult. Anselm replied by quoting Jeremiah xiv. 19, "We looked for peace," etc. William signified his intention of having him tried for neglect of his duty in furnishing the proper quota of men. Anselm, in order to escape the bullying, asked for leave once and again to go to Rome, till the king wearied by his importunity, gave him the choice indicated above. He went to the king, gave him his parting blessing, "the blessing of a father to a son, of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the King of England." Yet he was persecuted, and on the way to Dover his very baggage was ransacked.

On the 15th October, 1097, he left England never again to see the face of his royal persecutor. He went to Urban, who was Pope at the Lateran, while Clement held his court in the castle of San Angelo. With Urban he was honored as was his due, but for two years little was done in his quarrel, till the Council of Lateran 1099, when sympathy with his adverse circumstances was emphatically expressed. But meanwhile here he had been adding to his reputation by his conduct at the Council at Bari. Here there was a debate, which Hume, with his wonted disparagement and ignorance of dogmatic theology, sneers at as frivolous. The discussion was between the advocates of the Greek and Romish view of the procession of the Holy Spirit, the question which had split the Church, and was now being re-discussed with a view to reunion. The Pope had read Anselm's book on "The

Trinity and the Incarnation," but not having specially studied the subject, was non-plussed by the acute Greeks. He had the presence of mind to call to his assistance a lean, dark and aged little stranger, who was sitting in a retired spot on the floor. Those in front crowded forward towards the throne, while those behind stood on tiptoe to see who was the stranger to whom the supreme Pontiff had called for succor. It was evening. The discussion was adjourned. Before the dawn of the Italian sun next morning the church was crowded, and the lips of the whole assembly were open, as if to drink in the eloquent words and rigidly logical arguments of Anselm, who, calm and unimpassioned, yet speaking with that not noisy but telling earnestness which proceeds from a sense of duty, enchained their attention, and with his resistless dialectics shattered to pieces the dogmatic figments of the Greeks. His was a speech to be followed, not with noisy acclamations or the clapping of hands, but the deep and fervent amen, which, uttered as if by one voice from one heart, showed his power over the hearts and minds of men.

After such an impression, how could the oppression, simony, disobedience and ingratitude of Rufus be regarded? The Pope rose up to pronounce the sentence of the Council, that "he be stricken with the sword of St. Peter, (*i. e.*, excommunicated,) that he be anathematized until he repent and amend." But through the earnest entreaty of the mild Anselm the sentence was not pronounced.

On the 2d of August, 1100, William Rufus was shot dead in the New Forest, and Henry Beauclerc ascended the throne of England. At Cluny, Anselm received from him a letter, saying that he awaited coronation at his hands, and promising all the reforms for which he had agitated.

On the 23d of September Anselm landed in England, but here again his firm adherence to the new laws of the Romish Church involved him in difficulties. The right of investiture had been refused to laymen, and excommunication was threatened upon all who gave or received offices in such a manner. Anselm

at once refused it at the hands of Henry, who, feeling that if the right was taken away from him, half his power would slip from his hands, strove by diplomatic despatches to the Pope to gain time.

The result was ambiguous, for besides the written answer which favored Anselm, the three bishops who had acted as envoys were unanimously certain that Pascal had orally decided in favor of Henry.

Anselm of course clung to the letter, while Henry acted on the oral answer. Again, Anselm wrote to the Pope, and received from him a letter confirming the former one, and denying having ever sent any verbal message by the envoys. In autumn 1103, we find Anselm again in Rome, where he found envoys from Henry ready to meet him, with the intimation that whatever is said on one side or other, "my lord the King of the English will not, if it costs him his kingdom, suffer himself to be deprived of the investiture of churches." To this the Pope replied, that he would sooner lose his life than suffer him to retain it. Affairs would seem now to have again reached a crisis, as the Pope, the Primate and the King each appeared so determined. Again we find the poor old worn out Archbishop, now verging on his 70th year, instead of travelling back on horseback over the whole breadth of Europe, (that weary road over the Alps he had so often crossed of late,) in company with the great Countess Matilda of Tuscany, making his way across the Apennines to Lyons. Anselm's position had not been brought about by himself. The man who was to blame for all Anselm's misfortunes was Hildebrand, who though in his grave, ruled European church polity, to the great aggrandizement of the Romish see, but the terrible wretchedness of multitudes like Anselm. When the acute theologian and metaphysician heard a dogma proclaimed from St. Peter's chair, he at once put a curb on his intellect, and gave full reins to his humble and even credulous faith. "You tell me," says he, "that they say *I* forbid the king to grant investitures. Tell them that they lie. It is not I, but the Vicar of the Apostles."

Weary of waiting, at length Anselm determined to take the matter into his own hands, and finding that Henry was just now in rather straitened circumstances, he tried to frighten him by threatening excommunication. The king now saw that at all risks Anselm must be pacified, but kept using those engines of delay which had been of such service to him.

At length by a mutual compromise, "investiture" being prohibited, but "homage" being yielded to the King, a reconciliation took place, and in autumn, 1106, Anselm returned to England. The struggle was now ended, but the life which had carried it on so vigorously was not so buoyant. In honor and peace Anselm governed his see for the rest of his life. Henry showed him great friendship. The two men never personally disliked each other. Both had been forced to their respective lines of action by laws and precedents already laid down for them by others, and we are not surprised when we see the King making the Archbishop virtually regent of the realm. No events worthy of record occurred in his quiet dominion at Canterbury until his death.

"He passed away," says the monk Eadmer, "as morning was breaking on the Wednesday before the day of our Lord's Supper, the 21st of April, the year of our Lord's incarnation, 1109, the sixteenth of his pontificate, and seventy-sixth of his life."

Anselm was the first rational theologian in the Christian Church. His "Monologium" and his "Prologium" contain the earliest attempted ontological proof of Deity. Franck thus describes these works. "The former," says he, "is a detailed account of the existence, essence, attributes, and trinity of God; the latter is a compressed demonstration of the first point, the so-called ontological proof." It would be better, however, to regard these works in the subjective sense in which they were written, the one as a soliloquy, the other as an address to God.

Had it not been for the advice of the Archbishop of Lyons, these treatises

would have been handed down to us under the names of *Monologium* and *Alloquium*. The reader of Augustine's "Confessions" remembers how earnestly the young theologian of Hippo cried out to God to make himself known, and to reveal his perfections, and how he endeavored to find an intellectual basis for his faith, and sought, by the unaided eye of reason, to penetrate the cloud of mystery that surrounds God's presence. So the monk at Bec, in defence of realism, sought to obtain by a mere effort of intellect, and in virtue of the inherent necessity of human thought, a clear view of Him who is the source of truth and goodness.

With Anselm, as with all the men of his class, the logical and theological, the speculative and religious elements of thought are minutely and inextricably intertwined. Some had thought of, and many were beginning to think of the Deity as a mere name, and to regard the doctrine of the Divinity as a mere theological dogma which had been pronounced by the Church. Anselm, though in the form of his reasonings an Aristotelian, was in philosophy a Platonist; and being also a Christian, could not bear to hear God's name regarded as his only reality, and insisted that God, the eternal idea, was real and actual, the active and the final cause whence all, even these Nominalist philosophers, had their being. As some modern thinkers have confounded the idea of the absolute and the infinite with the real existence of God, so Anselm, in the inextricable union of his logic with his religion, cannot detach from one another necessity of thought and necessity of existence, and religious consciousness he considers as only one of the subordinate modes of action of pure reason.

There is deeply rooted in his mind the axiom, "God exists." As the Neo-Platonists in Alexandria saw around them the varied skeptical elements of the Epicureans, the Stoics, and the New Academy, and as afterwards Descartes saw around him the doubters and the dogmatists of the seventeenth century, so Anselm saw around him groups on the

one hand of unintelligent believers, and on the other, of merely nominal believers, who, however, professed to have for their belief an intellectual basis. As Descartes endeavored to find in his mind an idea of God so clear and distinct that it should involve of necessity his existence, so now his forerunner, Anselm, was tormented day and night by the uncontrollable workings of his mind to find some firm foundation upon which to rear an irrefragable demonstration of the existence of Deity. The thought followed him in his waking and his sleeping moments, deprived him of appetite and rest, and even unfitted him for exercises of devotion, until he succeeded for a time in banishing it as a temptation of the adversary. But the more he strove against it, the more importunately it pursued him, until finally, whilst engaged in devotions one midnight, the thought flashed before him, divested of all its difficulties, and clear in the light of its own demonstrable certainty. The monkish historians tell us that he wrote down his thoughts upon a tablet, but the devil, whom he now found to be his opponent, once and again stole it from the monk to whom the prior had entrusted it.

The jottings were in some way or other preserved, and from them Anselm drew out the plan of his work on this subject. In his "Proslogion," or "Address to God," he says: "O Lord! *we believe thee to be something than which nothing greater can be conceived!* Is there not, then, an essence of this kind, as the fool affirms, when he says in his heart there is no God? But, surely, this very fool, when he hears what I say, hears of something than which nothing greater can be conceived of. But assuredly that than which nothing greater can be conceived of cannot be in the intellect alone, for if it is in the intellect alone, this very thing than which nothing greater can be conceived of is where something greater can be conceived of, for it may be conceived of as having an existence not only in the intellect, but also in reality."

In other words, his argument was

this: "God is the most perfect being conceivable. That which has actual existence is more perfect than that which exists only in thought. Therefore, God has an existence in reality, and the very fact that 'the fool' of the Psalmist 'said in his heart there is no God,' proving that there was in his mind the idea of God, proves that there must be also a corresponding objective existence."

Franck and Remusat, in their monographs upon Anselm of Canterbury, thus summarize the argument: "God is the highest possible object of thought. When the fool, mentioned in the 14th and 53d Psalms, says in his heart there is no God, he yet comprehends the term 'God,' and affirms that the idea of which he denies the representation of anything external is present to his mind. Of the two modes of existence in thought and in reality,* the latter is the greater. If the greatest of all beings had His existence only in the mind, then a more perfect and greater being could be conceived, namely, one which had an existence not only in the thinking mind, but external to the mind, and really existing. Then the most perfect being would not be the most perfect being, which is absurd, and therefore, the most perfect of all beings must exist out of as well as in the mind."

Unless we have labored in vain in the reiterated statement of this abstruse argument in as plain a form as it will allow, our readers have, perhaps, already detected the fallacy in Anselm's reasoning.

Gaunilo, a monk of Marmontier, wrote, shortly after the appearance of Anselm's book, a defence of "the fool," the man of straw, against whom Anselm directs all his arguments. His "book in defence of the fool"† is calm and dignified, and while deferentially according to Anselm's work due praise for its devoutness and its cogency, he yet demurs from its general argument. His main criticism was put thus: "If you tell me of a man whom I have not previously known, I have some idea of the man in my mind. But if you have told

me falsely, and no such man exists, I have still the idea which exists without having any corresponding reality. But the case is altered when you tell me of God, for having had no previous knowledge of anything of the same sort, I can form no mental image, nor can I conceive of Him in any way. Then, to a man who has never heard of God from any other source, this form of words means nothing, and is but a succession of sounds. In the same way in which you prove the existence of God," says Gaunilo, "I might argue for the real existence of Atlantis, the fabled Happy Island of the Western Ocean. This Happy Island is the best of all possible islands, but the best of all possible islands must exist in reality, therefore, although no person has ever discovered it, it must yet exist." "It was," says he, "as if one should describe the magnificence of the lost island, and then, from the fact that I was able to conceive of such an island, infer its existence."

This argument of Gaunilo, as directed against Anselm, was exceedingly shallow, for the critic misunderstood his ground, and as Anselm unanswerably shows in reply, "If that could be predicated of the lost island, which is true of the idea of the Absolute alone, namely, that it is that than which nothing greater can be conceived, then doubtless existence" (the very point in dispute) "would be implied in the conception." He says to Gaunilo: "I speak confidently, because if any one will find for me an island greater than any conceivable, I will make him a present of it."

As the two disputants are both sincere believers in the existence of God, and differ only as to the mode of proving it, the quarrel is carried on in a friendly manner. The dispute is in many respects similar in its issues to that lately agitated between Mill and Spencer on the one side, and Hamilton and McCosh on the other. "How far and in what respect may we say that power of conception is a test of truth?" "How far am I justified in saying with Cudworth, that 'a falsehood can never be clearly conceived, or apprehended to be true?'"

* *Ens in intellectu*, and *ens in re*.

† *Liber pro insipiente*.

As Dr. McCosh has shown in his strictures upon the Hamiltonian philosophy of the Absolute, much of the difficulty in these discussions arises from a confusion of different meanings of the ambiguous terms, "conceive" and "conception." By Anselm, "to conceive" was used in the sense of having an idea or a notion, whereas Gaunilo meant by it to have a mental image, and therefore his illustration of Atlantis was inappropriate and founded upon a misconception of Anselm's argument. Anselm's realism has a great resemblance to the idealism of his master, Plato, and he directed his pupils rather to the Eternal and the Absolute *Being*, in whom all things have their source, than to the arbitrary God of the Nominalists, whose *will* was the sole source of moral good or evil.

"The scholastic metaphysicians," says Archer Butler, "on whom the yoke of an external authority pressed heavily, and who, set in the close harness of ecclesiastical dogmas, were too laboriously employed dragging the ponderous chariot of the Church in triumph, to have opportunity for exulting in the wide campaign of speculation, were scarcely ever attracted to the profound logical questions that this branch of knowledge involves. . . . The great question, whether reason can directly recognize the Absolute, is, so far as I have ever seen, untouched in their writings."

This statement is misleading, for by none since the times of the Greek philosophers have these ontological questions been inquired into so eagerly as by the Schoolmen. The philosophy of the Neo-Platonists and the Arab philosophers, the speculative theory of John Scotus Erigena, and the theology of the books of the pretended Areopagite, alike combined to bring about this tendency of thought. Against the Averroism and the pantheism of Almaric of Bena, and David of Dinanto, and the infatuated pancosmism of a certain Bernard, spoke and wrote the leading men of the church.

Thomas Aquinas sees the joints in the argumentative harness of Anselm. He makes a distinction between that indefinite longing after the highest

good, which is common to all, and that knowledge of God which is given only to the favored ones of His own family. He says that Anselm has no right to argue that there is a God, merely because we can conceive that there may be one. Alexander of Hales also remarks that while the idea of God lies as a seedling of truth in the soul, yet it is undeveloped in consciousness, and does not force upon men the belief in an external or correspondent reality.

Conception is no test of actuality, only of possibility. The greatest ontologist of Germany has defined the Impossible as that of which we can form no conception, and the possible as that to which some of our conceptions answer.* This error of making the power of conception the test of absolute truth, has been repudiated by all the leading philosophers of every school, and in consequence we find men of every shade of opinion, from the materialism of Hartley and the infidelity of Hume, to the common sense philosophy of the Scottish school, or the "bread and butter science" of John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, denying that the pure reason can give an adequate revelation of God, such as was sought after in the "mystic numbers" of Pythagoras, the "ideas" of Plato, and the "intellectual intuition" of Fichte and of Schelling. Hamilton mournfully admits that in all such inquiries, Ixion-like, "we embrace a cloud for a divinity," and he almost goes as far as Hobbes in his declarations of the incomprehensibility and unknowableness of God. It certainly is true that we can form no adequate idea, no mental picture of the Infinite God; but when Hamilton tells us that our highest idea of God is as unknown and unknowable, our religious consciousness revolts even more strongly than against Schelling's incomprehensible "vision and faculty divine" of mystic apprehension of the "primordeal nothingness!"

By "The Infinite" we mean God, and when we say that the Infinite cannot be apprehended *a priori*, we mean just what Dr. McCosh means when he says, "I

* Wolf: *Ontologia*, §§ 102, 103.

have always thought that the argument *a priori* or intuitive in behalf of the Divine existence, fails." Nor is demonstrative proof required, or should the incompetence of it be a matter of regret, for truths of the highest degree of moral certainty, though not possessing mathematical necessity, appeal to a wider range of sympathies, not only to the head but yet more powerfully to the heart. We cannot prove that God exists, as we can prove that two and two make four, or that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, but we have evidence for the existence of God which by its cumulative and varied lines of proof is similar to and even more cogent than that upon which we believe the existence of our dearest friends and of the external world.

The ontological proof of "an absolutely necessary Being," (as Kant calls Him,) which was suggested by Plato among the heathens, introduced into Christian philosophy in Augustine's treatise "De Spiritu," reproduced in the mediæval church by Anselm, and which reappears in the speculations of Descartes, Leibnitz, Clarke and Dr. Calderwood, has been long ago set aside as subsidiary, really unimportant in its conclusion even if it were of logical coherence. *A priori* proofs, with all their vaunted necessity, are but poor instruments in the hands of those who can appeal to a higher consciousness; the workings of God's Spirit in the heart, and of His wisdom in the world. They often have been found by the infidel to be weapons for his armory, ready made by perhaps earnest Christians, who, over zealous for logical form, had sallied out from their appropriate defences, and in discomfiture left them upon the field. It is a feeble and unreliable argument against the atheist, and is not required by the believer. If our idea of God be sufficiently vague and rudimentary, and expressed in very general terms, we might show that it was intuitive and satisfied the tests of necessity, self-evidence, and catholicity, but we by the same process deify a host of other gods, and the demons of Africa and Scandinavia.

Yet all these modes of proof, when allowed their full weight, only go to show

that man has an intuitive idea of a something which is superior to himself, incomprehensible by him, upon which he is in some way dependent, and to which he is responsible.

The especial fallacies of Anselm's argument have been acutely pointed out by Hegel in his work on "The Proofs of the Existence of a God." To these objections we would add, that an object "than which nothing greater can be conceived," is but a negative definition, and even if we admit that the mind can form such a conception, what assurance have we that our conception is greater than any reality?

In his dialogues on Truth, Freewill, and Liberty, he maintains the following positions: Truth is rectitude; the senses do not deceive us, but the deception is in our own inferences. God is the source of all truth; Justice is *voluntary* rectitude; the will is not self-determined, but is determined by motives from without; the will is free, but this freedom is not identical with ability to sin, for sin is slavery, and the opposite of freedom; Predestination and Freewill are not antagonistic but supplementary. He repudiates alike the "freedom" of Pelagius and the doctrines of the extreme Necessitarians, and holds the intermediate view, which is now the doctrine of our leading theologians.

The crowning work of Anselm and his greatest glory, is his "Cur Deus Homo," which was the earliest attempt at a demonstration of the necessity of the Incarnation, as the only possible plan of salvation. He here developes that plan of justification by faith which has ever been the distinguishing doctrine of the Protestant churches, and the most damning heresy. He states the doctrine thus: Man is in a state of sin, and God must mark his displeasure at sin by punishment, for if he would dismiss the sinner unpunished, he would make no distinction between the sinless and the sinner. But man cannot satisfy the claims of the law, "and his inability is no excuse, for it is his own fault." As sin proceeded from one man, so must satisfaction come from one who being a man can die, and

being God, can have a life of such infinite value that his death can expiate the guilt of the whole creation. The work of Christ was not a mere passive expiation, but an active satisfaction in vindicating God's honor, showing the example of perfect obedience. Athanasius had previously laid great stress upon the incarnation, and had made use of the term "satisfaction," which was now introduced into the Christian theology of the West by Anselm, who thus added to theological nomenclature a term pregnant and suggestive in explaining the mystery of the atonement.

We have noticed that there were curious contradictions in the character of Anselm. His treatise on "The Fall of the Devil," is a striking example of the unfruitful subjects of speculation in mediæval times. His explanations of the matter are peculiar. He set himself not so much to explain the curious questions of free agency, Divine justice and ability, as to attempt to give an account of the present condition and respective numbers of the good and bad angels. He says that before the fall of the latter, all were alike capable of sinning, but that afterwards all the capacity of doing good left the fallen angels, and was given as a reward to the others, who were thus made incapable of sin, and were ever afterwards under what Augustine has called a *felix necessitas boni*.

Anselm's life and character present a study at once interesting and instructive. His philosophy was a religion, and religious faith was the fundamental principle of his life. He was a philosopher, because he was essentially a theologian, not a mere cavalier visitor, like Erigena, to a region of thought in which he did not feel himself at home. His "fides preedit intellectum" is the mediæval parallel of Luther's "bene orasse est bene studuisse." Humility was the characteristic both of his life and his philosophy. His Vulgate was more carefully read than his Plato, and his favorite text was Isaiah vii. 9, "Nisi credideritis, non

intellegitis." But though the Scripture was his groundwork, he did not appeal mainly to it, but addressed most of his arguments to the reason. In his argument on "Satisfaction," he does not proceed to prove that it is true merely because Paul teaches it, or because it is divinely revealed, but he shows its rational necessity and its adequacy to man's condition. This *a priori* method is admirable as a subsidiary defence, but should never be allowed to usurp the position of primary authority due to Revelation alone. Anselm's argument on the Atonement is the same as that now presented in every evangelical pulpit, and to him belongs the honor of discovering the doctrine which was unanticipated by even the master mind of Augustine, or any of the Fathers, but which was after Anselm more subtilely delineated by Thomas Aquinas. In the inauguration of the modern system of Protestant theology, Luther derived his doctrine of Justification by Faith from Bernard, and that of the Satisfaction of Christ from Anselm. Perhaps it would be a thankless task for us to point out the excess of rigor and strict legality of Anselm's view of the atonement, and we pass it by as a very small defect in a representation so admirable and so early.

If we may use an anachronism, we may say that Anselm was in all essential points of faith a strong Calvinist, as were also many of the most prominent theologians of the centuries in which Anselm lived.

Anselm was a devoted soldier of the papacy; he was conscientious to the principles in which he had been schooled, and entered into that massive scheme of priestcraft in which we find Dunstan, Hildebrand, and Anselm arrayed against the royal policy of Charlemagne, Alfred, Edgar, William Rufus, and Henry IV. But Anselm was a better man than any of those in whose company we find him; less cruel and hard-hearted than Dunstan, less arrogant and wily than a Becket, less ambitious than Hildebrand.

A SPIRIT IN PRISON; OR, THE PASTOR'S SON.

BY CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM DARKNESS UNTO LIGHT.

WHEN Laurent and the Curé left the convent gate, neither spoke till they were clear of the village.

Then M. De Silvenoir turned round to his companion:

"You think me very hard-hearted to hurry you away in this fashion without another word to our friend yonder, do you not, Monsieur Laurent?" he asked.

"Monsieur," said Laurent, "I am at your disposal."

"Which is as much as to say, Monsieur le Curé, you are my jailor, but let me alone. Is it not so?"

"No, indeed, M. De Silvenoir," said Laurent, who used for so long to the gentle, priestly, courteous manners of Father Paul and his uncle, hardly knew what to make of the sharp, soldierly little Curé.

"Umph! Ride up here by my side, till I speak to you. It would seem natural enough—pooh, I don't say that—but decent, that after you saved the man's life yesterday, he should bid you God speed this morning; but how many eyes do you think would have been upon you? It is well if he be not a suspecté already, and the poor soul had borne just as much as he could. It was better to spare both of you the pain—was it not, and the danger?"

"Yes, Monsieur," said Laurent, beginning to see that the Curé had acted for the best.

"The hurry will be laid to me, and Father Paul will carry him your last message. Heaven bless the old man! But for him, fire and brimstone might come down and consume the place."

"Monsieur!" said Laurent, amazed.

"Umph! I am not a monk, M. Lau-

rent; and though a priest, I have been a husband—a father. You may trust me."

"I am quite sure of that, M. De Silvenoir."

"You have heard, have you not, that before the monks came into the valleys the priests and your pastors lived in peace?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"There are those among us that did not like this work better than yourselves. My word, if his Majesty of France and Madame de Maintenon, and the monks and the women had let the Duke alone, you might have lived in peace to this day. Ah! those women," snapped the Curé, "with their zeal for conversion! I wish I was confessor to some of them; I'd see that they had prayer and penance enough to keep them out of mischief."

Now the probabilities are that M. de Silvenoir would not long have held such a situation had he taken it, for female devotees are not, as a rule, less fond of their own way than other woman, but rather more.

"Yes, M. Laurent," resumed the Curé, "I know whose nephew you are, and so did he, and he left you to the monks' tender mercies while he fasted and prayed and scourged himself—I've no patience with him."

"M. De Silvenoir," said Laurent, not altogether pleased, "he did what he thought his duty, and it is not for me to say in what school he was taught such mistaken ideas."

"Bien, M. Laurent," said the Curé, not at all offended, "we will not argue the matter of our creeds—you and I. He has saved you at last, I hope; and he has suffered almost enough to drive him mad, poor soul; I wonder it has not done so quite. Truly it is one thing to urge on fire and sword in the pulpit, and

another to find that in so doing you have killed your own brother. And he was not made for a monk, the poor Philip—his heart is by nature good, and gentle, and loving. He tried to save your father, at all events."

"Yes, Monsieur, and he saved me. I know too well at what risk to himself; but M. De Silvenoir, was it not you who told him that my poor father was condemned!"

"Ah! he told you the story then. Yes, it was I, and as it happened, there was still enough of my old school-mate living in the saint to make him feel my words, and they were not moderate, M. Laurent, for I am not a smooth tempered man, and my heart was hot within me at what I had seen. Your father and I had met before. I knew and respected him as a good man; and on my way to Rome, whither I went at that time, I heard he was in prison in the old palace at Lucerna, and that the monks haunted him night and day to convert him. I will not tell you what your father suffered in prison; but I obtained access to him. I saw him for ten minutes alone, and then I discovered that the Vaudois barbe was the brother of the Franciscan Minister. I did not tell your father he had such a relation, for it would but have troubled him. I said to him, 'Monsieur, I am not come to convert you, but I hear you have a son. It may be that I can see him; it may be save the child. I give you my word as a man of honor and a gentleman, that any message you give me for him shall, if possible, be faithfully delivered.'

"May God reward you, M. De Silvenoir," said Laurent, with much emotion.

"He sent you his blessing. He bade me tell you to forgive as he forgave. They offered him his life at the last moment if he would conform. He refused. As he left the prison he said, 'This day brings me a double deliverance; it releases my body from captivity, and my soul from its earthly prison, and gives me an inheritance with the saints in light, who through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of heaven.' His last words were, 'Into thy hands, O God, I commit

my spirit.' The very monks confessed he died like a saint."*

Laurent said nothing, and shed no tear. His heart was too full, and he dared not trust himself to speak.

"He could not write," continued the Curé, after a pause, "but I have a token for you, M. Laurent. It is a lock of your father's hair that I cut with my own hands. You shall have it when we halt."

"M. De Silvenoir, I cannot thank you. I would I could," said Laurent, who felt more and more what he owed to his uncle's old friend. "God grant your goodness may bring no harm upon yourself."

"Nay, I am too small game, I think, and even bloodhounds tire themselves out," said M. De Silvenoir, who for a good Catholic had certainly a very singular manner of expression. "Have you any objection to the name of De Silvenoir?"

"Monsieur," said Laurent with sincere emotion, "that name can never be any thing but dear to me."

"Bien! are you particularly attached to the uniform of St. Francis that you wear?"

"Very far from it," said Laurent, with emphasis; "but I have not a penny in the world, M. le Curé, and I would not tax your kindness more than I must."

"Nay, you are not altogether so poor as you suppose. Some one suggested last night—the Chevalier de Parelles, I think—that considering your deed yesterday, it would not be well to send the young man who had saved their saint out into the world without a crown. So they made up a purse and put it in my hands, and there it is," said M. De Silvenoir, putting into Laurent's hand a tolerably well filled purse of gold pieces. "Nay, you need not hesitate to take it. Truly I think the account will not be more than balanced."

Laurent, whose pride had rather scrupled to receive the money, bethought

* MS. Biography of David Moudon, Capitaine Vaudois. Mueton, p. 598. Leidet was most cruelly treated in prison.

himself that he must either do it, be chargeable to M. de Silvenoir, who was any thing but rich, or part with his uncle's token, and he followed the Curé's advice.

"And since you have no objection to my name, please to understand that you are M. Laurent de Silvenoir, a young relation of mine travelling with me from Turin, if your conscience will not scruple at the matter."

Laurent was not so particular as to refuse to accept the disguise.

"And now we shall be at Boli in a little while; if you open that parcel behind you, you will find a dress that you can put on behind that pile of rock there; and for your frock, truly," said the Curé, looking at the robe askance, "I think that if you tie a stone in it and sink it in the river, it will be no great loss. I will wait for you."

It was with great sense of relief that Laurent took off his monastic garb, and saw it disappear from his sight forever in the water. He could have wished that the whole system of which it was the emblem might have gone with it, for his experiences had trained him into a frame of mind which those who admire Romanism as a "religion of sentiment" call "intolerance." The dress which M. de Silvenoir had provided was a plain though rather elegant suit, such as a gentleman might wear, and as Laurent put it on he felt once more like a free-man.

"Bien, bien!" said M. de Silvenoir, approvingly, as Laurent rejoined him. Truly I am not at all ashamed of you for a nephew. I could wish it were so in reality. Let me warn you, if you see any one whom you know at Boli not to speak to them."

"I will be careful, Monsieur," said Laurent, who readily saw the reason for the caution. "May I ask by what way we journey?"

"By the little Mont Cenis; and, my boy, we must go by the nearest way, which is also the least frequented. I would fain have spared to take you through your old home, but we will manage not to stop there. I know too well how hard

it will be for you, and I would not the man there should see you, but the chances are that he will be drunk," said the Curé, speaking in a matter-of-course tone, "and I hope he may be."

It was late in the afternoon when they reached the Col Julien, a place recalling to Laurent the bitter memories of his own loss. Monsieur De Silvenoir fully sympathized with the feelings which he knew must be passing in his companion's mind, but he was a man who, though outspoken enough when there was any thing disagreeable to be said, was shy of expressing any softer emotion. But Laurent felt that he was understood, and his companion's silence was perhaps more grateful to his feelings than any more open expression of sympathy.

It was dark when they reached Prali, having made an unusually long day's journey, and having run no small danger of falling over the rocks or losing the road in their descent from the pass. Laurent, whose only out-door excursions for three years had been on the two occasions when he went with Father Francis, or a gentle walk up and down the garden with the invalid leaning on his arm, was almost worn out with fatigue, but he looked about with keen interest on the once familiar scene which was just lighted up by the slow sailing full moon.

The mountains and the torrent were the same. The little old church, but for the newly gilt cross that glittered above it, looked as when Laurent had last worshipped under its roof. A light shone in the window of the presbytere, that window by which his mother had been used to sit with her work, and where a light had always been placed as a sort of beacon to welcome his father or himself on a late return home. As they passed they could see a man whose figure Laurent recognized as the Curé's, coming toward the house with a reeling, unsteady gait. The door opened and a shrill female voice was heard in tones which showed that the housekeeper, whoever she was, stood in no awe of her master.

For a moment Laurent checked his weary mule and stood still.

"Come, my friend, come," said M. De Silvenoir, with kind decision, "this is not a place for you to linger in now."

"No, Monsieur, you speak truth," said Laurent, sadly; "but think you the cause of Christ, even as your Church understands it, has been much advanced here?"

"Nay, you know what I think," said the Curé, more gently than usual. "If such as I—and trust me there are many who think with me—governed the counsels of the Church, matters would be different."

Laurent was silent, but he thought within himself that it was never such men as his friend who were chosen for counsellors, or who were likely to obtain place or power.

When they reached the next hamlet, they asked and received hospitality from a stranger, one of the few new colonists who had been brought into the place. Laurent was almost too tired to eat, and the Curé, who was made, as the saying goes, of iron and bend-leather, blamed himself for not more considering the state of his companion.

They both occupied the same tiny room, but poor Laurent no sooner reached it than he dropped on the bed in a dead faint, for he had not really recovered from the effects of his imprisonment. The Curé recovered him without summoning assistance, for he did not care that any one should know that the son of Pastor Leidet had been in his former home.

"Are you better now?" he asked in some anxiety, as the young man opened his eyes. "Decidedly I am a brute to have hurried you so."

"I have been shut up so long," said Laurent.

M. De Silvenoir, who had not quite forgotten the soldier in the priest, muttered something between his teeth that might perhaps have been a blessing. He looked at the hurt in Laurent's arm, announced that it was doing well, and helped his companion to undress; with a sort of rough gentleness which was pleasant to Laurent, though it formed such a contrast to Father Francis's soft courtesy. "You'll be well enough in the morning," he said. "You'll soon get strong in the mountains, and when we

get to Bonneval, Madame, my sister, shall take care of you. You will like to see a lady once more, will you not?"

"Indeed yes, Monsieur," said Laurent, gratefully.

"She and I are the last left of our house. De Silvenoir was a name once," said the Curé, half proud, half sad. "If my boy had lived, it might have been one again; but it will die with me. See, Laurent, there is the token I promised you from your father."

Laurent pressed the lock of gray hair to his lips, before, together with his uncle's rosary, he laid it next his heart.

"M. De Silvenoir, you know one of the heresies of which we are accused is saying that those only are successors of the apostles who do the works of the apostles, and according to that canon, I think there is no bishop nor cardinal so much like our Lord's true disciples as yourself."

The next day they resumed their journey. Laurent, feeling himself once more a freeman in fact, if not yet exactly assured of his safety, out in the mountain air, and away from the sad associations of the past, gradually regained his natural strength and something of his natural elasticity of temper. They crossed the Mont Cenis with some difficulty, but met with no serious accident, and on the eighth day after leaving Villar reached Bonneval, a secluded village in the valley of the Arc.

During the whole distance M. De Silvenoir occupied much of the time in proving that it was quite impossible that Hannibal could have come by the route they were following, and that he must have come by the way of the Little St. Bernard. It is possible that Laurent grew rather weary of Hannibal before they finally reached their destination, but he did his best to listen and to be interested in the subject, and did not feel the weariness which he might have experienced if he had only made a pretence, a method of escape from being bored, which one may recommend as perhaps more effectual than any other, though alas, it is not always practicable. Bonneval is situated in a little plain, at the head waters of the Arc. It is shut in by the

Alps, which, rising in glittering peak after peak, finally close up at the southwest in the vast pile of the Mont Cenis. It was, and probably still is a poor parish, and but for a small property possessed by his widowed sister, Madame de Montour, M. le Curé would have found it very hard work to live; and as it was the little household was obliged to exercise the closest economy. M. le Curé, however, had a tolerable library; he had buried his hopes in the grave of his wife and his only son, and if not exactly a happy man, he was a contented one.

Madame de Montour was a gentle little old lady, devoted to her brother, whom she thought the most wonderful of men, and was quite satisfied to spend the remainder of her days without other society than his. Laurent, who had so long been shut up in a monastery, found the atmosphere of home and family inexpressibly delightful, and as M. De Silvenoir said, followed Madame about like a little dog.

It was only for a week, however, that Laurent was to remain at Bonneval. It was not difficult for M. le Curé to procure a passport for his young relation to Switzerland. There were rumors afloat of a wild project on the part of some of the Vaudois to regain their native valleys, and as Henri Arnaud's name was mentioned in connection with this desperate enterprise, M. De Silvenoir felt that it was well that Henri Arnaud's nephew should be safe over the border.

Laurent was to travel as far as Sallanches on the road to Geneva, with a friend of M. De Silvenoir, a peasant of rather the better class, who was to act as the guide through the mountains and over his difficult pass, the Col du Bon Homme.

Laurent, though he longed to reach Geneva, which was the city of refuge for the persecuted of all nations, parted with pain from M. De Silvenoir and his sister, whom he hardly hoped to meet again.

"M. De Silvenoir," said Laurent, as he lingered the last night before going to bed, "will it be a possible thing to let my friends, now I suppose in Turin, know that I am in Switzerland, if it please God to conduct me there in safety?"

"O yes, I think it may be," said the Curé. "I see no reason why my nephew may not find means to send me word, and I hope it may be soon, for well I know there is one that will not have a moment's peace till he is assured you are safe. Ah! God help him; he has chosen a hard part. And now you must sleep, that you may rise bright to-morrow for honest Jacques, who will be stirring betimes."

It was, indeed, early when Laurent bade M. De Silvenoir and his sister farewell, and departed with their last good wishes and blessings. Under the influence of change of air and scene, and the sense of freedom, Laurent had grown stronger every day, and kept pace with his guide, as they took the northward road. In four days they reached, without accident, the little town of Sallanches, and the next day Laurent parted from Jacques, and set out by himself on the road to Geneva, which was now plain before him. He reached, without accident, the little town of Bonneville, which is not more than seventeen or eighteen miles from Geneva, though on the Savoy side of the frontier. Now, that he had come so far on his way in safety, he grew nervously anxious lest he should be turned back on the very threshold of freedom. He would fain have pressed on, but the mule which he had purchased at Sallanches was weary, and he wisely judged that it would be more for his safety not to show too much eagerness to escape from Savoy.

His purse was running somewhat low, and he looked out for a lodging which should not be too expensive, and found a little inn kept by a widow, which, as inns go in that part of the world, was not so bad as it might have been.

"I suppose you do not expect a place all to yourself, Monsieur," said the landlady, after Laurent had finished his supper.

"I am not so unreasonable," said Laurent. "But who is to be my companion?" If he is not an absolute brigand I do not mind."

"O! he is a very decent man, Monsieur; though hardly fit to share the

chamber of a young gentleman like you. He is a merchant, travelling with watches from Neuchatel. He is out now, but will be in betimes. Will you go now? Unhappy woman that I am! I have two soldiers quartered upon me, and they will be here soon. Of course, Monsieur has no reason to fear, but it is better to keep out of their way."

Laurent quite agreed with the worthy woman, and wished himself safe out of the house. Once in Geneva, he knew he should have no difficulty. There was hardly a man there to whom the son of the martyred Leidet would not be a welcome and honored guest. There were his father's old friends; and above all, the sturdy old patriarch Jianavel, who would receive him with open arms, and from whom he should be sure to hear news of his Uncle Henri.

As he knelt at his prayers the rosary which Father Francis had given him loosed from his neck, where he always wore it; and as he kneeled by the bedside he pressed the beads and Father Paul's little relic to his lips, not for the sake of the Pope's blessing, or for that of St Francis, but for love of the givers. It seemed as if he could almost feel the dear hand in his own once more, and his heart ached for that burdened soul, shut in the cold isolation of his monastic life and his official dignity, as though one still living were walled up in the crystal of an iceberg. He partly undressed himself, and was just going to sleep, when some one entered the room.

"It is my companion, I suppose," thought Laurent, opening his eyes.

The watch merchant seemed rather an aged man, to judge by his white hair and beard. He cast one keen glance at his companion, but Laurent made no sign. He was rather surprised, however, to see the merchant go to the window, open it, and look out, as though measuring the distance from the ground; but he was not at all pleased when he beheld him take from his pocket a stout gimlet, which he inserted with great dexterity in the edge of the door, in such a manner as to make the bolt, which was a weak one, quite a superfluous defence.

"Monsieur," said Laurent, quietly, "may I ask your reason for that proceeding?"

"To fasten the door. Monsieur," said the other, politely but decidedly.

The voice reminded Laurent of something, he hardly knew what.

"Permit me to remind you, Monsieur, that we are strangers," said Laurent, "and that on the road, and in these times, it may be safer not to absolutely barricade oneself in the room with those whom we have not the honor to know."

The stranger, to Laurent's surprise, came and kneeled by his bedside.

"Mon enfant," he said, with a strange quiver in his deep voice. "Perhaps thou art better known than thou knowest."

Laurent started up; and the stranger, quietly removing his gray beard and hair, revealed to the young man the face of Henri Arnaud.

"Not a sound, my boy," he said, putting his finger on Laurent's lips. "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who has redeemed thee, as it were from the very mouth of the lions! Ah! my Laurent, my blessed Marguerite's son, I never thought to see thy face again. My own boys are not dearer to me than thou."

"But, my uncle," whispered Laurent, as soon as he could speak, "what are you doing here? Do you not know there is a price upon your head?"

"Truly, my dear," said Arnaud, his beautiful gray eyes lighting up with a laugh. "It has been offered so many times that I think no one will ever earn that money."

"But here—why there are soldiers in the very house!"

"Chut, mon enfant! Thou art a young soldier. The nearer the fire the less the smoke. I am a watch merchant. Ah! you should see the bargain I made to-day with the Sieur de Ford. I am a very Jew, and there will be something for the wife and the children. Ah! what a man you have grown!" said Arnaud, holding his nephew from him at arm's-length, and looking at him with a glance half searching, half proud.

"And dost thou know about thy father, *mon enfant*?" he asked, sadly.

"I know. There is one more in the noble army of martyrs."

"We heard you were dead, in the convent of Villar. I believed it the more, after I heard lately how that tiger-cat of a Franciscan Minister had taken up his abode there. They say he is ill at ease. I wonder if the blood he helped to spill rests on his conscience; but, being a saint, I suppose he has no conscience."

"No, but, Uncle Henri—"

Here Arnaud's eye caught the glitter of the rosary about Laurent's neck.

"Do you wear that?" he said, somewhat sternly; "and the relic? O! Laurent. And yet you were but a child," he added, softening, "and alone, and they were many against you."

"My uncle," said Laurent, quietly, "I wear other tokens of Villar beside the beads and the relic. Do you see the marks on my wrists, that I shall carry as long as I live?"

Arnaud knew too well what the scars denoted.

"Ah! yes, I see. I know what their cruelty can do. And the prison, and the pain, and their persecuting tongues, that leave no rest night or day, were too much for my poor little boy, for he was but a child then. But you will return, my Laurent, if you have, indeed, left the path?"

"But, my uncle," said Laurent, laying his head on the pastor's shoulder, as he had been used to do when a child, "I am no more a Papist than you are. I wear the beads because that very Franciscan Minister gave them to me for a parting token, and the relic, because it was a keepsake from one of the fathers, who was to me a father, indeed."

"And the Provincial knew you were a Vaudois, and yet you are here?" said Arnaud, amazed. "Truly, this is the most like a miracle of anything I have heard! Why, the man has been a very firebrand of persecution."

"He bade me commend him to you."

"He did, indeed? I am obliged to

his reverence. A pleasant reunion we should have over the fire if we met."

"You ought to be obliged to him, Uncle Henry," said Laurent. "He saved my life. He came to me when I was dying in the prison, fast in misery and iron. He loosed me, he bound up my wounds like the good Samaritan, he took me under his own care, and sent me away, I very much fear, at the risk of his life, with M. De Silvenoir."

"And he knew you were my nephew?"

"Yes, and he said I was to tell you that you need not be ashamed of me."

"I know M. De Silvenoir. He is a good man; but as for this riddle of yours, it passes Samson's, and you must needs explain," said Arnaud, who naturally enough felt the same sort of distrust in the Provincial's good intentions as an experienced old sheep-dog might feel at sudden amiability on the part of a wolf.

"He bade me tell you that he would try to do what he could for the pastors who are prisoners"—and Laurent gave Arnaud the remainder of Father Francis' message.

The pastor looked impressed, but rather doubtful.

"If one could believe any of them," he said, meditating. "Laurent, there is more in this business than I know. You had better tell me the whole."

"If I do, you must never speak of it, my uncle."

"Teach thy grandmother to spin," said Arnaud, giving the French version of a less eloquent English proverb. "Tell me, my Laurent, if you know anything that makes you trust this monk. It may concern greater interests than you think."

In as few words as he could, Laurent told his uncle's story.

"The poor soul!" said Arnaud, moved, for he was a man who could understand such a tale. "But, Laurent, I wish this uncle of yours were safe in Geneva, or at least in Neuchatel, in my own quarters; for I will confess to thee, Laurent, since no one hears, that though I am attached and grateful to our good friends at Geneva, and though I love not

Popery, heaven knows, yet one may sometimes hear too much discussion," concluded the Frenchman.

"I think you would like one another, Monsieur le Pasteur."

"Truly, I would like any one that was good to you; and if the poor soul sinned, why, he has repented; and who are we, that we should break a bruised reed! God forgive me for judging him too hardly. But as for that man at Prali," and the soldier's face grew stern, "I will destroy the idol they have set up in our father's ancient temple, and he shall no longer pollute my brother's house with his presence, if I have to burn it over his head."

"Alas! my uncle," said Laurent. "What can we do?"

"More than thou knowest, my son. There is one William of Orange King in England. I say no more. We will talk on the other side the border; but for your uncle, you will see that the leaven of the old faith and the old blood will work, now that he has once found out that the light within him was darkness."

"And he will care nothing for himself," said Laurent. "I thought he was doubtful about his own faith. I suppose it is wrong, but I can't help wishing he might not return to us. O! they would abuse him so, and one martyr is enough in a family," said Laurent, troubled, as he thought of his beloved Father Francis subjected to the pain, the shame, the unutterable indignities he would have to endure if he were to return to the faith of his childhood.

"Do not borrow trouble, Laurent," said Arnaud. "Enough comes without foreboding. Were there more Vaudois than yourself in that convent?"

"No, uncle; I was the last."

"Ah! indeed. Are the walls thick, my Laurent?"

"Indeed, they are."

"It might not burn; but I think a mine would do it," said the pastor, meditating.

"My dear uncle," said Laurent, "you forget how broken and scattered we are."

"The Lord turned again the captivity

of Zion. The light is yet shining in darkness, as you will see, perhaps. I say no more now. 'It is not lawful to know all things.' I hope you have not forgotten all your 'Horace,'" said Arnaud, mixing his quotations in rather a promiscuous manner.

"No, Uncle Henri. Father Paul taught me. He was the kindest teacher in the world. He had more patience than you, Monsieur le Pasteur, when I could not remember the scanning."

"That might easily be. If you have a Catholic saint in one relation, you must not expect to find a Huguenot one in another. But heaven bless the kind old soul. If he comes my way, this Father Paul, he shall set up an altar to the Delphian Apollo in my study if he likes, and I will only look out of the window."

"And what would Dr. Osiander say to that?"

"Ah! you heard. Was there ever such nonsense? And had you seen the letter he wrote to the Duke! The Latin was as bad as the doctrine, but the laity overruled him. I tell thee, my Laurent, there are those among Lutherans and Calvinists that would play the Pope if they could; but with the Bible in the hands of the laity, they cannot do much. They are always reproaching us Protestants for the variety of sects; but I think it is a good thing, for all can find a place, and it keeps us from building up one great idol of a church to domineer, and put herself in the place of Christ; and as for absolute unity in faith, that will come to pass in this world when all trees bear leaves exactly alike. But now we will thank God for uniting us once more, and to-morrow morning we will be over the border, and away to Neuchatel. Ah! but thy aunt and the little ones will be glad to see thee. May God comfort thee according to the years wherein thou hast been afflicted."

And in the whispered prayer that followed, the Vaudois soldier and pastor did not forget the name of the Franciscan monk.

Before long Arnaud, who slept as

lightly as a cat, was wakened by the entrance into the room below of the two soldiers who were quartered on the unfortunate Madam Maglan. These gentlemen were somewhat the worse for drink, but they insisted on knowing all about the new lodger, whose mule they had seen in the stable.

"He is an innocent young gentleman enough," said Madam Maglan, who had been taken by Laurent's good looks and courtesy. "He is a nephew of a curé in the Val d'Arc—De Silvenoir is his name."

"Like enough to be a blind," said the soldier. "There is talk that the barbets are stirring again under that demon incarnate, Henri Arnaud. Do I not remember how he besieged us in the church at St. Germain, and how he escaped through all! We ought to examine every traveller. I move we call this youth, and see if he be a good Catholic."

"That can I answer for," said Madam Maglan. "I peeped into his room when he was at his prayers, for I had a mind to see if he were all right myself, and he had a rosary, with some holy relic, fit for a prince; and whoever heard of a heretic that carried the like?"

"Ah! to be sure," assented the soldier, quite convinced by this proof of Laurent's orthodoxy. "If he had a relic he cannot be a heretic, to be sure."

"Dear Laurent," whispered Arnaud, who had listened to this dialogue with breathless interest, "your old friend was right. There has been some virtue in the holy straw after all. There they go. May God keep you! Lie down in peace. There is nothing to fear."

And Arnaud was asleep in a moment, quite undisturbed by the fact that his head was worth five hundred crowns or so to the two soldiers on the other side of the partition.

It happened that there was in the monastery at Turin, in which Father Paul had found refuge, a collection of coins and medals, to which large additions had lately been made. The good Father was found to be exactly the man

to arrange and classify this collection; and, unless when engaged in their religious duties, Father Paul and a brother of similar tastes might have been seen poring over inscriptions, and now and then mildly wrangling together, not unlike, with reverence be it spoken, two old crows over a flower-pot full of pebbles.

In his new home, a much more important and wealthy foundation than Villar, Father Paul was a person of some consideration, and he thanked the saints every day of his life for the peace and comfort he enjoyed.

It so happened that he one day received a letter from his old pupil, M. De Silvenoir, telling him of certain Roman inscriptions in the Col d'Arnaz, and arguing at some length the old question of Hannibal. At the end of his learned dissertations, Monsieur remarked: "A young relation of mine, who spent a week with me, left us some time since for Switzerland, and we heard yesterday of his safe arrival in the heretical city. I mention this to show the good condition of the roads, which is unusual, even at this time of year. Later he could not have made the passage without considerable difficulty; and if one man could not do it, how can you imagine that an army, and an army encumbered with baggage, and above all, with *elephants*, could come by the way of the Col du Bon Homme? My young friend mentions that he met one of the heretic pastors, who seemed less bitter against our Holy Church than his brethren usually are. He spoke with great admiration of the eloquence and learning of Father Francis De Pianesse, and expressed a wish that he might have the opinion of so eminent a Catholic theologian on two texts, to which I enclose references, wishing to know whether he would interpret them literally, or whether they might not have a symbolical meaning. Thinking this an indication of good disposition, if it will be no intrusion, perhaps you can find an opportunity to ask the Reverend Father's opinion, as I am sure he would wish to lose no chance of enlightening a heretic."

"Dear me!" thought Father Paul to himself, a little peevishly, "Hannibal and conversion of heretics are all very well in their way, but could he not manage to give one a hint about the dear boy?"

At that moment the Provincial, who when in the city made the monastery his home, came into the room.

"It is a letter from M. De Silvenoir," said Father Paul, who dared not look at his superior to see how he took the announcement.

Father Francis glanced through the letter which Father Paul gave him.

"It is well," he said, very quietly, "that he can feel such an interest in these matters. I am glad to hear that his young relation met with no accident. I will certainly consider the texts of which he speaks," and he folded the bit of paper on which the references were scratched down in a different hand. Then, as he gave the letter back to Father Paul, he very slightly, and without looking at his old teacher, pointed to the sentence concerning M. De Silvenoir's young relation.

Father Paul, suddenly enlightened, dropped the medal he held on the stone floor, and bent to pick it up. When he rose his face wore a look of great relief.

"The saints be praised!" he ejaculated, with fervor, "I thought it was broken."

As soon as he could find release from the duties of the day, Father Francis went to his cell, which was as poor and bare a place as the most zealous admirer of asceticism could desire. Anxiously he looked for the texts referred to, for he was at no loss to guess that Arnaud was the heretical pastor, and that he had been rather anxious to give than receive information. The texts, when put together, were as follows:

"And Abram said unto Lot, let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren." "For

this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and he is found."

Father Francis felt as if a weight were lifted from his heart, now that he was certain of Laurent's safety, and the Franciscan Minister silently blessed the heretical pastor for sending him the good news.

The priest had long repressed and chained down the feelings of his nature under the iron rule of a perverted conscience, but they had risen upon him at last with overmastering force; and since Laurent was their only legitimate object, Father Francis' whole heart was devoted to his brother's son with a passion more resembling the love of a mother for her only child, than the calm regard that one kinsman generally entertains for another.

"Ah! me," he thought to himself, "what if the boy had shared his father's fate, or worse! And yet, and yet I have looked on and said amen, when parents and children were torn asunder; and only regretted it as an unhappy necessity when those who were as dear to some father as he is to me have suffered unspeakable things. How proud I was of my victory over what I called human weakness, when I rebuked my dear old master for expressing his sympathy for the victims of the Inquisition! O! Amadeus, how well you understood me when you broke in upon my vain and selfish dreams, and told me that my humility was prouder than others' pride, and that while I mortified myself into a saint, I had come near flattering and deceiving myself into a fiend! But the lad is safe, thank God; and now that I shall never see his face again, what is my strength, that I should hope? Or what is my end, that I should prolong my life? My brother! my brother! If it might, indeed, be that the saints intercede for us before the throne, pray for me that my sins may be forgiven—my wilful blindness and cruelty as I wandered in the land of darkness and of the shadow of death, and where the light is as darkness!"

DOUBT.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

A STRONG and full-toned wind has called all night
Outside, with such a wail, so near my bed,
Where, dropping weary from his seaward flight,
He stops to blow across my heart and head
An ancient woe; and sing no flute-like lay,
Such as we hear in young and jocund May,
When her returning birds, blue, brown and red,
Among her pines and tasselled birches play—
No breath from orange islands far away,
Borne down the hushed waves of a Summer sea—
But rather a despairing, wailful toll
Over the iron doom of some lost soul
The comfortless, Atlantic-deep Ah me!
A secret, ever-gnawing trouble clings
About his heart; in a monotonous rain
He shakes that woe from his convulsive wings,
The vast, unshared, immedicable pain;
And there as to the rattling sash he hangs,
And sobs and calls and clangs
His dole and loss unto the stars and me,
The darkness and the sea,
Such is his sad, sad tale told o'er and o'er.
No more, no more!
I have traversed the billows broad, I have driven the tawny sands
Of the many lands;
I have tilted the little snowbird that pecked at the hard black seed
On the whistling weed,
Which pierced the crunching drift on the hillside frosty and drear;
With its brittle spear
From the pines that swing and moan all night on the crag, I have tossed the cones
Down to the stones
Of the brook that out of the granite urn of the wilderness pours
Its brawling stores.
Year after year I have laid my ear on the mouth of the dying,
Heard the crying;
Felt nothing escape from the failing shrivelled and livid lips
Through that eclipse;
Saw nothing ascend where the burnished bayonets clash and blend,
And the grape-shot rend,
Save the thick dun cloud that mantled and boiled, where the battle smoke
Over dead men broke.
I have called to the rocks and the stars, to the wandering clouds and the waves,
Yelled through the caves;
To the bone-gleaming desert I shrieked, to the silence, the night, I said
Show me the dead!
Where is the milky spiranthes that scattered its odors yonder,
The pine-tent under?

The sweet child-eyes that kindled to look on the dark-eyed, white-horned deer,
 Drinking just here,
 Where the market whirls and thunders, steam yells and the grim bell tolls
 For work-tired souls?
 O, where must I fly, dive, climb, to ripple the sunny curls
 Of the boys and the girls
 That clogged the throat of the Via Lata, or crowded the Palatine slope,
 As the Gaul came up?
 Where wander to kiss the pale-browed women who, wild from the windy wall,
 Shrieked "Hannibal!"
 I called upon Maro's beloved. O, fine is that dust; O, how deep
 Is Quinctilian's sleep!
 The bluest of heavens above him, and the lips of the sweetest sea
 Rimming his Italy.
 Never a bird note, never an odor is shaken from these thin wings,
 Of the faded Springs;
 And who hath heard last-year gushes from the quivering throats of thrushes
 Ringing from this June's bushes?
 I flew, I lurked, I dallied, I called for the locks that rolled
 Warmer than gold,
 Round the necks that rose in their beauty like towers of ivory
 By a tropic sea.
 But when rivers and hills are steel, when they quake to the rumble and jar
 Of the flying car,
 Then, down in the dead men's skulls, the dust is loosened and strewn
 On the damp, blue bone.
 Shall it be Jesus, or Hume? Do they feel and remember and move,
 Hate and love?
 Peace! of the Spring and anemone, sing, O wind, sweet and low
 Over the snow!
 Bring us great choruses golden from the lips of the angels blown
 O'er the Holy John,
 Uplifted in trance and rocked by the roar of the blind and grinding sea
 Smiting the lee.
 Wouldst thou know, shouldst thou cross, the track by the spirit unfettered trod?
 As well touch God!

So slid those tortured hours; my blood grew numb
 Beneath the kisses of that homeless sorrow;
 Will poplars tassel more, I said, Hope come
 That thaws Despair's dead veins, on any morrow?
 He flew, I heard him shear the crystal edges
 Of snows that lit the tingling upper tracts
 And jar the steel-hard, rosy cataracts
 Which hug the steep and thunder-splintered ledges
 And stir not. Then through closed eyes I saw
 Dim faces, cloudy phantoms round me draw;
 I passed through perfumed rooms, o'er ivory floors,
 Down glimmering aisles and silken corridors;
 O'er greenest hills by drowsy spice-winds fanned
 Till I dropped down, held by an unseen hand,
 Into the poppy land;
 And in that silent land there rose and shone
 Whiter than any Alpine peak a Throne,

And on that dazzling pile sat One who smiled
 Whilst at his feet there stood a little child
 That stretched both hands to catch a shining dove
 Which slid from out a golden cloud above;
 And all around that Throne, a shoreless sea,
 Stood those who said "The night no more shall be,
 Nor tears, nor any sea;
 Here let not enter in
 The liar nor the bloody, nor unclean;"
 And, waved in every hand, I saw a palm,
 And on each face unutterable calm.

FOUR QUIET SUNDAYS.

BY REV. H. D. JENKINS.

IV.—ON LAKE MAGGIORE.

THE lake spreads out before me, looking upon it from my window in the hotel, as unbroken as the sky that is above it, a mirror of polished silver, without speck or flaw. It is a morning of early summer—bright, without glare; cool, without tint of chill. The air is free from mist, the farthest horizon showing no trace of haze. Though no leaf is stirring upon all the trees around, every inspiration I take is sweet as the water of a mountain spring.

I have listened for an hour without hearing as yet a sound. The village of Arona, never more than half awake, is now fast asleep. Of the few guests at the hotel, I am apparently the only one who is up. Across the lake the boats lie with their prows drawn up on the sand. Neither fishermen nor idler has appeared upon the beach. The little hamlet upon the low bluff opposite Arona is, without sign of life. The Castle of Angora, with belfry and battlements, stands sharply outlined against the eastern sky, and the unfinished church, close beside the old castle, looks scarcely less a deserted ruin. Far away to the north the lake leads, with bright green pastures and quiet fields sloping down to its waters, while above the distant dip of the lake rise the dark-sided,

snow-crowned Alps, the very sublimity of silence and repose.

I have never thought before how perfect in its artistic finish that first story of the earth's birth, which rounds out God's activities at last with rest.

How many a blessed day like this has told over again the story of Eden! I count my heart in this a safer guide than the profoundest German critic. I know there are many besides myself to whom the Sabbath is itself among the "evidences." The soul recognizes this rest and quietness as that for which it was created. It is in such moments that Eden is seen to be no myth, and heaven no fable. Like children that have endured a long captivity among roving tribes, when brought in sight of peaceful fields, the heart by its own instinct cries out, "This is home!"

After breakfast I walked out into the streets of the town. Scarcely any one was astir. "Goldsmith's Auburn" was hardly more deserted than Arona seems to be to-day, although it must have a population of several thousands. The principal church stood with open doors, inviting entrance, but there was not a soul within. The church was grateful in its cool air and deep shadows. The marble floor and granite pillars seemed a

violent contrast to the wretched, cavernous houses in which the people live. The altar was elaborate with carvings, and resplendent with gilding. Huge painted candles everywhere. There may be many to whom this elaborate preparation for devotion seems natural and honorable, but I know there are others to whom a ritual is no help, and to whom all machinery for worship is distasteful. These Romish altars seem like huge preparations for generating worship, as steam is generated in a locomotive.

There were no fine paintings in the church, but over a chapel-altar near the entrance hung a large glass-covered case, partially screened by a curtain of blue silk. Here I thought must be the one treasure of the church. A cord hanging within reach seemed to promise a sight of this beauty, so tenderly cared for. Taking hold of the string I gave a gentle pull, when down tumbled the covering, disclosing—what? A doll in a flounced silk, with a tinsel crown upon its head, and staring blue eyes! Was it for this, then, that granite was hewn and marble polished? I turned upon my heel and left the place. I could find a fitter object of reverence out-of-doors.

Every one that has visited the Italian lakes knows that Arona is famous for its huge statue of St. Carlo Borromeo. This statue of copper, itself sixty feet tall, upon a base half that in height, stands to the north of the town, upon a hill overlooking the lake. Two of us in the afternoon walked up the avenue of well-trimmed acacias which leads to the pedestal. A handsome hedge surrounds the plat of green turf at the foot. Three or four seats within the enclosure offered us a welcome resting-place. Getting under the shadow of the hedge, we sat down to have a visit with San Carlo.

High above us, a well-formed head, tonsured; ears, over-large; a benevolent face, looking down in kindly way upon the village, toward which one hand is extended, with the fingers arranged for a Roman benediction; the flowing robe of beaten copper falling in somewhat stiff lines to the feet.

By and by I spoke to my friend:

"I wish you would play to me the part of a 'melancholy Jaques,' and 'moralize this spectacle.'"

"Certainly, it is a place where a man may be 'full of matter.'"

"Probably few men have ever lived more deserving of a venerated memory than this son of a noble house, who, in an age not given to self-denial, devoted his whole life to the service of the poor, and braved all the terrors of the plague out of love for the humblest of his fellows."

"And probably few men have been more unfortunate in the matter of their monuments than he. I suppose no one for the last hundred years at least has looked upon this huge effigy without a smile."

"Is it an easy thing to be successful in commemorative tributes?"

"No; for the reason that there must be first an estimate of the man which after times shall endorse, and an adherence to such simple rules of taste as no after culture can modify."

From this we fell to talking of the various honors men had paid, in their own ways, to the dead, and to the living, and to their own selves. For the good Pius IX. is not yet dead, but had we not both looked upon the elaborately finished, kneeling, marble statue which he to himself has erected before the crypt altar in Santa Maria Maggiore, Rome? Had we not both seen that sea-captain's pretentious monument in Greenwood, while the brave sailor is still "sailing the seas over?" And St. Peter's itself, the boast of the whole Roman world as the finest temple ever erected for worship, only exists because Pope Julius II. had planned a monument to himself too huge to be built in any then existing church! We both confessed to a feeling of satisfaction in having seen the plain limestone slab in the pavement of St. Peter's, which is the only monumental honor the ambitious Pope ever received at the hands of posterity.

We talked about the noble mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, one of the finest remains of the great empire, erected to one whom history knows not; of the

tomb of Augustus, now become a circus ring in which clowns disport themselves; of old Egypt, which spent the best part of its whole life in hewing catacombs and building pyramids for the dead; of the two great captains that lie in porphyry on either side the British channel, beneath the dome of the Invalides and the dome of St. Paul's.

But of all monumental honors paid to the now living, we agreed that we had nowhere seen any thing more whimsical than in the far distant Sierras, where the giant trees of Calaveras stand round about the traveller in solemn state, each ticketed with a painted shingle bearing a great man's name! Ah, if it were only as easy to measure greatness as that! If we could but take the circumference and altitude of a man as we can of a tree, what a difference there would be in the world's monuments. I remember when I was in Calaveras one of our party had disappointed us by breaking an engagement with the rest, and we looked up a tiny *sequoia* only three inches high, and named it after our faithless friend, SMITH. And yet, after all, we knew that Smith in other men's estimation might be a great deal taller than that; and his wife, perchance, might have thought the mightiest of the grove unworthy to bear his name.

All at once we were brought back to "things present." There was a bit of a flutter in the hedge, and forthwith there stood before us as pretty a bit of a picture as an artist would wish to see. A little olive-faced, brown-eyed, barefooted peasant girl, looking half shyly, half hopefully at us, holding toward us with timid hand, an earthen plate with three mites of oranges and two fresh rosebuds on it.

Who do you suppose had taught this little girl her knowledge of human nature? She wanted a penny, that was evident; but not less evident was it that she knew some men gave their pennies most readily to gratify appetite, and some more cheerfully to gratify their taste. How should she know whether to appeal to eye or palate? So in pretty uncertainty, quite sure however that with the

two she would cover all that is in man, she brought us both, the choicest food she knew and the sweetest bit of color she could find.

Had it been nearer dinner time we might perhaps have taken the oranges, but as it was, we flattered ourselves that we loved beauty more. So we left our coins upon her plate and took the roses.

The sun had so far shifted that its glare fell upon our seat. So we cast about for a cooler resting-place. We managed to get through the hedge at last, and stretched ourselves at full length upon the grass in the meadow outside the enclosure. Here leaning upon our elbows, close beneath the hedge, with San Carlo towering behind us and the lake spread out before, enjoying the well-tempered delights of sun, shade, summer air and lake breeze, we began puzzling ourselves about the rosebuds in our button-holes.

"Do you remember," said I to my friend, "that when we were walking together in the gardens of the Quirinal, surrounded by the choicest treasures of the flower world, we talked all the while of the flowers we had known in boyhood? We agreed that nothing could ever become dearer to us than a sweetbriar or a wood violet. Was it only the power of association, or is all beauty one?"

"Yes and no," he replied, laughing.

"Yes," said I, "in what it says."

"No," he added, "in how it says it."

"In other words, the first power of beauty is in its appeal to the imagination; and its secondary power in its appeal to taste."

"I can't help feeling sad sometimes," broke out my friend, "in looking at the flowers that are cultivated and delighted in now. I remember hearing some one, a few days before sailing from America, apologizing for the old-time flowers growing in his garden. If I ever should get rich enough to do it, I mean some day to have a great garden in which they shall all have a place and a home, a sort of asylum for all flowers that have outlived their friends. Do you remember that heliotrope in the villa Carlotta, upon Lake Como? It covered whole square

yards of masonry, and the perfume of ambrosia could not excel it. These trim geraniums, stately lilies from Japan, and brilliant verbenas with their wealth of color, the flowers we delight in now, are incomparably handsomer, appeal more successfully to a cultivated taste, than the old-time peonies and lilacs and tiger-lilies, and hollyhocks, that we knew when boys; but can the best of them ever be loved more than these have been in village gardens and spacious farm-yards? Can they ever say sweeter things than a cinnamon rose has said in days past? These flowers which we now push aside as coarse and large, have been inwoven with all that was dearest in many precious lives, telling in their own plain speech the one same story as that told by the choicest of the florist's treasures; standing for all that is beautiful to many eyes that were looking for the Maker's footprints, a rainbow to innumerable hearts that otherwise had gone down in despair."

We lay upon the grass in silence for some time after this. In my own mind I was wondering whether whatever was true of beauty in color were not true of all other beauty beside, all art and love; the more or less successful appeal to taste counting for little, its worth lying in its prophecy of the possibilities beyond. To please the eye or the ear is a little; to speak to the soul that it "come up higher" is more. I have loved these misshapen bodies of ours ever since the Venus of Milo first told me what the human form might be. No saint the world holds to-day in reverent homage is so much of himself as he is when seen as a prophecy of what that human nature might be, of which he is a part, his farthest achievements in a gracious life speaking to the meanest of us of possibilities even by him unattained.

The sun meanwhile had been sinking lower and lower. It shone brokenly through the ruined walls of the old Borromean castle upon our left, beautifying its ragged masonry with a picturesqueness its former solidity could hardly have

known, the shattered stronghold of a feudal age glowing with the promise of a better morrow. The trees here and there about us cast long shadows that hastened down to the lake, as if to bid a loving good-night to the ripples upon the beach. The bluffs and meadowy slopes upon the eastern shore, beneath the almost level rays of the fast setting sun, stood "dressed in living green." Away to the north spread out the quiet waters, at the far horizon deepening into blue, with purple hills beyond, and above all the white tips of the distant Alps.

As we both rose to go, the words of a song came clear and sweet through the still air, from singers in a scarce distinguishable boat far out in the middle of the lake. Not a word of the language did we understand, but the majestic movement of a worshipful song we well knew. Involuntarily we both uncovered our heads. As the last words were sung the boat evidently had turned toward us, for the last chord came deep, swift and full to the hill on which we stood; the whole broad slope seemed covered with the sound, which straightway backward turned; then the bluff beyond the waves took up the blended harmony, throwing it west again, but farther north; and immediately either shore was filled with running echoes, all the indistinct and shadowy outline seemed to have broken into song, until little by little it receded up the lake, growing fainter and more faint, dying away at last the very whisper of a song, where nothing now was to be seen but one clear white peak against the sky of night, and above the peak one softly shining star.

Without a word we joined arms, and walked slowly down the long avenue of dusky acacia trees. There was nothing left us to add. Earth and sky, light and darkness had united in one vesper hymn; Day had uttered its speech, and Night had shown its knowledge; and All that Now is, had part in this one voice, which beckoned our thoughts from the darkening Here to the dimly discerned, far-away glories of the Hereafter.

THE DREAM-WHEEL UTILIZED.

BY MRS. C. H. B. LAING.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER IX.

WITH greater speed, even than the dream-wheel can accomplish, I will now distance one year, and propel my readers to their station, which shall be a fine house in one of the fashionable squares in New York. And here we find Mr. and Mrs. Rutledge seated at the breakfast table. Good humor, too, has a place at the board, and imparts by her cheerful presence a relish to the viands, at which even an epicure might stroke his beard complacently. There are some tables at which this pleasant guest seldom finds a welcome, especially at the morning meal. She often peeps into the window with the merry sunbeams, and would gladly enter where the externals seem in such unison with her own joyousness, where velvet carpets, rich hangings, the snowy damask, and glittering plate, all seem to proclaim that wealth and happiness must be synonymous. But one look at the master of the house, sitting like a grand inquisitor upon the overdone steak, frowning blackly down upon its leathery dryness, and wielding the carving-knife savagely, as if with it he would immolate the delinquent cook; or pointing out with disgust the underdone biscuits to the eyes of madam, the wife; who, carelessly sipping her coffee, listens with the most provoking nonchalance, enough to madden even a good-natured husband; while at the same time she airs her own ill-nature by finding fault with everything in general, the weather, the waiter, the opera, her dear five hundred friends, her *'Flora McFlimsy'* distress, and Mr. Beecher's last clerical joke. From a scene so uncongenial no wonder that good humor spreads her wings and flies away.

This tableau, however, is not for us. A more congenial scene invites our presence. The coffee is pronounced excellent, the steak and muffins do credit to the cook. The *Daily Times* announces a rise in stocks, which promises a fair profit, and Mr. Rutledge, leaning back in his chair, regards the still handsome face of Mrs. Rutledge, seated opposite, with a smile of satisfaction. He is happy, and he knows her to be so, for her matronly brow is seldom clouded with discontent.

"My dear," said Mr. Rutledge, "I shall probably invite a gentleman to dine with us this evening."

"You forget, we have already asked Mr. Lansing and young Shallow."

"True, true, I had forgotten. Well, never mind, perhaps it will render it more agreeable for all parties—the more, the merrier, you know."

"Who is the gentleman, my dear?"

"I cannot say precisely who he is; his name is Fletcher. He is a mechanic, and a very—"

"A what—a *mechanic*!" interrupted Mrs. Rutledge, nervously. "Why, what do you mean? You certainly cannot ask a mechanic to dine with the son of one of our richest millionaires!"

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Rutledge, smiling at the very earnest manner with which his wife had spoken. "Why not, my dear?"

"O! I don't know exactly why; but it does not seem quite proper. You know young Shallow is so very exclusive, and his father—"

"Was a brickmaker!" interrupted Mr. Rutledge, laughing.

"O! well, that was a long time ago, my dear, before Julius was born. We happen to know the fact, but then others

do not—that is, generally speaking. I am sure the Shallows are considered quite the *ton*, and the very best society attend their receptions.”

“Granted—for money will soon crowd a drawing-room. A clever man, too, is old Ben Shallow. I wish I could say the same of his dandy son; but still I see no objection to introducing my young friend Fletcher.”

“But, Mr. Lansing, my dear, you know *he* really does belong to the old aristocracy, to one of the very oldest families.”

“Granted again. But tell me, then, is aristocracy incompatible with worth and talent? Because Mr. Lansing has descended from a proud line of ancestors, from the nobles of England and the patriots of America, is that a reason why he should disdain the acquaintance of a fine young fellow, who, without either noble blood or fortune, or influential friends, is rapidly rising to fame, even if he is but a village blacksmith?”

“A blacksmith! O! Mr. Rutledge!” exclaimed Mrs. Rutledge, lifting her hands in amazement. “A blacksmith! It will never do—never, never. Invite him to-morrow, when we are by ourselves, if you wish to pay him that attention. I am not at all exclusive, as you know;” (poor Mrs. Rutledge, like all the rest of us, was blind to her own faults;) “but I really think that to invite this young man to dine with Mr. Lansing and Julius Shallow will be almost an insult.”

“To whom, my dear? To my young friend Fletcher? or the self-conceit of Shallow? or the aristocratic pride of Mr. Lansing? No, no, my dear wife, you are wrong; your good heart I see has become entangled in the web of that old spider, Mrs. Grundy. For my part, I will take any honest man by the hand, let him be rich or poor, statesman or mechanic; and when I see genius and worth struggling to be free from the shackles of poverty and oppression, I thank my God that he has given me a heart and the means to aid! Now, here is a case in point. Here is a young man born in obscurity, perhaps in poverty,

with little or no education, except that which his own ambition has given him, reared at the anvil, and who by his own industry, and by cultivating his God-given talents, undaunted by opposition, has marked out for himself an honorable path, and aid him I will in his onward progress.”

“O, no doubt this young man is truly worthy of your patronage; and really, my dear husband, I respect your noble principles,” said Mrs. Rutledge; “and I feel ashamed, indeed I do, that I cannot think quite as you do upon the subject. I am not exclusive, as I said before, but you know there is something due to position—the regulations of good society must be respected. Now, if we invite mechanics and tradespeople to our houses, why we shall see our children making the most absurd matches; and, by the way, my dear, you forget Ethel!”

“Forget Ethel! What do you mean? What possible connection can Ethel have with our present conversation?”

“More than you think, perhaps,” answered Mrs. Rutledge. “For her sake we should be careful whom we introduce into our family—a blacksmith, for instance.”

“Ha! ha! ha! You are looking ahead, indeed, my dear wife. But, seriously, since you regard my friend Fletcher so ominously, although this is the first time I have thought of our child in the way of marriage—”

“But she is eighteen, Mr. Rutledge.”

“Well, God bless her, so she is; but she is a child, nevertheless; and let me tell you, I had rather give her hand to an honest, industrious, noble-minded mechanic—ay, blacksmith, if you will—than to see her the wife of such a fellow as Shallow, heir to a million!”

“Why, Mr. Rutledge, you are certainly beside yourself—you do not mean what you say!”

“Indeed, I do mean it—a fellow, who, if as destitute of money as of brains, could not even manage to gain a living by doing the fancy work of a street-sweeper—he could not fathom the intricacies surrounding a lamp-post.”

“Mr. Rutledge, you are too severe.”

"It is true, wife. His father is an honest, upright man, and a shrewd one. In his youth he laid the foundation of his fortune with the bricks of our houses; then by purchasing up-town lots for a mere song, and selling them at an enormous profit, as our great city stretched itself over them, he became a *millionaire*. He lives in a palace; but for all that, his son may die in a hovel. Shall I tell you why? Because he has been brought up in idleness—to walk Broadway in kids, and stare modest girls out of countenance; to loiter at church doors, to drive his four-in-hand in the park, to play billiards, and to swear such little affected oaths as a monkey might be ashamed of! Now, would you give Ethel to such a man?"

"Not as you describe him, certainly not; but I do not regard young Shallow in the light you do."

"Again, I grant you that a certain distinction in society is necessary, and only necessary that it is for the good of all. I contend that all vocations are honorable if sustained honorably, and alike demand respect, for what says St. Paul: 'There are diversities of gifts, and there are differences of administrations, and there are diversities of operations.' And again he says: 'The body is not one member, but many'—'and the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again, the hand to the feet, I have no need of thee.' So then, my dear wife, since we are all so dependent, let us not only bear our own burthens cheerfully, but also strive to assist others who may be struggling under burthens which press down their energies, and crush their hopes. But I must be off, it is near ten. I shall bring young Fletcher to dine, of course; and I hope, my dear Anna, the prejudice you entertain against mechanics will not prevent you from exercising the rights of hospitality in your usual cordial manner."

"Assuredly not. Mr. Fletcher shall be welcome," replied Mrs. Rutledge, returning the kiss of her husband.

"What a man that is!" she mentally exclaimed, as the door closed upon his

portly form. "I wish I was more like him; but O dear! I fear I shall never be able to conquer the prejudice of birth; but I love him all the better for his principles, and for his kind, generous heart—but, *hem!*—well, after all, I cannot help wishing that he had not gone so far as to invite that young man to the house. If Ethel *should*—well—"

And Ethel did.

As we shall see, if we listen for a moment to the conversation between mother and daughter the next morning.

It was quite evident that our young friend Roy had made a most favorable impression upon Miss Ethel, and also upon Mrs. Rutledge, if we are permitted to divulge a fact so much at variance with her professions. She saw the danger at once; and, like a skilled general, prepared to meet this attack upon her own and her daughter's good opinion, by bringing forth every argument, both expressed and understood, to prevent the advance of an enemy so insidious. But love can outgeneral even Mrs. Rutledge. She would not harbor even the most distant suspicion that her Ethel, her darling, and her pride, could be won in a contest so unequal—blacksmith *versus* banker! No! no! the idea was too absurd. So, although Mrs. Rutledge was really most favorably impressed by Roy, she resolved that her speech should never betray it—never.

"Ethel, my dear, have you been reading the book which Mr. Lansing brought you?"

"No, mamma. It is excessively uninteresting, I find; almost as stupid as he is himself," said Ethel, smiling.

"*My dear!* Mr. Lansing is a man of positive talent."

"That may be too, mamma, and I really do like Mr. Lansing very much; but still you must own he is very prosy at times; now, is it not so? But tell me, mamma, who was that young man, Mr. Fletcher? I never met him before, did you?"

"No, child, *I never had that honor!*" with a short, dry laugh.

"He is very handsome—don't you think so?"

"Handsome! O! he is well enough. By the way. I was going to remark that I never saw young Shallow appear to such advantage as he did last evening; and, Ethel, did you observe the splendid diamond which he wore?"

"But, mamma—O! yes, as you say, it was magnificent—I was going to ask you if—if Mr. Fletcher belongs to our set?"

"Our set!—ha! ha! ha!—that is too good, Ethel! *Our set*, indeed! No, he is only some poor adventurer whom your father has picked up—some low-bred fellow he has undertaken to patronize—you know, Ethel, he is always doing some such absurd thing!"

"Surely not low-bred, mamma; Mr. Fletcher has the air and manner of a perfect gentleman."

"Because he can make a dancing-school bow you call him a gentleman, do you? To my eye, Ethel, he is the reverse;" and as she spoke, Mrs. Rutledge plunged her worsted-needle with great force through the little Cupid she was forming upon a hand-screen.

"He has magnificent dark eyes."

"Those of Julius Shallow are much finer."

Ethel laughed merrily at this conceit of her mother's; but insisted that Roy Fletcher had really the most expressive eyes she had ever seen; as for poor young Shallow, she declared that his protruded like the eyes of a calf; and as for Mr. Lansing's, they were so buried in their deep caves, that (with a mischievous pinch of mamma's cheek) she never yet had been able to decide their color.

"But Mr. Fletcher is excessively rude, my dear."

"Rude, mamma!"

"Yes, Ethel, rude! Why, did not you hear him decline to take wine with your father?"

"Ye—s; but then remember he may have refused from principle; and, indeed, I saw papa give him one of those pleasant smiles of his; and so did Mr. Lansing, and I believe they approved of it; and so do I—yes, mamma, so do I."

"And I do not. I repeat, I think it

was extremely rude—he to refuse wine with *your* father! Why it was an honor to Mr. Fletcher—a mere mechanic."

"A mechanic, did you say, mamma?"

"Even so, Ethel—a—a *blacksmith*!—ha! ha! ha! it is truly laughable, and the idea of our dining him—it is too absurd!" cried Mrs. Rutledge, watching keenly the effect of this announcement.

"A blacksmith, and I took him for a gentleman!"

"Yes. I know you did," said the now delighted mother, "for of course you did not expect to meet any other at your father's table."

"Well, mamma," replied Ethel, with sudden energy, "if Mr. Fletcher was not a gentleman, let his profession be what it may, papa would not have invited him. I do not see why a mechanic is not worthy our acquaintance. For my part, I mean to treat him with especial politeness."

"You will do no such thing, you ridiculous child. I declare you are just like your father," replied Mrs. Rutledge, aghast at the turn things were taking. "But get your hat, will you; I have already ordered the carriage. Your mantle is really getting quite shabby; so we will drive first to Stewart's, and then call at Tiffany's, to look at the bracelet which Mr. Shallow spoke of."

"I cannot accompany you, mamma. Did not papa mention it to you? Mr. Fletcher will be here at twelve, to accompany us to the High Bridge." (Mrs. Rutledge, cunning woman, already knew it.) "He has never been there, so papa proposed his going to look at the fine masonry of the aqueduct."

This was too much for Mrs. Rutledge's forbearance.

"And would you go with *him*, Ethel?—fie!" she demanded.

"Certainly. Why not? Papa would never have suggested it if he thought it improper."

"Ethel, remember who Mr. Fletcher is, or rather, *who he is not*!"

"If Mr. Fletcher is good enough for papa to associate with," persisted the wilful Ethel, "he is good enough for me; don't you think so, mamma?"

"No; nor for me. Mr. Fletcher must find some other escort. *I shall not go, and neither shall you!*"

And ringing the bell, Mrs. Rutledge ordered the carriage immediately to the door, and precisely ten minutes before twelve she bore off her pretty daughter in triumph.

But poor Mrs. Rutledge struggled vainly with fate, and the whims, as she named them, of her good husband, who, delighted with his young friend, embraced every opportunity of serving him. Under the patronage, therefore, of so influential a citizen, Roy soon found himself in a position far beyond even his most sanguine expectations. And urged by the repeated solicitations of his excellent patron, and perhaps impelled by his own growing interest in Ethel, Roy became a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Rutledge.

As for Ethel—

But as we do not mean to get entangled in any love passages, we must forbear to betray confidence, and will in lieu thereof follow the fortunes of our young friend Rupert, whom his brother had summoned from medical jurisprudence, to place at school near the city.

CHAPTER X.

"And so you are going, boy?" said Dr. Borax, folding the letter which Rupert had handed him to read; "going to leave a good home, after all my kindness, and the trouble I have had in teaching you something—going, eh?"

"Yes, sir, I leave to-morrow," answered Rupert, with a quickening pulse.

"Very well, you will never find such another place—board and schooling for nothing! However, I expected it—it's the way of the world—people never know when they are well off." So saying, Dr. Borax buried his white wig in the folds of the *Christian Observer*.

The next morning Rupert drove round the horse and gig to the gate, and as the Doctor prepared to mount, he extended his hand, saying:

"Good-by, sir; I am going now."

"O! you are. Well, good-by, boy—you'll be sorry some day—good-by. O! stop, here is a dollar for you," (feeling in his pockets)—no—I can't find it—no matter, but remember I would have given you a dollar if I had had one."

"Thank you, sir; it's all the same;" and throwing his cap high in the air, and catching it at a bound, Rupert ran to the station, jumped into the cars, and was speedily rushing on to the city.

Rupert remained at the school where his brother's kindness had placed him for a twelvemonth, rapidly improving his advantages, and at the expiration of that time found employment in a large window-shade factory; his choice of the occupation being governed entirely by his fondness for drawing, and although on so humble and limited a scale as the decoration of a window-shade, Rupert gladly accepted it for the time, as the prelude to something better.

To become an artist was still his aim, and often did he walk in the beautiful temple of his dream, and recall the glorious promises of that bright vision. It may be asked why Roy did not place his brother at once in the studio of some artist. The reason is plain. For his capital, Roy was indebted to the kindness of Mr. Rutledge, the outlay required in the construction of his locomotives and other mechanical improvements was more than he could expect to realize for some time; but that time he knew would come, and then, not until then, could he carry out his intentions for his brother's advancement. Rupert knew this, and nobly resolved when he left school that Roy's kindness should be taxed no longer. He could earn his own support, and he would. And thus, at a moderate salary, we find him in the factory of Messrs. Tassle & Co.

Rupert had been engaged in his new occupation only a few months, when it chanced that a lady and gentleman called one morning at the establishment for the purpose of ordering some shades. Passing around from one department to another of this extensive manufactory, they were at length shown by the polite pro-

prietors into the room where the workmen were employed either in forming new designs, or in copying others for their tasteful fabrics.

This was a very interesting part of the exhibition apparently to the visitors, who examined with evident pleasure the various patterns offered for their selection. At length they stood before a sort of rude easel, on which was stretched the linen fabric, displaying a small landscape of such tone and finish, that both involuntarily exclaimed:

"How very beautiful!"

"A copy, of course, Mr. Tassle," said the gentleman.

"No, sir, it is the work of one of my young men. Pretty tasty thing, now, isn't it?"

"*Tasty!* Mr. Tassle; why it is a little gem, even in this state. Are you quite sure it is original? If so, the young man, whoever he is, displays great talent—it must be a copy."

"O! no; I assure you, sir, it is original," answered Mr. Tassle. "Why I have seen him strike off a better thing than that in a few moments. I sell a great many of his designs; they seem to take. Now, here is one for instance, which Mr. Brown of the Fifth Avenue—know him, sir?—ah, well, Mr. Brown admired so much, that we copied it for his library upon some wire shades, which we manufacture in Brooklyn."

"You surprise me, Mr. Tassle," said the gentleman, examining the little sketch attentively. "Yes, this is quite superior to the other, and evinces wonderful genius. Julia, my dear, we must know this young sketcher. Is he in?"

"He is not."

"Then here is my card, give it to him, if you please, and ask him to call upon me this evening."

Ordering a set of window-shades from each of Rupert's designs, Mr. Lansing and his sister were bowed out by the well-pleased proprietor.

With a beating heart Rupert that evening ascended the massive steps of an elegant mansion in Madison Square, and was ushered into the presence of the proprietor, who was evidently expecting

him, and in whom we must recognize Mr. Lansing, the aristocratic friend of Mrs. Rutledge. He at once opened the conversation:

"I was much pleased with some little sketches which I saw this morning at Mr. Tassle's, and which he informed me were of your own design. Permit me to ask if they are so, or are they copies?"

"They are my own, sir," replied Rupert, promptly.

"Then I congratulate you, my young friend. You have, of course, given much attention to your art—you have studied?"

"No, sir, I have never had any instruction."

"Is that so? You surprise me. How did you attain such proficiency? How long, may I ask, have you devoted yourself to sketching, self-taught as you say you are?"

"From my cradle, I believe," answered Rupert, smiling; "for I cannot remember the time when it was not my chief delight to disfigure everything which came in my way, either with chalk or charcoal."

"Your name?" asked Mr. Lansing.

"Fletcher. Rupert Fletcher, sir."

"Fletcher, Fletcher! Why that is the name of the young machinist who has lately become famous for some new improvement, a central wheel, I believe, applied to locomotives. Is he a relative of yours?"

"My brother, sir," answered Rupert, with a flushed cheek and beaming eye.

"Indeed! You may well be proud of your brother, Mr. Fletcher. I met him at a small dinner-party, and was much impressed by his gentlemanly bearing, and evidently well-balanced mind. You seem to be a wonderfully talented family," he added, smiling. "Now, to the point. Tell me, as a friend, what your wishes are, for I know you cannot be satisfied with the present use you are making of your talents—you must crave something higher? Would you like to study—to cultivate the gift which you certainly possess, and make art your profession?"

"O! sir," replied Rupert, his eyes

dimmed with tears, "indeed, next to the love of God, it is my greatest, nay, my sole desire; and I hope one day I may be enabled to do so. But you know, sir, one must creep before they can walk, as my dear mother used to tell me."

"If your progress is equal to your talents, you will not have to creep long, my young friend—you will soon find your feet," said Mr. Lansing. "I like your face; it is one I can trust. I will introduce you to an artist, who is a friend of mine, and claim his instruction. In his studio, and under his careful, critical eye, I prophesy you will soon do something worthy a name."

"Mr. Lansing," cried Rupert, with emotion, "what can I say to express my thanks for this interest in a poor boy—a stranger? But I must deny myself the advantages which you offer me, for I cannot spare the time from my employer. I have only a few hours in the evening which I can command."

"Well, I must help you, that's all," said Mr. Lansing, in that hearty, cheerful tone which goes straight to a man's heart. "To-morrow I will call upon Mr. Tassle, and see what can be done. No thanks, no thanks, my young friend. I have money, and you have genius. We must combine the two. It is *my* duty to aid you; it is *yours* to profit by it. Call to-morrow at this hour, and I hope to have good news for you. Good-night."

Almost wild at his unexpected good fortune, Rupert flew at once to find his brother, and make him a participator in his joy.

"God is good!" said Roy, with tears of gratitude, as he listened to the recital. "Rupert, do you remember those two dreams of mine in the dear old cottage home? Have they not been more than realized? And now, my dear brother, what see you in your present bright promises but the fulfilment of your own vision? Is not the hand of God in all this?"

The next evening the appointed hour found Rupert again in the library of Mr. Lansing, who, to his great joy, informed him that he had seen Mr. Tas-

sle, who, although very reluctant to relinquish his services, yet in consideration of a handsome *bonus* paid down by Mr. Lansing, and the promise that Rupert would now and then favor him with a new design *gratis*, Mr. Tassle yielded to the higher destiny of his young workman.

"And now," continued Mr. Lansing, "you are your own man. To-morrow I will introduce you to the studio of my friend."

It is unnecessary to analyze the feelings of Rupert at this sudden change of fortune—this reverse scene from the labors of the factory to the congenial life of an artist. Suffice it to hope that this good deed of Mr. Lansing's may find imitators, and that hands as kind may be extended to lift struggling genius from "out the depths."

CHAPTER XI.

One year of close application found our young artist settled in a small studio of his own, which, a proof to what lofty flights genius bears up her children, was situated five stories from the ground floor.

He had made good progress, but his success was moderate. Mr. Lansing was now travelling in Europe, and Rupert missed the friendly hand and encouraging word of his excellent patron. Before his departure Mr. Lansing had introduced him to several of his friends, and from them he had received various commissions, which he had filled, both to their satisfaction and his own credit; yet, on the whole, Rupert toiled from day to day with small pecuniary profit. People looked at his paintings, and pronounced them "very clever"—perhaps they wanted the *foreign stamp*, which is alike necessary to pictures and prima donnas, to pass current with the multitude—for his paintings did not sell.

However, Rupert was not discouraged. He never saw the evening shadows creeping softly over his little room without feeling that his day's labor had not been lost—some new thought had been awakened, some harmonious blending of

light and shade, or happy combination of color effected, which filled him with delight.

And thus time passed on.

One evening, more exhausted than usual by his labors, for the day had been intensely warm, Rupert threw by his pallet, and reclining back in his chair, soon yielded to his drowsy inclination.

And as he slept—a vision!

What a rapid transition was that which chanced our young dreamer; for no sooner did the magic wand of sleep wave its potent charm, than Rupert found himself transported to a strangely bewildering scene, and surrounded by a crowd of persons, whose dress and language were alike foreign.

Rupert passed on with the multitude, filled with wonder at the grand and novel objects which met his eye. Here a palace, whose highly decorated façade was black with the wear of centuries; there swept the majestic columns of a cathedral, and lifting its taper height to the cloudless heavens, stood a monument, of which each sculptured side bore in *bas-relief* the warlike deeds of heroes; here, from broken pedestals, grim statues of heathen gods frowned hideous, and beautiful fountains emptied their cool waters into fantastic basins, held by the hands of water-nymphs. Here were crumbling ruins, in whose coverts the lizard and the *lazzaroni* alike made their home; and prisons, in whose darkness, centuries past, the Christian suffered. And there a bridge, guarded by marble saints, spanned the swift tide of a turbid river. Rupert looked upon all these wonderful objects, and said:

"I am in Rome!"

Suddenly the heavy tramp of an approaching multitude fell on his ear, and with it came the solemn strains of the "*Miserere Deus*," chanted by many voices. Nearer and nearer came the measured footfalls, and nearer swept the vocal harmony. The crowd fell on their knees, and bent their faces to the earth. Rupert, leaning against a broken column, watched and listened. On came the procession, monks and priests chanting devoutly, each bearing a lighted candle;

cardinals, in their scarlet robes; bishops, in long, flowing mantles; and children, in white garments, bearing golden censers. Then upon a platform, hung with black and gold, and drawn by four horses in the same sable housings, was borne a large painting of the Crucifixion. No sooner did the eyes of Rupert rest upon it, than, lost to all else, he became absorbed in the contemplation of its majestic beauty. Sinking reverently upon his knees, he gazed up into the heavenly countenance of the Saviour, which seemed bent upon the vast crowd with looks of pity and love. As Rupert beheld, his heart throbbed, and tears fell from his eyes, for he saw the deep print of the nails in those holy hands and feet—he saw the cruel wound in his dear side, and beheld the life-drops trickling from those hallowed temples, pierced by the sharp thorns which mocked them. Spell-bound he gazed, and as he did so, Rupert fancied that it was upon him alone the Redeemer looked with such tender pity.

And now the solemn procession moved slowly on, winding through colonnades, and so on and on, up to the gorgeous vestibule of a cathedral. Here the sacred painting was transferred to the shoulders of consecrated priests, and by them borne beneath the dome, where the deep-toned strains of the organ now united with the chant of priests and choristers. Through the solemn nave moved the reverend bearers to the altar, the people kneeling as they passed, and devoutly signing the cross. Around the high altar, and into the *apsis*, this representation of our Saviour's sufferings was borne, and there placed within a deep, sculptured niche. Then the multitude rose to their feet—the organ poured forth its grandest tones, reverberating through those majestic aisles, and commingling with the loud "allelujahs" of the congregated mass. Suddenly the music changed its character to gentle notes of sweetest harmony, and little children, bearing upon a golden salver a chaplet of laurel, drew near, and kneeling before Rupert, presented it as the meed *due to the artist of that matchless picture!*

The pealing notes of the organ again echoed around, and—

"Come, Rupert, I want you to take a drive with me to Central Park; it will do you good," said Roy, placing his hand upon the arm of his sleeping brother.

And the dreamer awoke.

As they drove, Rupert related to his brother the wonderful incidents of his dream, dwelling most upon that sacred representation of the Redeemer.

"And, indeed, my dear Roy," he continued, "so vivid an impression has the image of the crucified Saviour made upon my mind, that, daring as the attempt may seem, I think I could even now sketch that divine and benignant countenance, and even give a faithful transcript of the whole glorious picture."

"Do so," answered Roy. "That vision was not given you without a divine purpose; slight it not, but profit by its inspiration. Paint your dream-picture, Rupert, and when completed, mark my words, you will achieve the reputation which you have so long coveted."

Thus encouraged, our young artist, filled with the solemnity of the subject, commenced that grand conception of his sleeping vision; and as he worked, there seemed fresh harmony and vigor given to his efforts, so that at the close of a few weeks, his easel presented a picture of sublime power and beauty. No words can express the pride and delight of Roy as he watched this noble work growing upon the canvas, so touching in its fidelity, so divine in its expression, appealing to the heart, as though the words, "*Father, forgive them*," yet trembled on those pale lips. No one but a scoffer could stand before it unmoved.

At length completed, Rupert, with modest pride, placed his picture upon exhibition. No signature was attached to designate the artist, yet soon such inquiries were made, not only by connoisseurs, but by artists, to discover by whom this striking picture was designed, that Roy prevailed upon his brother to declare himself. And now the wonder was still greater, that one so young and

unknown to fame, could have designed and achieved a picture of such power as "*The Crucifixion*."

Orders now rapidly poured in upon him. The lovers of art found his studio always attractive, and soon the name of Rupert Fletcher vied in celebrity with the most talented artists of America.

A letter at this time received from his warm friend and patron, Mr. Lansing, dated from Rome, urging him to visit without delay that goal of artists, and enclosing a check for five hundred dollars, decided Rupert to close his labors for the present in his native land, and in that more genial atmosphere of art, pursue his studies of the beautiful.

Roy encouraged the enterprise, and with a happy heart, saddened only by the fact of being separated from his brother, Rupert Fletcher sailed for the Old World.

CHAPTER XI.

"My dear fellah! 'pon my soul, I'm positeevly shocked!" exclaimed our quondam exquisite, young Shallow, meeting an immense moustache in Broadway. "I say, have you heard the news—eh?"

"What is it—an elopement? a lecture from your old governor? or what can have so disturbed your imperturbable nature—eh?" answered his friend, tapping his patent leathers with the most *recherché* of little canes.

"Aw, Jeemes, what do you think—positeevly that lovely little 'Rut'elge is—yes, is going to be—married—married, Jeemes!"

"The plague she is! Wh—y, I rather fancied the Rutledge myself! I say," complacently adjusting his necktie, "who is the lucky fellow?"

"Lucky fellah—eh? Why, one Fletcher! and Jeemes, do you know—ha! ha! ha!" giving his companion a thrust on the spot which the heart is supposed to occupy, "do you know the fellah was a—vulgar, shocking blacksmith!—'pon my soul and honor, a blacksmith! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Capital joke, ain't it, Jeemes?"

Wh—y—aw—I might have made the Rutledge Mrs. Shallow—'pon my soul—but I did not take the hint!"

"Yes, the old lady had a design, too, upon me at one time—but it wouldn't do, ha! ha! it wouldn't do! I must cut them—one meets one don't know who at their receptions."

"Ye—s! low fellahs, Jeemes. I can nevah associate with mechanics—nevah—they smell of the shop—eh!" quoth the brickmaker's hopeful son. "Shall you be at the club—aw?"

"No, I am going to the races. I say, Shallow, I have bet a cool five hundred with Bob Highflyer that Samoset will distance Philley. Au revoir—but stay—as I live, here come the happy pair—ha! ha! ha!—Vulcan and Veuus! let's evaporate!"

And as the proud and happy Roy reached the crossing with his fair young bride elect, Ethel Rutledge, upon his arm, the two brainless exquisites disappeared.

Mrs. Rutledge no longer held the impulses of her kind, good heart in abeyance, but was proud to proclaim her regard for the young mechanic, Roy Fletcher, proud to bestow upon him the hand of her darling Ethel, assured that even a doting mother's exacting affection could claim no greater security for the happiness of her child.

"Ah, my dear wife," said Mr. Rutledge one evening, after a pleasant visit to the home of the happy young couple, "how fortunate we are! When I look around me, and see how many parents have made shipwreck of their children's happiness through false notions of pedigree and pride, and how many young girls have sacrificed the freshness of their young hearts to the glitter of wealth and its accessories, viz., a splendid house, gilded furniture, a box at the opera, and servants in livery—but who find when too late that all these gauds are not sufficient to satisfy the cravings of the heart for sympathy and love;—when I see men, too, forsaking their own firesides for the club or the gaming table, leaving their families to dulness, and perhaps to crime;

—when I see and know all this, I thank my God that the happiness of our dear Ethel is secure, so far as earthly foresight can determine; and for the rest, we must leave our beloved child in the hands of Him 'who doeth all things well.' "

My story is now ended. Secure of the respect and confidence of all honorable men, and on the high road to fame and fortune, our young friends require our sympathy no longer; so bidding them "God speed," we take our leave.

Thus in the history of Roy and Rupert Fletcher, which we have traced from their childhood up, I have endeavored to prove the dignity of labor, and to attest the Divine Love in the ministering care of guardian angels whom He sends forth to cheer His earthly children, and who thus by beautiful visions guided the steps and sustained the hopes of two orphan boys. These visions are not the conceptions of romance; for such revelations have been granted to many pure minds, as all history, both sacred and profane, will testify in support of my theory, and have been accepted by prayerful and thankful hearts as the gracious testimonials of the Father's love.

Courage, then, brave ones who struggle and toil for an honest purpose. Courage, ye who labor at the work-bench, at the loom, at the forge, at the desk, at the easel, or wherever the finger of fate has pointed out your duty. Take courage. Labor with perfect confidence that the same Divine love which has been vouchsafed to so many of earth's pilgrims will sustain you also, if not by visions, by granting you an inward strength to labor faithfully, and giving you courage to dare the wrong and do the right. And ye poor patient ones who by the midnight lamp

"Stitch, stitch, stitch,
At once a shroud and a shirt,"

take courage, and if the clouds gather around you, and the star of hope shines dim, remember that "with the morning cometh light."

DREAMS OF GOLDEN DAYS.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

ON the twenty-first of September, 1872, three illustrious and well-beloved people, left Philadelphia by the North Pennsylvania Railroad. These persons have been from time immemorial known to fame, in the pages of Mother Goose. They were Bobby Shafto, the Old Woman who lived in the Shoe, and Little Dame Crumb. Bobby Shafto had returned from sea, and married the beloved of his soul; the Old Woman had farmed out all her babies; and Little Dame Crumb had set by her broom, and carried her famous penny to pay her travelling expenses.

Other people take their pleasure trips when all the earth is busy in its summer toils; when the sun is a raging furnace, when in the vineyards the Father turns water into wine; and in the grain fields, creates with his blessing the bread that shall place the lowering shade of famine another year's remove from men. Mother Goose folk make their holiday when labor is done, and their parent earth is taking her joyous ease. When fields stand thick with corn, when orchards hang heavy with fruit, when trees are in their gayest, when birds have no nests to build, and all merry insects are epicureans,—even in the golden days of the year do Mother Goose people go abroad to rejoice in regions of pleasaunce.

It was afternoon, and the cars were very full; every body was going home with their city purchases. A cage with a screaming parrot fell down on Dame Crumb's head. A young woman just setting up house-keeping, knocked off Bobby Shafto's hat with a toasting fork; and an anxious mother of a family lost her trunk checks, disturbing the Old Woman in her search for them.

"I hope *you* have your checks safe," said the anxious mother, settling herself, flushed and panting.

"A multitude of years brings wisdom," said the Old Woman, "and I never travel with baggage. Let all the world carry a single satchel, and be happy."

One by one the shoppers, and the business men, and the school children dropped out of the train at way stations, melted into the hazy distance of green lanes and flower set gardens, and were seen no more.

The travellers had gone up, and up and up, into the realm of hills, and at Bethlehem a great gate swung wide between purple peaks, and they swept through it, out of work and dust and worry, into a blissful land of dreams.

Still on and up; they climbed among those blue veiled summits which had lifted before them as the home of their desire, and lo! other mountain tops lay afar off, and lured them still. A river ran beside their way; a river which man had once brought under his yoke, and made a bonds slave for his traffic, but it had torn asunder gates and embankments, locks and bars, and rioted on now madly at its own free will. Along it stood wrecks of stone houses, once homes of lock-keepers and bridge-tenders; but the frantic river had driven them away, and robbed them of their occupation. So the houses stood gloomily staring out of sashless windows; and braved sun and storm in roofless misery; while to Dame Crumb's eyes, touched with the glamour of fairy land, it was plain that brownies played antics in them on moonlight nights; that little people there held revels rare to see; and that strange ghosts of human hopes and passions, that had once been there in flesh and blood, now stalked up and down the abandoned rooms, before cock crowing. Great hills came boldly out and barred the traveller's path, setting themselves like huge apollyons across the track; but, as in days of chiv-

alry, all huge monsters succumbed to true knights, so it was now; for Bobby Shafto looked valorous as Gavain, and even Little Dame Crumb might have rivalled Enid in pertinacity. Seeing this bold front, the hills at the last moment before encounter crept back in sharp curves, and gave the pilgrims to Wonder-land right of way; even trailing before them brilliant banners of gold, and scarlet, and purple dye.

Night came on, not blackly as a foe, but tenderly and soothingly as a friend. A delightful veil of mystery was spread by the twilight over all the shifting scene. The river boiled and brawled over rocks and shallows, while misty figures rose out of the spray. The hills that climbed aloft had satisfied all their ambition, and touched the saffron sky; the white villages clung restingly to the green slopes.

"Where are we going?" asked Dame Crumb.

"Anywhere it happens," replied the Old Woman, autocratically. "There is nothing more miserable, Dame, than to travel with a fixed intention."

"It is not very charming to travel in the dark after one is done watching the sparks fly out of the engine." The Dame held out this suggestion meekly, as quite ready to take it back, if it did not suit her companions.

"You are right, Dame," said the Old Woman, cordially.

"Let us stop at the next place," proposed Bobby. "It is time we had supper."

Mother Goose people always have good appetites.

When the whistle blew again, each traveller took up a shawl and a satchel, and presently they were standing on a platform before a big house, blazing with kereosene lamps.

"Is this Aladdin's palace?" asked Bobby of the railway porter.

"No," replied that person of practicalities, "this is White Haven."

"I have heard," said the Old Woman, "that it is famous for pepper sauce."

Accordingly the party went into the house and ate pepper sauce—and other things.

In the morning there was an inspiring hint of frost in the air. The sun broke forth in splendor, as if he had a new realization of his opportunities. The boy with the bow and arrow had been out, and shot cock sparrows, or something equally as good, and there was an odor of breakfast permeating the halls.

"Shall we call this the climax of all the world?" asked Bobby; "if it is, we will stop here."

"I cannot tell until I have asked the birds," replied the Old Woman, who divined, as did the ancients, by the flight of feathered creatures.

She therefore went on the balcony to look and listen. All the birds flew out of the right quarter, while

—"with magical sweet singing,
Blackbirds set the woods a ringing."

the robin fluted in a maple tree; the yellow-hammer from the woods laughed ha! ha! ha!! and over the corn-fields circled the blue-black crows, calling, stay! stay!!

"We are to stop here for a while; this is the top blossom of all the world for the time being; when this flower is fruit, and we have eaten it, we will find a better bloom has opened nearer the sky," said the Old Woman.

"What have you?" asked Bobby of the Dame, after breakfast.

"A bundle of sweet herbs—choose," she replied. Her hands were empty; she spoke metaphorically. "For to-day," said the Old Woman, "I choose the sweets of idlesse." And to this they all agreed.

Indolence, a heavy lout, lurks within doors. Fair Idlesse, a maid of olden time, is to be wooed in woodlands. A mass of trees crowned a steep ascent, and thither climbed the Mother Goose people, through acres of "barrens," where the great stones were venerable with lichens; the hollows were full of ferns, and the gay flowers of autumn lay here and there in patches of bright color.

Bobby Shafto and the Old Woman seated themselves under a great chestnut tree. The Dame wandered away from them, pursuing a zigzag course like a

butterfly; while little was to be seen of her but a red plume on her hat.

Whirr of grasshopper; pipe of bird; gay defiance of crickets, never yet nipped with cold; rustle of leaves on the bough, and stir of grasses under the feet of the breeze, all these made music good to hear. Wiled by the sirens of such sweet sounds, the work-a-day world drifted out of thought; beautiful Atlantis unmoored itself from the land of romance, and floated down into the actual, while Bobby and the Old Woman went gayly singing through its glades. The Old Woman looked at Bobby steadily, smilingly, like a joyous seer. Bobby knew that she had received the gift of second sight. "What is it?" he asked.

"You have on your silver buckles, Bobby, as when you went to sea," cried the prophetess. It is not very often that Bobby Shafto can get on his silver buckles; they are generally interfered with by considerations of taxes, bread and butter, the butcher and other things. When the Old Woman said this, he was glad accordingly.

Now Little Dame Crumb sailed in, laden with her spoils; her nosegay was almost as large as herself. The centre of it was a mass of yarrow, its bitter fragrance like the sweet and sad in legends of its namesake stream. Against the white of the yarrow clustered crimson and orange, and green berries of the solanum, a thing in which beauty is wedded with bane, showing us, as Ruskin says, that things which rise from darkness and decay, are always most deadly when well dressed. Around the white and the brilliant berries, were noble tassels of golden rod, a plant of happy omen, the dauntless herald in the carnival of October. Contrasting well with golden rod, came next a wreath of purple asters, the emblems of jolly old age, finding last days best days; and following this, as is fit, the undying bloom of amaranths, hinting of immortality. The amaranths were white as winter snow, and they were closely garlanded with delicate fronds of fern, both golden and green. Over this nosegay was cast a gentle tinge of melancholy, suited to autumn's hap-

piest hours; because it was veiled with dainty, purplish, almost intangible blossoms of dry grasses,—the ghosts of a departed summer.

The Dame sat down on a stump, holding her bouquet for the benefit of all. The melody in the air; the peace of the prospect; the warmth of the fall sunshine; the fragrance of the woods; the luxuriant beauty of the so-called barrens; the restfulness of the Mother Goose folk, charmed the shy maid Idlesse, and the sprite stood among them, with her magic hand laid on the flowers. The blossoms became coaches to fairy land, and the party were off as by enchantment. Bobby Shafto was a youth once more, with a youth's proud hopes, and every day his ships sailed in laden with every thing delightful from the land of the Impossible. The Old Woman slipped into the world of shadows; "among the dead she breathed alone." The heroes and the gracious women of antiquity were about her; she had gone to a world where there was no supper to get, where infants never cried, and where nobody was ever crowded.

As for Dame Crumb, she went to the best place of all, real true fairy land, where beasts talk, flowers hold fair ladies and lovely babies in their sweet depths, and all is gold, and spice, and sparkle brighter even than the sea in the sunshine!

This was the morning's happiness. When the sun stood high overhead the people returned to real life, and descended from their elevation to eat pepper sauce. In the afternoon they went back to where lovely Idlesse had met them, and lounged in the sun to watch butterflies. Up and down through all the scented woods, tiny Hipparchia, in black and orange livery, flitted, doing the errands of the fays. Wherever the milk-weed offered its cradles of white silk, Archippus, the luxurious idler of courts, rocked himself to and fro, proud of the velvet trimmings on his gay doublet. The sturdy mullein lifted its dry stalk into the air, and on its tip Colias Philodice in his lemon-colored suit sat lazily sunning his dainty wings. In the fervid heat of summer noons Colias



DANE CRUKE'S DREAM OF FAIRY LAND.

been a reveller of the maddest type;
drunken with hot sunshine, and
about in dizzying circles, and
up and down in the scorching

beams, light the glad ishor of his ethereal
frame.

But his day is nearly done; his golden
age is changing to October's age of

bronze, and iron days of winter come apace. This little-winged divinity of summer air counts each instant precious, and is no more in haste. He drains each second dry of joy before he lets it go; perched on his mullein throne, he shuts and opens, and opens and shuts his yellow wings; fears no rash hand, desires no good to come, sucks up the sweetness of the passing hour; he too is enjoying dreams of golden days!

And where a late primrose loads the air with fragrance from its beautiful censer, see Antiopia's faded glories. He is a courtier who has gone out of favor; his velvet wings are tarnished and frayed; he is seeking winter quarters; when he has drunken his fill of honey he will hide away; where, Puck, moonlight madcap, alone can tell, and through the gorgeous obsequies of the present reigning season, and the dreary interregnum of winter, Antiopia will hide well; but will come forth for a few brief days to pay his antiquated and unthanked court to the next new crowned summer. Here end the idyls of the butterflies, for evening comes apace, and chill gray shadows fall on all around.

On the next day it was left for Bobby Shafto to choose what should be done; and he being a young man with nautical instincts, made proclamation that they should all go and sail boats.

"Where is a river?" demanded Dame Crumb.

"We shall find one; you will hear it singing to call us presently," said Bobby; so they set forth, staff in hand. Led by some subtle instinct, Bobby chose a wide road, and they followed it along by houses, trees, ferns, barrens and gardens, until it turned sharply around a wooded hill, and there was their river.

A bridge crossed it; trees shaded it; great logs divided it into still pools; boulders made wonderful rapids and breakers in it, and stumps and stones lifted out of it at intervals, like the product of coral insects, offering foundations for islands. Dame Crumb possessed herself of a fallen birch, lying half in the water; Bobby preëmpted a cove where were stones and driftwood; the Old

Woman of the Shoe, claimed a tiny cape, with a cushion of velvet moss to sit on; a mass of ferns, flowers and hemlock for a background; and a store of bright fallen leaves ready to hand. Bobby cut long poles, the Dame gathered autumn-painted branches, and the Old Woman dexterously landed these on the beginnings of islands. "These," she said, "are the Fortunate Isles, where our ships shall sail."

Bobby Shafto whittled out whole fleets of little ships, stuck up a mast in each one, and sent them off by the dozen. His vessels whitened every sea, as England's are supposed to do; he had scores more than he could attend to, and they collided, got aground, drove on rock-bound coasts, drifted into whirlpools, were sucked under the logs, and dire wreck and disaster befell them in every quarter of the globe.

"Your ships are all being wrecked!" cried the Dame.

"That is nothing," replied the imperturbable Bobby, "that is part of the fun; I can make more; I am a whole East India Company in myself, and have bought up Cathay. My ships are bound for the Clove Islands, for cinnamon-breathed Ceylon, for China the grotesque, for the diamond regions, and the Gold Coast. They will bring me home more treasures than I shall know what to do with."

But while Mr. Shafto's schemes were thus magnificent, the Dame was retrospective. From her birch-tree she peeled bark, and all her fleet was made of little canoes, reminiscences of early days; and she put a small brown acorn in each one, for Indian maid or warrior, and trusted them to the stream, while she sang songs of red men who lived long ago. No matter how she cared for her canoes, they drifted to ruin one by one.

"It is as well," said the Little Dame; "they perish like the race we, Mother Goose people, have succeeded."

But the Old Woman was wavier and wiser. She braided a hemlock branch into boat shape; she laced it in and out with ferns; she modelled stern, and prow, and keel with the woven fronds; she set

up a mast with a broad leaf sail, and flaunted from its peak a pennon of grass. While the others sailed ships by the multitude, she worked steadfastly at one. When the sides rose fairly, and the hull was hollowed out for loading, she put on board the parti-colored autumn leaves, ox-eye daisies, yellow Jacob's ladders, tardy blue violets, pale lobelia, purple lion's-heart, and frail white asters. When the flower-boat was full, she laid it on the water, as an offering to the sprite of the stream. The silvan divinity received the gift with favor; the gaudy flower-boat floated to the Fortunate Isles; it made a landing in Mr. Shafto's cove, and took dispatches from him to Cathay; it touched where the patroness of the red men sat forlorn, and received from her an acorn; then it sailed to mid-stream, and seemed there to drop anchor, for it lay moored in the sunshine, held by invisible hands. There it lay all the bright hours until they left the place, and they took its memory with them, a creation of singular beauty, held between the water and the sun. Perchance the stream was a fairy stream; maybe no winters lock it with ice, no storms descend upon it, no frosts bite its borders, no winds rave above it, but with musical ripples, painted banks and sunny skies, it will hold that bright barque on its bosom forever.

When another day dawned here at the world's end, it was Dame Crumb's turn to choose, and she ordained that the party should be three jolly stragglers, come from Nowhere, and going Anywhere. They therefore took each a staff and a packet of pepper sauce, and wandered forth. Oddly enough, they brought up in a grave-yard; the fence was down, and, like many other people, they were in before they were aware. They faced two nice marbles, where an inconsolable wife and mother had commemorated her loss in verse.

"It is spelled wrong," said the astute Dame.

"The metre is astray," quoth Bobby Shafto.

"It is very cheering," said the Old Woman. "How pleasant to know that

this survivor has not dragged out weary days with a broken heart; nobody can be very unhappy who is capable of telling their woes in such execrable poetry."

They passed on, and the Dame declared that Bobby must collect choice tinted leaves, the Old Woman must get samples of lichens, and she herself would bring home spoils of flowers. At noon they sat down to dine. They had rocks for chairs, and the rocks were covered with patches of lichen. The Old Woman covered one gray patch with her hand.

"Consider," she said, "that to some living creatures this thin crust of vegetation is a great primeval forest. Here are mighty trees, huge rocks, dark defiles, impenetrable jungles; here fierce, ravenous beasts prowl, and weaker ones flee; here life and death battle, and we terrible mortals are only known by creating a night for them with our shadows."

"Those animals are too small to be seen," said the Dame.

"There are some which the eye discerns," said the Old Woman, removing her hand. "Here is a snow-white spider like a pin's point. Here is a green spider like a pin's head, another striped spider like a grain of sand, another, same size, jet black, a gray spider large as a poppy seed, and a dozen atoms of life, blood-red, and running about frantically."

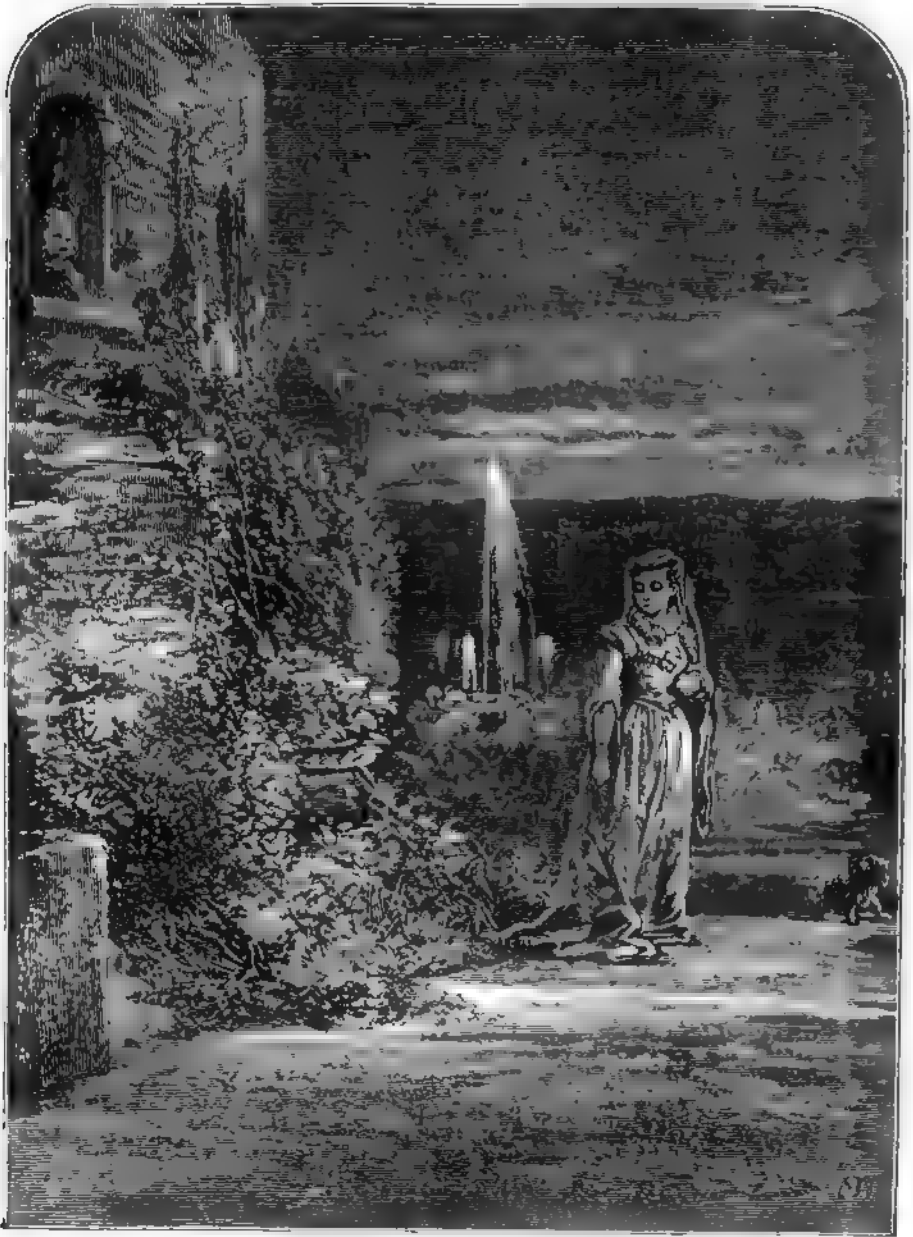
"We are getting too scientific for strollers," said Bobby Shafto; "let us hunt up a spring."

"Follow this path," said the Dame:

"Where the purple dieth,
And short dry grass under foot is brown,
But one green streak at a distance lieth,
Green like a ribbon to prank the down."

The green ribbon showed a spring; and they found a hollow like a nest, from the top of which leaped two silver jets of water, as if glad to be free, and fell into a moss lined cup.

In a few mornings after this, the elfin Old Woman consulted the birds, and they sang about going to Upper Lehigh, which was now the top blossom of their world, and was two thousand feet above the highest tide. Therefore they made haste to get in a queer little car without any ornamentation, which was to carry them



BOBBY SHAFTO'S DREAM.

nine miles, going steadily up and up all the way. The venturesome car ran about cliffs, where it seemed as if only a goat could climb; it hung over deep valleys, where you saw the streams run, but could not hear the voice of the water. The dense woods were in their most splendid autumnal dress; the solid green masses of

spruce, pine and fir were set off with brown and golden beeches, orange-clad chestnuts, and the lofty spires of scarlet maples. Where fire-scathed trunks lifted themselves, red mercury waved her banners in pride over their ruins; and wild grapes climbed to the tops of the walnuts, spotted with gold and brown.

"The world," said the Dame, "grows more beautiful as it is lifted nearer the sky."

"We are on storied ground," said the historic Old Woman. "Along this gorge hastened the troops from Paoli, bearing succor to the lovely and unhappy valley of the Susquehanna. Around this circle of hills lay the war-path where the merciless warriors of old swept down on fair and fated Wyoming. These were famous hunting grounds of elder days; and as the Indian saw these peaks one by one rise nearer heaven and melt into the sky, he dreamed of happy hunting grounds where deer, and bears, and alas! plenty of scalp-locks were the brave's reward!"

"We walk," said Mr. Shafto, when they reached Upper Lehigh, "on ground that is being undermined by coal diggers. Will you go down a mine?"

"By no means," replied the Old Woman. "Let us cherish romance. If we do not go down we can dream of wonderful chambers and vaulted corridors, and gnomes and genii of the hills at work to light and warm our homes. We can imagine elfin laughter and fantastic guise, and tricky sprites busy by the light of blazing diamonds for the good of men. If we went down, the gnomes and benevolence and diamonds might suffer change; we should see men with smutty faces and smoking lamps, moiling for so many shillings a day!"

"Here all the stones are white and sparkling," said the Dame, admiring the smooth glittering road.

"By this conglomerate," remarked Mr. Shafto, "the earth tells where her black diamonds are hidden."

The road lay through barrens, where fires had raged a year or two before. Wherever the flames had passed, vegetation had sprung up rapidly to repair damages. Fire-weed held out its crowded

white blossoms, and their silken seeds filled the air; the dark leaves and red berries of the winter-green wreathed the ground; blueberry bushes were plenty, while here and there were clusters of pink and white blossoms, which had forgotten to open at the proper season, and would now never bring fruit, because of their procrastination. Up from the path on either hand, ran acres of sassafras like tongues of flame; as the mocking-bird apes all notes, the sassafras steals all hues; it is red like the maple, and yellow like the chestnut, and russet like the beech, and purple like the rubus.

The road was the wisest and most wonderful of roads, for it led them on pleasantly and tranquilly, without any boasting, and suddenly darting out from an archway of trees, ended in a great overhanging table of rock, with a broad valley steeped in sunshine hundreds of feet below, and range after range of violet hills melting into the distant sky.

"This is Paradise!" cried Dame Crumb.

"You are right, Dame," said the Old Woman; "this must indeed be the long lost garden of Delight; the perfection of beauty, lying in a jewelled cup of hills."

From under the table of rock grew tall pines and firs, of which the tops waved like little shrubs below Bobby's feet. The thick forests, descending the hill, wandered into the valley, the trees seeming to grow smaller and paler as they strayed farther and farther away. Down in the vale ran a small bright stream:

"Tinkle, tinkle, it sweetly sung to us,
Light was our talk as of fairy bells—
Fairy wedding bells faintly rung to us,
Down in their fortunate parallels.

"A dappled sky, a world of meadows,
Circling above us the black rocks fly
Forward, backward; lo, their dark shadows
Flit on the blossoming tapestry."

There was no need to go further. Here the world had bloomed for them, distilling all its beauty into one bright flower, for that rare day at least creation's crown. Here was their Aiden and pastoral time, and they entered into the new-found joys with unvexed spirits.

"It is a pity," said the Dame, when the sun was setting, "that such days as this must have an end. Suppose that this day should stretch on and on, and we should come back to common life no more."

"Ah," said Bobby, sedately, "your penny, Dame, would not last forever; the Old Woman's many babies and their guardians would become clamorous; even my silver buckles might tarnish and grow dim. Let us go."

They returned to the little car; it stood forlorn and helpless on the track; there were no mooring ropes cast off; a man simply turned something, and the little car set out on its own responsibility.

"What do you call this?" asked Bobby Shafto.

"This is gravity," said the conductor.

"And how fast will gravity go?"

"A mile in two minutes if permitted, but we curb its speed; better to creep around these short curves, than go flying off from the cliff into space."

"Very true," said Bobby, "and what is the heaviest grade to a mile?"

"A hundred and forty feet," said the conductor, but here he saw his fire was getting low, and he suddenly stopped the little car, took a scuttle and gathered up some fuel from the road side. Presently the car stopped again, and the conductor asked a passenger if he wanted to get off. This directed general attention to a mellow and rubicund young man, who remarked that "it was all the same to him if he went to White Haven," whereupon the accommodating car proceeded on its travels. This mellow young man was eating filberts. He laid the nuts one by one in the back of his mouth, between two of his most reliable molars, and immediately a loud crack announced the destruction of the shells.

He did not offer Dame Crumb any filberts, but he beamed at her cheerfully. She *thought* he winked at her; she would have been terribly angry if she had been *sure* about it; but she was not sure, so she let it pass. (N. B.—It is very good excursion philosophy, never to be certain of things which ought to enrage you.)

The car, thanks to gravity, ran down

the nine miles of mountain side. Daylight had faded, and they came into a wilderness of tunnels and car tracks, and there they delayed, and rolled a few rods forward, and a few rods backward, in the most tantalizing fashion.

"O, dear me, this is dreadfully tedious!" cried Little Dame Crumb.

"Have patience," said the mellow young man, "have patience. Job had it, and his train went. I have it also."

"But not so much as Job?" suggested the Dame.

"O, more, more," said the young man, confidently. "Job never taught such country schools as I have."

There was a sudden jar.

"Our engine has come to run us into town," said Bobby Shafto.

"Don't talk of engines," said the Old Woman, who was a little out of humor, in a severe tone, which nearly annihilated Bobby. "*Engines* belong to that dreary region of the practical from which we have cut loose. This is our little sister who has but one eye, she climbs the mountains high, high, high; she wades the valleys deep, deep, deep; don't call her an engine, Bobby."

Just here the little sister came rushing up, and it being difficult for her to turn in so narrow a place, she resolved to lay hold of them, and run them into town backward. Doing this, her one eye glared indignation and terror upon the doomed Bobby all the way to the depot.

No Mother Goose people would be willing to miss seeing the enchanting valley of Wyoming. An afternoon which promised well was chosen, and a noisy car began to carry Bobby and his party up the mountain. Railroads are usually foes of the romantic and picturesque, but it is not possible for man to mar the glorious prospect from this range of hills. The broad fertile vale threaded by a bright river, and thickly set with villages and homes, comes into view again and again, as the road follows the curves of the cliffs. One moment and you think it has passed entirely out of sight; anon, another turn has been made, and the beautiful landscape lies once more in

fullest view. Near you gorgeous woodlands and fringes of flowers fitly set the picture; while beyond the valley, hills rise again in green and violet and purple and blue ranges, until the last swelling outline melts into an opal sky. The scene is the very fulness of rest and content; the clustered houses give it the home touch which appeals at once to the heart. Orchards press about the dwellings, white spires point solemn fingers toward heaven; acres of wheat and corn proclaim the abundance of the summer blessing. One might imagine that these guardian hills kept want, and war, and pestilence forever at bay.

As they passed along looking on this prospect from their airy height, each wove their own romance. The Dame mused of early times, of Gertrude and her day. Bobby Shafto dwelt rather on the people of the present, idealizing them and their homes. The Old Woman had a wider range of vision; for she beheld not only things tangible, but multitudes of ethereal and so-called fabulous beings, who dwelt between the earth and clouds. She saw them poised on the flower set sod, and going up in shining circles toward the blue dome of the skies—skies fair as the face of Helen, and as false, for despite their guileful promises, they hid the sun, and when Bobby, and the Old Woman, and Little Dame Crumb reached Wilkesbarre, it was raining!

Mother Goose people never carry umbrellas nor water-proofs; they are given to gazing on the bright side of things, and do not expect storms. They went through several streets, all of which looked crooked. They forded rivers of black mud. They found a public square, which had a great many angles, and was set sadly askew; after this Bobby piloted them to a hotel.

There was a bright fire of coals in a low grate, and before it sat down the Old Woman. Her comrades, the elves, the fire sprites, at once espied her, and nodded cheerfully from behind great red coals. They held out their wee hands full of bright gems, diamonds, and carbuncles, and rubies, and amethysts, which shine by the million, down in the hot earth

centre, where these beings have their kingdom.

"What have you found?" asked Dame Crumb, coming near, and seeing that the Old Woman had got into Wonder Land.

"The Genii," replied the Old Woman.

"Come with me, I have found Undine," said the Dame, and she led the Old Woman to a window, opposite which a fountain played. The delicious water fairy was there indeed, on the very top of the fountain. It was a little Undine who had not yet found a soul, and merriness and mad were her antics. She danced, and curtsied, and leaped; now she wrapped her soft spray cloak all about her, and bowed low; then she tore it apart and sprung high into the air; then she kissed her hand, and spun round and round and round. She was such a pretty little Undine, that they watched her until Bobby Shafto said it was time to go home. Bobby says he did not get lost in Wilkesbarre; he scorns that imputation; but the Old Woman knows very well that the idiosyncrasies of his course to the depot were such, that it took the united wisdom of two men and a boy to get him to his destination.

Once on the cars they were glad it had stormed, for the mountain lay in a bright sunshine; it rained, and was black in the right hand valley; and the valley on the left lay between dark and shine. The earth became a celestial map, the image of every cloud was painted on wood and field, with broad reaches of light between; while on the far off hills the clouds trailed low and rainily, and tall trees had light wreaths of vapor clinging to their tops, like fragments of torn veils.

"Wilkesbarre," said the Old Woman, when they were at length out of sight of the valley, "Wilkesbarre is a place where it rains."

"Not all the time, perhaps," suggested Bobby.

"I have no evidence that it does not rain all the time; I went there to see it, and I found it raining," continued the Old Woman.

"For all that," said the Dame, "it may shine there sometimes."

"That is of no consequence," replied

the Old Woman. "All I want to know is what it did while I was there."

"And is the storm a sign that golden days are done, that this cheery October has become unfriendly, and we must hie back to realities and business?" asked Bobby Shafto.

"Not yet," said the Old Woman. "We have not yet been to the Amber Water. In two days we must go there. That shall be our Damascus."

The way to Amber Water Glen lies through Upper Lehigh. It was no hardship to go over that bit of aspiring road again, for it reveals such a gorgeous panorama that the eye cannot be satiated with beholding it. Neither was it tedious to tread that woodland path along the gaudy barrens, and tarry for an hour at Prospect Rock, whence they had seen Paradise.

From the Rock the road wandered to the Glen's head; here towered oak trees clad in russet, spotted with yellow and red, and showering down golden and brown acorns with prodigal liberality. Here they spread their table on a mound of moss, a fairy hummock, dome of some elf king's palace. It was no sacrilege, for they conformed to fairy ways, and had sassafras leaves of scarlet and primrose hue for plates whereon to set forth their pepper-sauce. They had also gourd-cups which they filled at Amber Spring, and they left tribute for the squirrels and birds, on their table, and laid a garland on the Spring, as an offering to its guardian sprite. By thus conforming to elfin laws, Mother Goose folk make joyous excursions.

"Address yourselves now," said Bobby, "to climbing down Amber Water Glen. Curiosity will carry you down; sheer necessity will force you up. Do as I do, and hold fast to your alpenstocks."

Bobby swung himself around two or three trees, and was then standing with the Old Woman and the Dame, shut out from all the world besides. Tall trees encircled and crowded the glen, making cool dewy shadows in the hottest noons. The Amber spring rushed down the glade, now leaping in cascades; now lying in calm root-locked pools. The sun,

slanting through the interlacing boughs, lay lovingly on the water, so that every pool was a clear cup of molten gold; for Amber Water, as its name denotes, has a hue in sunshine like bronze and gold. Ages ago terrible volcanic forces made mad work here; they rent the solid peaks apart, and flung huge masses of rock in fantastic piles. Time has beautified ruin: every rock is covered with the richest moss, until not an inch of the stone itself can be seen, while graceful rock-fern hangs a close even fringe around each velvet-draped boulder.

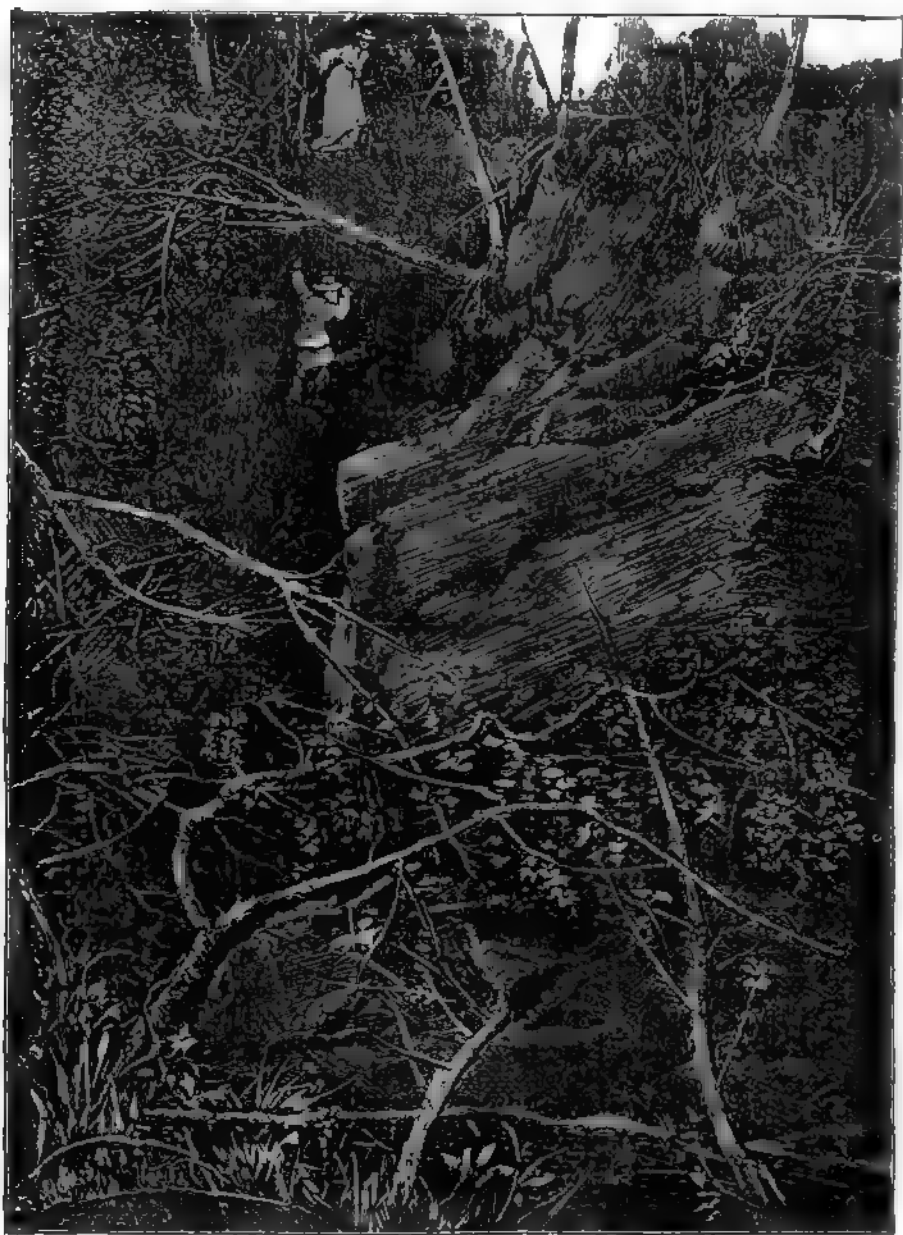
Steadying their steps with their staffs, swinging themselves down from stone to stone by the lithe branches of the trees, they stood where they saw above them twelve separate cascades, and as many emerald cups, where golden waters lay at peace. Here a huge rock towered boldly up from the lowest depths, as perfect a pyramid as Cheops ever fashioned; while one great gray stone, fringed with tiny ferns, but alone of all bare of moss, showed front and tower as of an old world cathedral. The glen was full of the rush and thunder of waters; the wanderers had gone into a strange, new world of shade and sound. Still they climbed down by rocks and trees, finding as Bobby Shafto and Virgil say, that human beings have a singular facility for getting down Avernus.

But out of the depths of Amber Glen they climbed, and rising high as erst they had gone low, stood on the topmost peak of Cloud Point, with the world in rose and silver light far beneath their feet. They had gone where only the hardy pines, and lichens, and flaming sassafras could come. Out of the glade they heard fairy laughter echoing up to their cloudy pinnacle; and saw the merry eyes of brownies and elves gleaming at them from crevices of rock. Here the lichens grow into black and gray baskets that will hold a gill apiece. Dame Crumb filled hers with trophies from the glen.

"Are those ferns?" asked Bobby.

"No, they are the trees of Paradise," replied the Dame.

Evening all too soon after such a day



DECENTUS AVERNUS

of beauty; they went slowly homeward, "enforced to go, and seeming still unready."

"We have seen Damascus," said Bobby.

"The century plant has bloomed," sighed the Dame.

"We have picked the topmost flower of the world for this year," said the Old

Woman, and accordingly next morning when she went on the balcony for omens, the birds sang that golden days were done, and they and the Old Woman, Bobby and the Dame, should start southward.

The birds must be obeyed. The river cried to them to delay; the Snmac beckoned them with pink and maroon boughs waving; Scrub Oak tempted with a dozen sparkling tints. Tall Blackberry was their friend, and bribed them with

wreaths of rose hue and purple; but they dared not linger. Resolutely they turned southward in the declining day, and full of pleasant memories and gentle regrets, wound through the shadowy hills. Then at Bethlehem the gate of the Beautiful Palace swung shut, they felt the jar in every nerve, and in the gathering darkness they went down those dusty slopes to jostle once more in the common ways of men.

VOICES IN THE AIR.

OFT in the pleasant talk of waking dreams,
 I hold communion with the woods and streams,
 Speak to the garrulous trees when winds blow high,
 And hear responses 'twixt the earth and sky;
 I ask old Ocean, when he chafes and rolls,
 Whether he chides, rejoices, or condoles,
 And hear, with sympathy I deem divine,
 His awful voice make answer back to mine.

Beside the boulder on the rocky shore,
 Forlorn old relic of the days of yore,
 Ere earth was trod by foot of human kind,
 I hear the wandering whispers of the wind;
 Voices like Memnons in the olden day,
 That breathed soft music to the morning ray,
 And spoke of mysteries to wondering men,
 Within their hope, but far beyond their ken.

And all the voices, all the sounds and sighs,
 The half-formed questions and the mute replies,
 Breathe but one mingled hymn, and psalm, and song,
 Which day and night, and morn and eve prolong,—
 In waves of music rippling low and clear,
 Unheard, but of the mind that seeks to hear,
 One psalm sublime, around, beneath, above,
 Words of a myriad meanings, GOD IS LOVE.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE THICKET.

BY M. B. C.

DR. HACKETT, a prosperous physician of Boston, finding that in his unwaried efforts to save other people's lives he was endangering his own with the amount of labor he performed, sought a change of climate, both to benefit his health and to get away from his importunate patients. So he bought a ranch at some distance from the pretty little city of San José, California, upon which he built a nice house. Here he had lived several years when the events of our story occurred. His family consisted of himself and wife, his wife's mother, called Grandma Babb, and two sons, Henry, fourteen years of age, and Alfred, twelve.

One afternoon in the month of November, the two boys ran up the broad avenue leading to the house, and reached the sitting room, where their mother and grandmother were busy sewing. They rushed into the room exclaiming, "Hurra! mother, we have four days' vacation; no more school till next week!"

"Yes, and don't I wish it was no more school forever! What use can a fellow ever make of chemistry, geology, and all the other tiresome 'ologies, who expects to raise wheat for a living?" said Henry, as he gave his books an emphatic toss into the corner of the room.

"O Henry, how often must I tell you that the most useful labor is that which is guided by knowledge?" his mother exclaimed, with reproof in her tones.

"I don't quite wish what Henry does," Alfred said, "for I don't want to grow up a dunce, and have people look down upon me because I don't know as much as they do; but *it is nice* to have a holiday once in a while "

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His mother rewarded this saying with an approving smile; but Grandma Babb remarked, in her old fashioned way, "Them ain't the right feelings to have about getting learning, son. It's all for yerself, and not for the doing of good to others."

"That will come by and by, Grandma," said Mrs. Hackett, who was rather partial to this younger son, because he was studious, and bade fair to carry out the ambitious hopes of his mother; while Grandma Babb could not help taking into her heart of hearts the eldest, who, with all his carelessness and dislike to school, was generous and truthful.

Henry replied, "Well, we won't spend any precious time in argufying. Let's see. To-morrow is Thanksgiving; on Friday, ah, we'll go out shooting; on Saturday we'll drive over to Clem Lanson's, according to promise, and the rest of to-day I'll spend around the place."

"Say, mother, who are you going to have here to-morrow?" asked Alfred.

The mother's eyes drooped, and her tones were full of sadness, as she answered, "No one, my dear."

"Going to any place, then?"

"No; can't you be contented to spend the day with us, at home?"

"Of course I can, but it will be the first Thanksgiving ever known in this house without a frolic in the evening."

"What's the matter?"

"Don't bother your mother, children; don't you see she's worried?" answered Grandma Babb.

"I might as well tell them at once, mother," Mrs. Hackett said. "We must leave this dear home, boys, and find

another. We now have had two dry seasons and scarcely any crops. Our expenses have been heavy, and so much outgo and but little income from the ranch have crippled your father's resources. We are not so badly off as we might be, for we can move to some larger town, where your father can resume the practice of medicine; but I love this home, and I dread the effects of city life upon his health:" and the tears flowed down her cheeks as she finished speaking.

"Why, mother," exclaimed Alfred, "there's nothing much to cry about! I think it would be jolly fine to live in the city: so much to see, so many places to go to; a life in the city for me, I say."

Henry put his arm around his mother, and said, "Never mind, mother dear, I will soon be old enough to work for you and father, and to take care of you, and then you shall live where you please."

Such a large promise called a smile to Mrs. Hackett's lips, as she kissed them both and sent them out, while she sat down to write a letter.

The two boys stepped into the porch, where they met Jim, the gardener, who said, "Shure, Mister Henry, and ye'll be delighted to find how well your young orange trees are growing. They bear the open grounds first rate; and the vines are tha' full that ye'll have a fine mess of strawberries for your Thanksgiving dinner."

Alfred sat down on the steps to dream pictures of city life, while Henry walked around the place, reviewing every vine and tree whose growth he had affectionately watched, and thinking sadly of parting with them as from beloved friends. It was his great desire to become a farmer, and he foolishly looked upon acquiring a thorough education as so many years cut off from the attainment of his object. And now it seemed farther away than ever, for he could not, as his father had promised, take charge of this farm on leaving school, and he scarcely liked the dull prospect of commencing on some other man's place as hired help, to work his way up by years

of hard toil. Then he fell to thinking what he might do, were he a man, to help his father out of his present troubles, and there mused until interrupted by the sound of the supper bell.

The boys spent Thanksgiving day pleasantly but quietly with their parents, and on Friday morning, taking their double-barrelled English guns, Christmas presents from their kind father, equipped themselves for a hunt. Their mother's parting words were, "Now, Henry and Alfred, do not go near the Thicket. You may be poisoned again, as you were once before, and it is my positive command that you keep away from it."

The Thicket, as it was called, was a heavy growth of brush, which spread over a piece of waste land on the southwestern portion of Dr. Hackett's ranch, where grew also in abundance the wild oak, so common in California, which poisons the skin of almost every one who comes in contact with it. The boys promised, and started off. It was a beautiful day. The soft winds stirred the vines and trees, and breathed the fragrance of clustering flowers and ripe fruits, while the air was redolent with the music of birds and the hum of insects. The boys made a circuit of several miles, bagged some small game, ate their lunch on a mossy hillside, and four o'clock in the afternoon found them returning in the neighborhood of the Thicket, when an animal suddenly crossed their path.

"A deer! a deer!" cried Henry, as he quickly followed and fired. The shot failed; the frightened animal turned on its track, and made for the Thicket. Henry shouted, "Fire, Al! my shot's all gone! Mark west!" Alfred fired, and the deer vanished under the brush. "I think it's wounded," he said. Both boys in the excitement of pursuit, forgot their mother's prohibition, and plunged into the Thicket, but a few bunches of the deer's hair on some brambles was all the trace that was left of their game. Alfred said, "Pshaw! If I had dreamed any deer were around, I would have brought the dogs. Come, Hen,

get out of this place as quickly as you can, or you'll get poison-oak on you again. What are you doing?"

"Look, Al! did you ever see any thing so queer as these stones? A bright, shiny red. Wonder what it is?"

"Brick-dust, red clay, or some other trash. You're a fool, Henry, to touch it or any thing else in the Thicket, when you're so easily poisoned. Let it alone."

Henry, however, filled his pockets with the stones, saying, "I am going to ask father about them."

Alfred squared up in front of him, and doubling up his fists, said, "Henry Hackett, if you'll put down that trash, and not say any thing about being here to-day, no one need ever know it."

"I shan't tell any lies about it," Henry coolly replied.

"I don't ask you to, Mister Mighty-Particular; just keep your tongue still in your head. Say, will you blab?"

Alfred was too fond of the good opinion of his elders to ever willingly own to his failings. Henry understood his weakness on this point, and answered rather contemptuously, "Don't be so afraid of yourself, I shan't damage your reputation."

Alfred was obliged to be satisfied with this assurance, and they wended their way home, tired enough to enjoy a good night's rest. But Henry did not sleep soundly. His mouth was dry and feverish. He awoke in the morning feeling languid and depressed. He dressed and went to breakfast, but induced Alfred to postpone the proposed visit to Clem Lanson. He found that his mouth was sore, and his limbs ached so badly, that a few hours after breakfast he went up to his room and threw himself on the bed. Alfred followed, and began to grumble at him, saying he was poisoned, when their mother entered. Her first question on seeing Henry's condition, was, "Did you go to the Thicket yesterday, Alfred?"

"O, we found all our game on the other side of the ranch," Alfred answered, evasively.

"Very well, I am glad you obeyed me. Call your father here."

The Doctor came, and as Henry stood before him while he examined the tongue and pulse, he noticed that the boy's pockets bulged out curiously, and said, "What have you here?"

Henry took out some of the stones he had gathered the day before, and Dr. Hackett, examining them, exclaimed, "Ah! this accounts for it all!" Alfred began to quake in his shoes. "Was this found on our land?" Dr. Hackett asked, with something like a tremor in his voice.

The mother replied, "Alfred says that they went over to the north of us."

"It must have come from Major Lanson's place," said the Doctor, with a sigh, as if disappointed.

"What is it, father?" Henry inquired.

"It is cinnabar, my son, an ore that contains quicksilver or mercury, and your handling it, and carrying it about your person will account for your sore mouth and aching limbs. Some persons, and you are proven to be one, are extremely susceptible to its influence. Frequently the miners and assayers who work it, lose their teeth, and find their systems becoming so much reduced from its effects that they are obliged to leave the place where it is found. This seems to be very rich ore. You had better give it to me, Henry. As long as you keep it about you, your mouth will continue sore, and you will feel badly."

Henry unloaded his pockets, and his father carried the specimens to his office. Then he took a warm bath; his grandma brought him some clean clothes, adjusted him comfortably in bed, and gave him soothing drink ordered by Dr. Hackett, and he was obliged to keep warm and quiet the rest of the day. You may be sure that his reflections were not pleasant, as he thought of the deceit practised upon his parents. He tried to justify his quiet assent to Alfred's evasion of the truth by the thought that he himself did not tell a lie, and that it would have been dishonor-

able to betray Alfred; but all his reasoning could not satisfy him, and he was several times on the point of explaining the whole thing to his mother, but was checked by the dread of having Alfred call him "mean." On Monday morning, Major Lanson called to see Dr. Hackett about some fencing between their land. He was shown into the breakfast room, where the family still lingered at the table, talking. The business between the gentlemen was soon settled, when Dr. Hackett remarked, "My boys found some rich specimens of cinnabar last week; I think they must have come from your land."

"Reckon not! I'm too old a Californian for that; have had mining fever a good many times, and have been all over there looking for such things long ago," the Major replied. The Doctor produced the ore, which the Major examined, giving vent to exclamations of excitement and wonder. "Look here, I will show you something," the Doctor said, as he led the way into the kitchen. He opened the outside door, and bade them all stand back. Taking one of the lids off the stove, he threw a lump of the ore on the red hot coals, and held the fire shovel over it. In a few seconds he withdrew the shovel, quickly closed the stove, out of which thick fumes began to rise, and called the Major to look. Little globules of quicksilver, like round beads, chased over the back of the shovel.

"No mistake about that!" said the Major.

The Doctor responded, "No indeed! If this came from your land, and I am pretty sure that it did, and if there's more there of the same sort, you will be the richest man in the county. I assayed some of it on Saturday with the retort, and it gave a yield of twenty-six per cent."

The Major uttered a prolonged whistle of astonishment, and answered, "I can't think it belongs to me. Come, boys, let's hear your part of it."

At this point Alfred slipped out of the room, but Henry—his blue eyes full of

tears—exclaimed with quivering voice, "O father! I am ashamed to say it, but you have been deceived. I disobeyed mother and went to the Thicket, and I did not want to own it, and so you were both misled."

"The Thicket! are you sure *this* time that you are telling the truth?" the Doctor asked, as his face clouded over with emotions of sorrow to find his truthful Henry so much at fault.

"O, father! don't look at me so, and I will never deceive you again. Go to the Thicket; you will see for yourself; under the brush there are more of these stones; I only picked up a few of the shiniest ones."

"Henry blames himself too much; it is Alfred who has misled me, not by a lie exactly, but by an evasive answer," said the indulgent mother.

"And what is an evasive answer but a lie, when it creates a false impression?" the Doctor sternly asked.

"And it was just as bad for me to let it go on without trying to set it straight, but I promised Al I wouldn't get him into trouble," Henry sorrowfully added.

"That is a mistaken sense of honor, my son. Never sacrifice the principles of truth and justice in order to screen an offender from the consequences of his fault."

"Happy the sons of such a father!" exclaimed Major Lanson; "too much interested in the moral welfare of his children to be aware of the fact that I am waiting to congratulate him on the probable finding of a fortune. Your boys scarcely deserve such good luck!"

Dr. Hackett's face lighted up like sunshine after storm, as he answered, "Good Providence, you mean, my dear friend, for it has come at a time of great need." He then related to the Major his present embarrassments. The latter declared that rather than lose so good a neighbor, he would see him safely through them. That day they examined the Thicket, and found the promise of quicksilver equal to their highest expectations.

Shortly afterwards, the Major formed a company composed of himself and several of his friends, to furnish Dr. Hackett capital with which to work his mine. It is now yielding richly, and will make the Doctor one of the wealthiest men in the State. He is enabled to retain his beloved home, much to the joy of himself and his wife.

On Tuesday morning, as the boys trudged along to school, Alfred broke the silence by saying, "Well, I never felt so mean in my life as I did when I saw what an ugly muss my selfishness and want of straightforwardness had got you and father into. I went out and sat on the porch steps, and thought about it until I was so ashamed I couldn't go back and speak out

as I ought to have done. I told father so afterwards; and I just made up my mind that in future this fellow tries to do things on the square, fair and honest."

Henry met this confession with, "That's right, Al; you'll be lots happier if you do, and I'm going to turn over a new leaf too, and not despise the *ologies* any more. What if father had never studied chemistry and geology! Why! when he took those stones from me, he wouldn't have known what they were, and might have sold his farm with a fine mine in it. Yes, sir, mother is right! Learning is just as useful for a farmer as for anybody else, and I'm going to dig into it as hard as I expect to dig into the ground around here after while."

HATTIE'S HAT; OR SOWING TARES.

BY FEIR.

REV. Mr. Sanel is a missionary just moved into a new field of labor. His principal preaching station is at the court town of a new county. To this town he has brought his family. As he has a large number of children, a good deal of planning, contriving, considerable patience, and no little stitching at night, were required for them all to be comfortably and respectably clad.

Of course the children were eager to attend public worship on the first Sabbath after their arrival in their new home. It did seem queer to them to hold church in a court-house; but they knew that a meeting-house had been already commenced, and had talked over, during their railway journey, what each would do to help complete it; even five-year Willie is to cover buttons for the pew-cushions. I need not tell you of their pleased interest in looking upon every face of that congregation, especially on the various groups of girls

and boys as they came in and took seats in different parts of the room, wondering what their names were, and how soon they would become acquainted, and how they might like them.

But let me tell you how dear, tender-hearted Hattie lost all the sermon, and was made to feel miserable and naughty. Hattie is nine years old. She wore and looked pretty in a straw braid bonnet, with its rim turned up, and deftly "slashed" with pink ribbon. An older sister, Carrie, after packing things all the day before the moving, had cheerfully sat up long into the night, making and trimming this very bonnet. It is neat and elegant. 'Tis a wonder how skilful sisterly affection is, and what it can do.

Presently all became absorbed in papa's sermon on "Faith which worketh by love." But just when he was telling how Christ heard a fond mother's prayers, and made effectual her work of loving faith, by con-

verting her wayward son, when all else but her seemed to despair of his amendment,—just then Hattie began to grow hot in the face, and soon shed tears in abundance. Carrie noticed her, and thought how tender in her feelings Hattie is!

But poor Hattie sat very upright, and, though her eyes were tearful through all the service, they seemed to emit a gleam any thing but tender. Some little girls sitting behind her had whispered loud enough for her to hear about her hat, "that it was coarse straw," "just a boy's summer hat trimmed with ribbon," and "they would not have such a thing anyhow." Then Hattie lost all sense of hearing as to what her father was preaching. Into her mind did not enter the interesting statement that "the wicked son was made good, and became a comfort and joy to his mother;" nor that "the Lord Jesus will make every penitent wise, and good, and happy." These precious truth seeds were caught away from her ear by her soul's adversary. Angry feelings against the whispering girls filled her heart. Then came in feelings of pride, and of false shame as well. Then lowering discontented feelings about the very bonnet which had pleased her so much, and for fixing which she had been so grateful to Caroline. Then came a swarm of evil

thoughts, selfish and murmuring, all leading her mind away from the loving heavenly Father and the gracious Saviour. So she lost all the good of the sermon, and came home with her heart brimful of bitterness.

I suppose those girls, while talking in meeting, did not think nor mean to be the devil's agents in sowing tares, but they were, nevertheless. Their whispering so as to be heard was the casting of a whole handful of seeds of tares. Presently these seeds sprang up and grew very fast in the soil of Hattie's heart, and choked in her soul the growing of the good seed. "For every idle word they must give account" at the final judgment.

Dear children, let us watch and pray, lest we fall into temptation. We are not safe against the wiles of the adversary, even while worshipping with God's people. Bad thoughts may be started at any moment, and in any place. Evil impulses come into our hearts like the light feathery seed of the noxious thistle, and some other weeds which float upon their filmy wings till they lodge in some soft spot of earth, and then grow so rapidly and strong as to choke out and stop the growing of valuable plants and beautiful flowers. Always be alert to blow them away with instant prayer.

A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew very weary of his conversation, and at last whispered in an audible key:

"Didn't he bring his Amen with him, mamma?"

A Syrian convert to Christianity, as the story goes, was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," said the master, "does not your Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath-day he may

pull him out?" "Yes," answered Hayoh; "but if the ass has a habit to fall into the same pit every Sabbath-day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell that ass."

A young man having put a crown-piece into "the plate" by mistake, instead of a penny, asked to have it back, but was refused. In once, in forever. "Aweel, aweel," grunted he, "I will get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said James, the doorkeeper, "Ye'll get credit only for the penny ye meant to gi'e."

OUR MISCELLANY.

PROF. TYNDALL'S MECHANISM OF PRAYER.

The test of the efficacy of prayer, proposed by Prof. Tyndall, has led some to read about prayer who seldom, or, perhaps, never prayed. The unusual source of the inquiry aroused great curiosity among philosophers as well as believers, as to the way the case should be fairly met. One characteristic of Christianity is to honestly confess ignorance, when the wall bounding investigation is reached, and we read "Thus far, and no farther."

If the Professor demand of the church whether we believe God answers prayer, we say emphatically, "We do." If he asks if we believe we know how, where, and when, we answer, "We do not." The Professor, long accustomed to follow cause and effect in the course of nature, dreamed that the same chain, link by link, could be traced in the spiritual world also; hence his grand error is in *taking the subject out of the domain of faith, and placing it in that of philosophy*. He had often seen various elements in compound placed in the alembic and subjected to intense heat, that alembic must give an answer. Under the heat of the galvanic battery, the instrument was put on the witness stand, and the irresistible power brought to bear, compelled an answer to the experimenter. We need not therefore wonder that he imagined the same laws reigned in the spiritual as in the material world.

To illustrate the nature of the mistake, by the dogma of transubstantiation, our meaning will become clear. This sacrament of the mass proposes, according to the Council of Trent, to convert the wafer of flour and water, "into the body, blood, soul and divinity of Jesus Christ." This, each priest proposes to do at any such time and place as he may desire. A singular proof of this professed ability is on the records of the Probate Court of the city of Chicago.

A German dying, left a few hundred dol-

lars to his family. When the administrator entered the court, he found a bill properly attested, filed against the deceased, and as far as my memory serves, it was as follows:

"For attendance during illness,	\$2 00
For one extreme unction,	1 00
For attending his burial,	2 00
For saying two masses for his soul,	
WHEN I GET TIME,	4 00 "

At his leisure, he intends to relieve this suffering soul in purgatory, by converting the wafer into the host or the victim, for the divine sacrifice of the mass! This idea of mechanism in this sacrament is carried out by the Dutch painter in an altar piece in a Holland church. The reader will find the particulars in Cunningham's "Lives of Painters."

The painting shows a common fanning mill. The priest stands by the crank, turning the wheels, while Mary puts the infant Jesus into the hopper. As the grinding goes on, under the mill we find the result—a large number of wafers ready for the mass!

Such a monstrous claim as this scene shows, put forth by the Romish priest, and actually put to the test, is humbly received and devoutly adored by seventy millions of human beings. Why, then, should it be thought strange that a philosopher unfamiliar with theology should imagine that prayer could be submitted to a similar mechanical test? He had heard, "Whatsoever ye ask the Father," &c. Now, from the standpoint of physics or superstition this promise will never be fulfilled.

The only basis on which prayer can be properly offered or answered is the sovereignty of God. He who would pray aright must forget alembics, galvanism, and all kinds of correlate forces and laws, and enter a new domain. He must live, move, and have his being in a universe of faith, where categorical questions or petitions to the Almighty are forever excluded.

To propose a prayer requiring a categori-

cal answer, is to "limit the Holy One of Israel." It is to dictate, not to pray. Abraham's prayer was in the domain of faith. It left the way, the time, the circumstances entirely with God. His prayer was answered, though Sodom perished.

A sermon in *mercy* was by its ruin taught to all coming generations. "Sodom's sin was bound to Sodom's sin." This was a far higher, far kinder answer to the patriarch's petition, than literally answering it. We presume that Prof. Tyndall, in sympathy with Humboldt and others, does not believe that Pompeii, Lima, Lisbon, Port Royal and other ruined cities proclaim the same truth in *mercy*.

Prof. T. actually, though not intentionally, proposes to place Jehovah on the witness stand, and test the nature of prayer, just as he would test some new substance, and compel the galvanic battery to yield an answer: What are the constituent elements of a given body?

The Eternal Creator never was, and never will be placed on the witness stand. Above all, the very thought of doing it to gratify curiosity, is mockery, not to say blasphemy.

Under a fierce temptation, we read that on a certain day, a man of fine intelligence and of preëminent holiness heard a discourse on the absolute necessity of assurance of faith. He resolved to have it, or give up a hope which was esteemed by the entire church knowing him, as one of the clearest, and brightest ever witnessed.

This holy man set apart a day of prayer, and as the hours advanced, his hope grew darker and darker, until at sunset, it became blank despair. For seventeen long years he was insane; the night threatened to continue down to his grave. But he was restored. Listen to his testimony: "I limited the Holy One of Israel. I required an answer from heaven. I PUT JEHOVAH ON THE WITNESS STAND. Most righteously has He terribly punished my folly. I now walk and pray by *faith*, not by sight."

Should any philosopher ask, "Can I get a categorical answer to my prayer?" We answer, with the Bible open, *Never, never.*

He may inquire in turn, "Is not our query logical?" We answer, Yes. "Is it

not scientific?" We answer, Yes. But the spirit of true faith and adoring love never passed that way.

The only *pro strâ*, or platform, in the universe, where acceptable prayer can be offered with the hope of being heard, is where the will of the believer is lost in the will of an infinite God.

If all the science of six thousand years has not been able to pierce the nature of one ray of light, how can a poor guilty mortal compel Jehovah to reveal the secrets of His kingdom, or the manner in which He carries on the warp and woof of His infinite plans?

W. H. V. D.

PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER.

Prayer has well been defined, "The offering up of our desires unto God, *for things agreeable to His will*," &c.; and very often what we seek is granted in a way and by means that we little expected, and yet so granted that we feel that the end we sought is attained, though we little dreamed of the way in which God would bestow it. Every one is familiar with that beautiful hymn of John Newton—

"I asked the Lord, that I might grow
In faith and love, and every grace," &c.

Or if any are not, let them turn to the 308th of our Hymns, and read it, and it will richly repay the perusal, for it speaks to the experience of every praying soul. And quite recently we have met with another sweet and striking expression of the same general thought, from the pen, we believe, of Newman Hall. It is a gem worth preserving.

MY PRAYER—HIS ANSWER.

"One jewel more," I asked, "to make me glad."

He took the one I had.

"Come quickly, Lord, and heal this wounded heart!"

Still more he made it smart.

"At length from trouble bid my soul repose."

Yet thicker came the blows.

"Grant me a life of active zeal," I said.

He laid me on sick-bed.

I asked to soar in sunlight as the lark,

But groped on dull and dark.

"At least give peace in victory over sin."

More loud grew battle's din.

"O, let me rest with thee in pastures green!"

Only steep crags are seen.

"Lord, take thy way with me, thy way, not mine."

*"My child! all things are thine—
All in the end, though grievous, shall prove
best,*

And then—eternal rest."

THE BETTER COUNTRY.

I a better realm am seeking,
Pilgrim to that quiet shore,
Where the weary drop their burdens,
And their toilings all are o'er;
O how cheering!
Where a pain is felt no more.

There the good from every hearth-stone,
On the holy hill-tops meet,
And with mingled hymns of triumph,
Tell how grace has led their feet;
Happy home-land,
Where the whole of life is sweet.

Fair the landscapes here around me,
And it seems a boon to live,
While there sparkle in my life-way,
Joys the best the world can give,—
Thanks, O Father!
Joys my heart would sigh to leave.

Yet there sometimes, deeply inward,
Aches, a sorrow, load, or void,
And there comes a wish, a reaching
For some good not yet enjoyed;
Breaks the heart-cry,
O for pleasures unalloyed!

Yes, I seek that kinder region
Where there falls no chilling night,
Where the Saviour shows his glory,
And his glory is the light;
Saviour wondrous,
With eternal Godhead bright.

O to fall in that dear presence
Which shall all these griefs remove,
Which shall through the glad forever
Fill my soul with light and love,—
Hallelujah,
Fill with heaven the hosts above.

J. P. M'CORD.

OUR CHURCH.

The Presbyterian Church, as a means of advancing Christianity, is a great fact. The more we study its history, the more clearly we see that it was appointed of God to do battle for His kingdom. It has always been the enemy of tyranny and the bulwark of freedom. Presbyterians are mighty in every kind of battle. William Penn stationed them on the frontier of his colony to fight the Indians. They have never yielded to the enemy in any country or in any contest.

The great conflict approaches. The kingdom of Jesus has always moved westward. On this coast it meets face to face the last great army of the enemy. Here is to be the base of supplies; here are to be the fortifications of the army which is to invade the realms of heathen darkness, and storm the remaining strongholds of sin and Satan. In the Providence of God the Presbyterian Church directed its missionary work largely to China. Does not this fact call on us here to prepare ourselves for this field?

Indeed, God has sent multitudes of this people to our shores. They stretch out their hands to us polluted by the idolatry of forty centuries, and ask, Is there a God beyond and above those we have known? They come to learn our customs, to enter our schools and University, from Japan, also, and the isles of the sea.

No matter if our work seems small now, we should not be discouraged.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the first Presbytery in America, with seven ministers, struggled to get a footing. An Episcopal minister said of Andrews and his people, who started our Church in Philadelphia, "I think they had as good stay at home for all the good they do, they are not likely to increase here."

The Church in England and Scotland was slow to send aid to so unpromising a field. These men might have preached in large churches of the Old Country, instead of barns, and private houses, and the forests of America.

Had Davies, Andrews, Makemie and their fellow-Presbyters sought their ease, what would have been the result? So we might perhaps exchange our small congregations

for large ones in the East, but what would be the result when the future makes up its revelations? What matters it if our work is not seen for a hundred years?—[From a Sermon preached before the Synod of the Pacific, October 1st, by the Moderator, Rev. W. W. Brier.

WATCHING FOR OPENINGS TO DO GOOD.

The Bible speaks of "*watching unto prayer*," and in many ways it impresses the importance of *watching for opportunities for doing good*. The incident that follows well illustrates how it may be done. It is the narrative of a young man who never forgot the kind, faithful and sympathizing lesson.

The farm on which I worked was in the suburbs of a Massachusetts village; and on a beautiful night in June, when a few scattering drops of rain were falling from fleecy clouds, I was overtaken in the streets by a pleasant-faced young gentleman, as I was driving two Durham cows from the pasture to the stable. I cast my eye backward. Hearing footsteps, and seeing a cheerful face, my whole soul was delighted, and I felt it meant me. He approached on the opposite side of the street, but did not hesitate to put his nicely-blackened boots into the mud, coming to my side, and kindly holding over my head the umbrella he was carrying.

So cheerfully he asked the natural questions to interest a boy: "Whose cows are they? How much milk do they give? What did they cost? Do you drive them night and morning?"—with many others, to which, with a real pleasure, I answered. Then, with the same pleasant, winning way, he asked if I was a Christian?

"No, sir."

(Wonderful, I thought, to talk about cows and being a Christian at the same time, and in the same pleasant and natural way.)

"Do you want to be?"

"I always wanted to be, sir."

"Do you pray?"

"I have prayed, sir, night and morning, since I was old enough to understand what it meant."

"Have you a mother?"

"No, sir."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is in heaven, sir."

"When did she go there?"

"Last December, sir."

"Was she a Christian?"

"A Christian, sir! The best mother a boy ever had."

"Tell me about her sickness."

"She had consumption, coughing for three years, and was confined to her room for six months."

"Did she talk with you about being a Christian?"

"She was not a talking woman, but she prayed and lived before me, sir?"

"Tell me about her dying."

"My father called my brother and myself about two o'clock, on a very cold December morning, saying: 'Hasten, boys, your mother is dying.'"

"How did you feel when you were dressing?"

"It was very cold in that unfinished attic where we slept, and I shook from head to foot. Putting on my coat, I got my hand between the lining and the sleeves, and I could scarcely get it back, I shook so."

"What did you think then?"

"Think, sir! What could I think, only that I had no mother to mend it? For it was never like that, no, never, when my mother could get about the house."

"When your mother was put down into the grave, how did you feel?"

"Feel, sir? If I was prepared, I felt that I would like to be buried by her side?"

"Do you feel lonely?"

"All the time, sir."

The stranger seemed so interested in me, his face glowing with love, as he continued: "Can't you tell me something your mother said to you during her sickness?"

"Yes, sir. I used to watch with her occasionally the last few weeks of her sickness, calling my father at midnight, or at one o'clock. One morning I stepped to the bedside to kiss my mother good night, before calling my father, and she said: 'Hand me the glass of water, my boy.' Giving it to

her, sir, she drank the contents. Handing back the glass, and dropping her thin, bony hand upon the sheet, she said: 'It is very white, but it will be whiter in a few days, and you won't have to sit up and watch with your mother.'"

The stranger's interest in me seemed to overflow as he passed his umbrella from his right to his left hand, seizing my right hand with his, exclaiming: "My dear boy, I think you ought to become a Christian now!"

"Yes, sir; I would like to, if I knew how."

At this point of the interview, we came to the street corner where the cows turn to go to the stable. Grasping my hand with increased warmth, he said: "Do you turn here?"

"Yes, sir."

With a look of tender love that I have no power to describe, he said: "My dear lad, you must become a Christian, and grow up and be useful, doing good in the world!"

Then bending towards me, and drawing down the umbrella that he might be unobserved by passers-by, he offered, in substance this prayer, still firmly holding my hand: "O God! bless this motherless boy. He says no one loves him; but, dear Lord Jesus, show him how much you love him, and how you will wash away his sins and make him happy here, and give him a home in heaven forever. Hear the prayer his mother offered when on earth, and hear his own prayer, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

When I opened my eyes at the close of that wonderful petition, and looked into the stranger's face, the tears were dropping from his cheeks. He withdrew his hand from mine with a strange reluctance, saying: "Good by, my lad, the stranger loves you much; your mother loved you more; but Jesus Christ has died that you might live eternally with him."

He followed me with his eyes till his vision was cut off, as he passed behind a fence. Going a few yards, I stopped with amazement to think on what had occurred, and watched the umbrella as it passed along at the top of a high board fence, till it was lost behind a barn.

THE INTERCESSOR.

(From the German.)

Father, I bring a worthless child to thee
To claim thy pardon, once, yet once again;
Receive him at my hand, for he is mine.
He is a worthless child, he owns his guilt.
Look not on him, he will not bear thy
glance,
Look not on him, I'll hide his filthy garments;
He pleads not for himself, he does not plead;
His cause is mine, I am his Intercessor.
By that unchanged, unchanging oath of
mine,
By each pure drop of blood I lost for him,
By all the sorrows graven on my soul,
By every wound I bear, I claim it due.
Father divine I would not have him lost:
He is a worthless child, but he is mine.
Sin hath destroyed him; sin hath died in
me;
Satan hath bound him; Satan is my slave;
Death hath desired him; I have conquered
Death.
I could not bear to see him cast away,
Vile as he is, the vilest of my flock,
The one who grieves me most, who loves me
least,
Yea, though his sins should dim each spark
of love,
I measure not my love by his return.
And tho' the stripes I send to bring him home
Should serve to drive him further from my
arms,
Still he is mine. I lured him from the world,
He has no home, no right, but in my love.
Tho' earth and hell combined against him
rise,
I'm bound to rescue him for we are one.
O sinner, what an advocate hast thou!
Methinks I see him lead the culprit in,
Poor, sorrowful, ashamed, trembling with
fear,
Shrinking behind his Lord, accused, con-
demned,
Well pleased to hide the form himself abhors,
With the all-spotless garment of his Friend;
And hear the Father's word for him, for thee,
"My son, his cause is thine, and thine is
mine;
Take thy poor worthless child, he is forgiven."

SINS OF THOUGHT.

Some one well says: "In contending against sensual sins, the main stress must be laid on the principle of exclusion—the absolute keeping away of bad suggestions and imagery from the mind. Once in, the stain has struck on a substance so sensitive that, if not quite indelible, it is still terribly tenacious, and terribly prolific of sorrow. It is here with beginnings that we have chiefly to do, in ourselves and in our children. Here, peculiarly, the battle is secret and invisible. Not much can be said, and so the more must be done by prayer and instantaneous self command, expelling the first contamination, and crying, 'Cleanse thou me from secret faults.' In respect to many sins, self-examination may be safe, and even necessary; but there are others where it is scarcely wholesome or profitable. Simple prevention, avoidance, the shutting of the eyes and ears, and pressing on to known duty, are the best security."

SEARCHING.

Zeph. i. 12: I will search Jerusalem with candles.

A searching time is spoken of. And it shall come to pass at that time that I will search Jerusalem with candles. When the time came, a close and diligent search should be made; and that the search should not be in vain, there should be light to discover what was wrong and who were guilty. So there are times when God searches his church as with lighted candles. He may use the candle of *providence*, for providence is a great discoverer, revealing the guilty, and hence the proverb "murder will out." Providence, in the evolutions of time, will reveal it, and hence the scriptural enunciation, Be sure your sin will find you out. Or, God may use the candle of *truth*, for truth is light, and it so opens the secrets of the heart as to render the guilty self-convicted. The word of God is quick and powerful, a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. Or, God may use the candle of his *Spirit*, for He reproveth the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment. Or, God may set our sins, even our secret sins, before him in the *light of his*

countenance. At all events, whenever the searching time comes, he has his candles ready for the search; and it becomes every member of the church, and every attendant on the means of grace, to bear in mind what is here written: "I will search Jerusalem with candles." There are searching times for the church; there are searching times for the hearers of the gospel; there are searching times for us all.

"Lord, search my soul, try every thought;
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.
Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way."

W. J. M.

FRENCH WIT AND HUMOR.

The members of the Academie Française, usually very dignified, at one time fell into discussion, and on every hand they were disputing so loudly that no one could hear what was said. M. De Mairan called them to order by saying: "Messieurs, suppose we speak only four at a time."

Victor Hugo one day received a letter with the simple address, "To the greatest poet of the age." Hugo immediately sent it, without opening it, to M. De Lamertine, who returned it to M. Hugo. It is not known which of those two illustrious writers consented to open the letter.

Voltaire was asked what he thought of the age of the world. "I don't know," he said; "but I regard the world as an old coquette who conceals her age."

Fontenelle had a brother who was a priest, outwardly not quite as good as the average of priests in France. One day he was asked: "Of what profession is your brother?" "A priest." "Has he a benefice?" "No, he has no chance of getting one." "How, then, does he fill up his time?" "He says mass every morning." "And his evenings?" "His evenings? O, in the evening he does not know what he says."

RATHER STRANGE.—Until lately, all persons holding the bills of broken banks were, in whole or in part, losers thereby. But under our National Banking system the holders of bills of broken banks are secured against loss. And a new and striking fea-

ture is the offer, by De Haven and Brother, 40 South Third street, Philadelphia, of four per cent. premium for bills of broken National banks. All who have such notes will receive full information by addressing the above named firm.

OUR SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN ENGLISH MILE.—Professor De Morgan, in an elaborate article in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, has shown that the old English mile, as spoken of in "Leland's Itinerancy," and other ancient works, was, in round numbers, about equal to one-and-a-half of the modern standard miles. This should be borne in mind in reading old books and documents.

TO DETECT SULPHURIC ACID IN VINEGAR.—Make a solution of chloride of barium, and pour a little in the suspected vinegar; if it remains clear, there is no adulteration with sulphuric acid; if a white cloud shows itself, there is.

ELECTRIC LIGHTHOUSES.—In England there are said to be three lighthouses, the illumination of which is by electric light; and there are three also in France. England was the first to make use of this mode of lighthouse illumination, in 1862. In the United States there is no lighthouse in which the electric light is used.

DISAPPEARANCE.—It is said that a few weeks ago the creek under the great Natural Bridge in Virginia suddenly disappeared, and subsequent investigation demonstrated the fact that the stream emptied itself into the earth through a number of newly-formed fissures of unknown depth.

CHEAP PAINT.—According to the *Scientific American*, a cheap paint for out-buildings may be made by taking milk and cement, or water-lime as some call it, and mixing and applying three or four coats; a dry color may be added. This will last for years, and by renewing once in two or three

years, buildings may be kept looking well at a small expense.

INDIA RUBBER.—The India-rubber business is said to be in its infancy, and yet there are in America and Europe more than one hundred and fifty manufactories of rubber articles, employing some five hundred operatives each, and consuming more than ten million pounds of gum a year.

A FLYING DRAGON.—Among the remains discovered last year in Kansas by Professor Marsh and party, were bones of the flying dragon. Professor Marsh judges that the dragons, to whom these fragments of bone belonged, must have measured, from tip to tip of their extended wings, some twenty feet.

AN INCH OF RAIN.—An English acre, says the *Builder*, consists of 6,272,640 square inches; and an inch deep of rain on an acre yields 6,272,640 cubic inches of water, which, at 277,274 cubic inches to the gallon, makes 22,622.5 gallons; and as a gallon of distilled water weighs 10 pounds, the rainfall on an acre is 226,225 pounds avoirdupois. As 2240 pounds are a ton, an inch deep of rain weighs 100.933 tons, or nearly 101 tons per acre. For every one-hundredth of an inch a ton of water falls per acre.

THE AUGUST METEORS.—The meteoric showers of the 9th, 10th, and 11th of August last, were observed at several points on the continent of Europe, and the following results were obtained: At Turin, Italy, during the first night 127 shooting stars were counted; a fine aurora also took place, lasting thirteen hours. On the second night

334 meteors were noted, accompanied by an auroral light lasting three hours from midnight. The third night being cloudy, but fifty-four stars were observed. At Marseilles, France, 164 meteors were counted on the first night, and 170 on the second. The point from which all seemed to radiate was in the constellation *Cygnus*. A faint auroral light was remarked. At Geneva, nearly half of the stars composing the shower came from different directions. At Alexandria, Egypt, 1167 meteors were noted on the second night, and at Barcelona, Spain, 886.

AN INSTRUCTIVE BRICK.—By a microscopic examination of a brick taken from the pyramid of Dashour, says the *Scientific Monthly*, a German philosopher has discovered many interesting particulars connected with the life and habits of the ancient Egyptians. The brick itself is made of mud of the Nile, chopped straw, and sand, thus confirming the accounts of the Bible and Herodotus concerning the Egyptian method of brick-manufacture. Besides these materials, the microscope has brought to light the remains of river shells, fish, and insects; the seeds of wild and cultivated flowers, corn, and barley, the field pea, and the common flax, cultivated probably both for food and textile purposes, and the radish, with many others known to science. Manufactured products were also found, such as fragments of tiles and pottery, and small pieces of string made of flax and sheep's wool.

LAND SPOUTS IN NEVADA.—There was recently visible, says a Nevada paper, on Twenty-two-Mile Desert, five or six tall columns of sand, sucked up by as many whirlwinds. At sea these would have been waterspouts, but upon the desert they were only what we might call sandspouts. The columns appeared to be ten feet in diameter, and one thousand feet in height. Although they waltzed about over the plain for two or three hours, they never came together and never lost their distinctive cylindrical form, and when they did go down they went down at once—all falling together. These sandspouts are well known to old prospectors, and seem to indicate a change of weather.

We have frequently seen, says the editor, in the Forty-Mile Desert, east of the lower Sink of the Carson, not less than ten or fifteen of these tall sand columns moving about over the plains at the same time. It is seldom that they come together, but when they do, they dart forward like two flashes of lightning, and an explosion like a heavy blast ends all, and the two columns of sand at once fall to the ground. Those who have not been upon our great deserts, and have never witnessed these grand sandspouts or the wonderful mirages, have but little idea of the romantic grandeur of these apparently uninteresting wastes of sand.

GOLD MINING BENEATH THE SEA.—The *Alta California* says that the Pacific Submarine Exploring Company of New York is about to employ the kind of diving bell so successfully used at Hell Gate, for the collection of gold sand off the California coast. It is well known that at and off Gold Bluff, on the northern shores of California, the sea beach has extensive ranges of golden sands, which have been worked for years, and are now producing no small annual crop of gold, remarkable for its purity. The sand is black, and contains titaniferous iron and visible particles of gold. There was a rush some years ago to these new diggings, which failed because they fell short of extravagant expectations. The gold was there, and provokingly visible. But the tide was great, and the period of low water too short for working. Then the wet sand had to be carted over roads of dry sand, and up the cliffs, and thence miles to water for washing out the gold in a crude way. This kind of work does not suit the crowds who rush to new places, expecting to toil little and pick up much. As usual, the back-rush reported unfavorably, and ever since, people only remember the abandonment. It was found that the sands grew richer the further the breakers were penetrated, and life-boats that sounded in six to ten fathoms beyond, found the sandy bottom still richer in gold of remarkable brightness. It seemed as if the gold washed up on the beach came from these submarine banks, but it was deemed im-

practicable to realize the riches covered by such a depth of moving waters. Now it is believed that this diving bell will place the gold within reach of the searchers.

HEALTH ITEMS.

VACCINATION AND DISEASE.—The most experienced vaccinators, on the one hand, and those who have had most to do with the treatment of infantile ailment, on the other, agree in belief that disease is not communicable by vaccination. Mr. Mason, an English physician, in the performance of more than fifty thousand vaccinations, "has never seen other diseases communicated with the vaccine disease, nor does he believe in popular reports that they are so communicated." Mr. Lees, whose observations were equally extensive, has borne similar testimony. Dr. W. Johnson, who in six years had some thirteen thousand sick adults and children under observation, states "that in no case had he reason to believe, or even to suspect that any constitutional taint had been conveyed from one person to another by vaccination." During a period of seventeen years Dr. West treated twenty-six thousand infants and children with a similar experience; and Prof. Paget, after an extensive familiarity with the diseases of children, expresses the opinion that the worst which can be charged upon vaccination is that by disturbing for a time the general health, it may rarely give opportunity for the external manifestation and complete evolution of some constitutional affection which but for it might have remained rather longer latent.

Where every person in a community has been properly vaccinated, there is little chance for small-pox to obtain a foothold; and it is also very certain that the presence of the unvaccinated is a standing invitation to the development and spread of epidemics. The opponents of vaccination, and a far larger number who, from ignorance or carelessness, neglect the precaution, thus become so far as the public health is concerned, a "dangerous class," which like other dangerous classes, it is for the interest of the community at large to remove.

TREATMENT OF RHEUMATISM.—The treatment of rheumatism varies, according as the rheumatism affects the muscles or the joints, and relatively to the age of the patient, and the general state of health. We can only indicate a few general principles and remedies. People of a rheumatic constitution may greatly save themselves by care in regard to a few particulars. First, the avoidance of exposure to cold, and especially to cold and wet together; flannel and other kinds of warm clothing being obviously proper. Their food, while it should be nourishing, should be simple. Beer and porter as a rule should be avoided—they are rheumatic drinks. When the patient can command a change of climate, one that is mild, uniform, and above all, dry, will be the best. Often one of the best remedies is to cover the affected part with a piece of flannel, and rub it over with a hot iron every night before going to bed.

MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCES.—Persons sometimes feel remarkably well—the appetite is vigorous, eating is a joy, digestion vigorous, sleep sound, with an alacrity of body and an exhilaration of spirits which altogether throw a charm over life that makes us pleased with every body and every thing. Next week, to-morrow, in an hour, a marvellous change comes over the spirit of the dream; the sunshine has gone, clouds portend, darkness covers the face of the great deep, and the whole man, body and soul, wilts away like a flower without water in midsummer. When the weather is cool and clear and bracing, the atmosphere is full of electricity, when it is sultry and moist and without sunshine, it holds but a small amount of electricity, comparatively speaking, and we have to give up what little we have, moisture being a good conductor; thus, in giving up, instead of receiving more, as we would from the cool, pure air, the change is too great, and the whole man languishes. Many become uneasy under these circumstances; "they can't account for it;" they imagine that evil is impending, and resort at once to tonics and stimulants. The tonics only increase the appetite, without imparting any additional power to work

up the additional food, thus giving the system more work to do, instead of less. Stimulants seem to give more strength; they wake up the circulation, but it is only temporarily, and unless a new supply is soon taken, the system runs farther down than it would have done without the stimulant; hence it is in a worse condition than if none had been taken. The better course would be to rest, take nothing but cooling fruits and berries and melons, and some acid drink when thirsty, adding, if desired, some cold bread and butter; the very next morning will bring a welcome change.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.—Dr. Henry MacCormac, of London, in a new book, puts forth the theory that tubercular disease of the lungs is caused solely by breathing air which has already passed through the lungs of either brutes or human beings, or air that is deficient in oxygen. If we assume the quantity of air in the chest at about 230 cubic inches, and that from twenty to thirty cubic inches are changed and removed during each respiration, about ten breathings will suffice to renew or exchange the gaseous contents of the chest cavity. At each inspiration from 4 to 5 per cent. of the oxygen inhaled is, or should be, replaced by about the same quantity of carbonic acid, an amount which in a few hours would be represented by an appreciable weight of solid carbon. If any portion of the inhaled air be rebreathed

air, says Dr. MacCormac, the dead metamorphic carbon will be retained *pro rata* unoxidized within the organism. This effete unoxidized carbon—this “detritus of degradation” being retained—speedily becomes “tubercle.”

He says that without adequate ventilation we cannot possibly get rid of the ten or twelve hundred cubic inches of carbonic acid which the lungs eliminate hourly. He has also been at some pains to obtain the average death rate from consumption in various parts of the world. We learn from him that in the Austrian capital phthisis prevails to such an extent as to have been named *morbus Viennensis*; but he traces the cause readily enough to close stoves in stuffy chambers, to doubly glazed and padded windows, which are never opened, ventilation being entirely unthought of. A similar state of things he finds to exist nearly everywhere, the death being from 28 per cent. in some parts of America to 10 per cent. in Paris, while in St. Petersburg, out of 5,000 deaths, 1,900 are occasioned by phthisis! “Double doors and windows, every interstice being carefully closed with wadded cloth or *voilok*, exclude the current, and, along with the close stove or *petch*, render stagnant utterly the stunted, breath-fouled atmosphere, effectively hindering its replacement from without, and, in fine, entailing the direful scourge of tubercle, from which no class or condition of the community finds escape.”

OUR BOOK TABLE.

From Robert Carter & Bros. we have received

THE CURATE'S HOME. By Agnes Giberne. Author of “*Almee: A Tale of the days of James the Second*, etc.”

This is the second edition of a thoroughly English work in its character and plan, dwelling particularly on the privations experienced by many Curates, who are often obliged to support large families with insufficient means, and like many in our own

country, spend their lives and talents for the Master, receiving their reward in another world. The story, which is founded on fact, is very interesting from beginning to end.

“TRADING.” By the Author of the “*Wide, Wide World*.”

This completes the series, of which “*What She Could*,” “*Opportunities*,” and “*House in Town*,” are the previous volumes. No better set of books for children can be found

than these. The workings of a young heart devoted to the Saviour are beautifully delineated in the every-day life of a little girl. Miss Warner's books have a charm which will always attract.

WHO WON? By the Author of "Win and Wear."

The books of this author are deservedly popular in our Sabbath schools. The present volume is no less interesting. It is founded on the contest for a gold medal which was to be given as a prize to the best scholar in a large school; and as each one of the sixty most prominent scholars counted on gaining the prize, the strife was rather exciting, but ended most satisfactory to all.

THE BEATITUDES OF THE KINGDOM. By J. Oswald Dykes, M. A.

The Christian Beatitudes are ably treated in nine chapters, prefaced by a Historical Introduction. The contents are: Spiritual Poverty; Mourning; Meekness; Hunger for Righteousness; Mercy; Purity; Peacemaking; Persecution; Salt and Light.

For sale by Alfred Martien, Philadelphia.

From the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

THE WILDFORDS IN INDIA. By the Author of "Poke and her Sister," etc.

Grandmother Wildford manages to convey a large amount of instruction as well as pleasant reading in this book. Having lived in India as a missionary's wife, she could tell of the habits of the people, the state of the country, the animals, plants, and particularly of the difficulties and encouragements of the noble band, who, taking their lives in their hands, have gone among the heathen to break to them the bread of life.

From Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

SUNDAY HALF-HOURS WITH THE GREAT PREACHERS. With Brief Biographical Notices, and an Index. By M. Laird Simons, Author of "Companion Articles to the Pictorial Home Bible."

Those who wish to see what the great preachers of the world have said, from the days of the Christian Fathers to the present time, may have an opportunity in this volume of fifty-two sermons,—one for every Sabbath in the year. The discourses are mostly evangelical, though a Roman Catholic or a Unitarian may find something from

one of his own faith. This cosmopolitan feature of the book may render it more available for its general distribution, for we perceive it is furnished only by subscription.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE YOUNG FOLK'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Isaac Craig Knox. With Illustrations, by R. E. Galindo.

The children of the present age have much to interest them in works of science and history. The present volume, written in pleasant, forcible style, finely illustrated, and bringing events down to the present year, is worthy of a wide circulation. It is a pleasant surprise, in opening this book of history, to find an event set forth so recent as the Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

From Alfred Martien, 1214 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

RUTH LEE AND HER COMPANIONS; OR, WORKING FOR GOD. By the Author of "The Two Lucys." Pp. 132. 60 cts.

Ruth, naturally sullen and despairing, learned at length, as many others have had to do, that in this life we are expected to improve present opportunities, and accept such discipline as our Heavenly Father chooses to send. She was led to learn the preciousness of a Saviour's love, and was enabled to say,

"Henceforth my one desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for me,
And so whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust 'tis best, because He knows the end."

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH. By George Lee.

The readers of *Our Monthly* will be glad to hear that this story, published last year as a serial, has been revised and brought out in a volume, with the addition of several chapters. The fortunes of several of the minor characters are followed to the end, and other matters are disposed of, which could not be brought into the compass of twelve magazine articles. In plot, incident and delineation of character, Mr. Lee shows decided talent. He is humorous without caricature, piquant without sensationalism, and brings us to a good moral when we are least expecting it.

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